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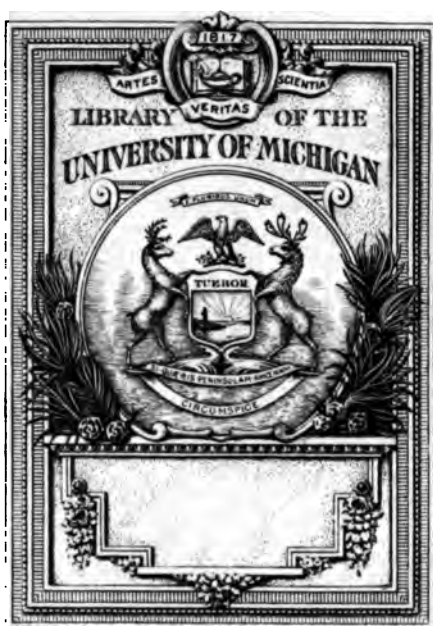
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125

GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

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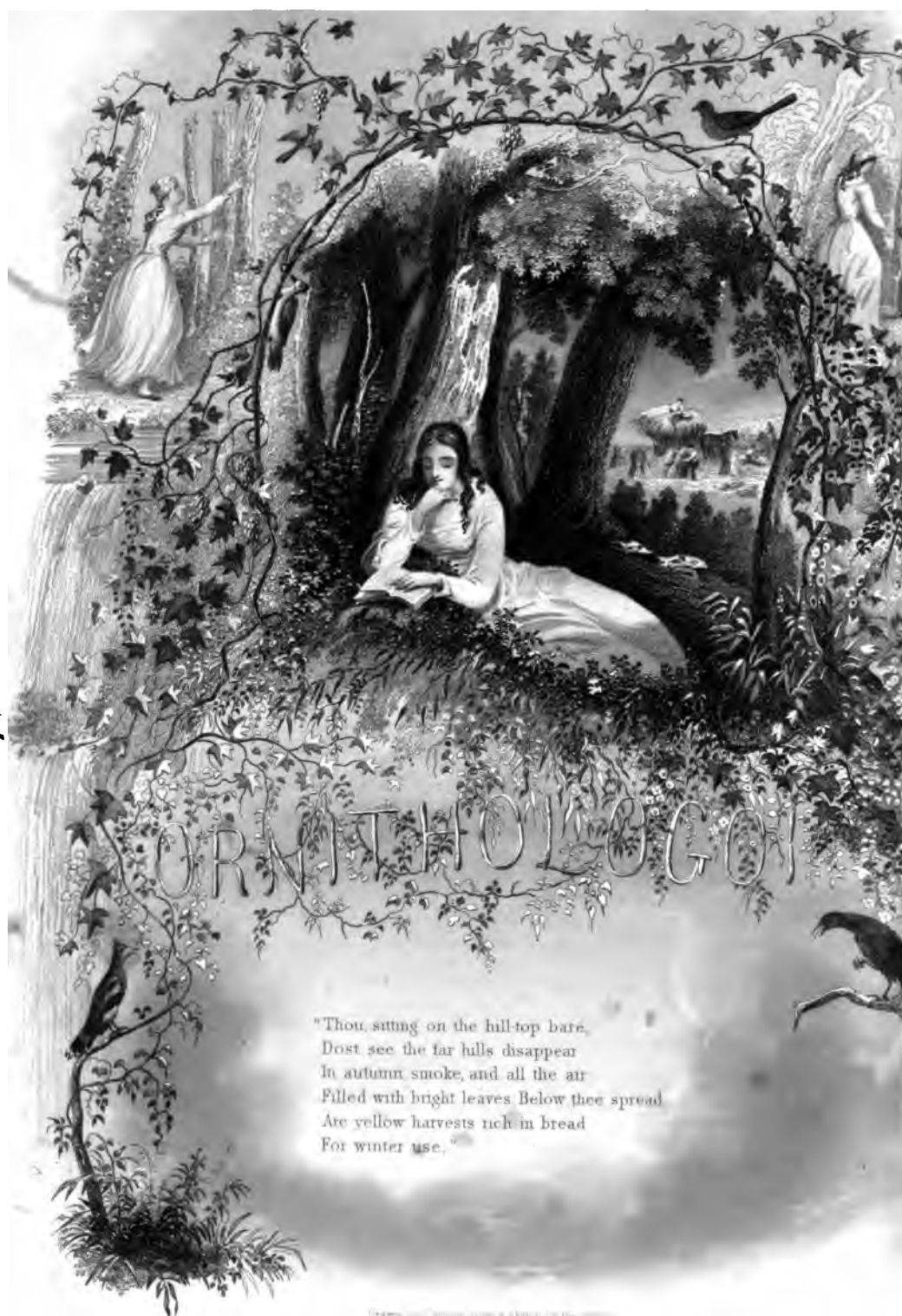
47

VOLUME XXXIII.

PHILADELPHIA:
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. 98 CHESTNUT STREET.
.....
1848.

A Night on the Ice. By SOLITAIRE, -	-	218	The Humbling of a Fairy. By G. G. FOSTER,	-	214
Aunt Mable's Love Story. By SUSAN PINDAR,	-	107	The Will. By Miss E. A. DUFUY, -	-	220
Angela Mervale. By F. E. F., -	-	121	The Bride of Fate. By W. GILMORE SIMMS, -	-	241
A Written Leaf of Memory. By FANNY LEE,	-	137	The Knights of the Ringlet. By GIPTIE, -	-	253
An Indian-Summer Ramble. By A. B. STREET,	-	147	The Sailor's Life-Tale. By SYBIL SUTHER-	-	
A Leaf in the Life of Ledyard Lincoln. By	-		LAND, - - - - -	-	311
MARY SPENCER PEASE, -	-	197	The Exhausted Topic. By CAROLINE C—, -	-	330
A Pic-Nic in Olden Time. By G. G. FOSTER,	-	229	The Early Called. By Mrs. FRANCES B. M.	-	
A Dream Within a Dream. By C. A. WASH-	-		BROTHERSON, - - - - -	-	347
BURN, - - - - -	-	233	The Lady of Fernheath. By MARY SPENCER	-	
A Scene on the Susquehanna. By JOSEPH R.	-		PEASE, - - - - -	-	349
CHANDLER, - - - - -	-	275			
A Legend of Clare. By J. GERANTY M'TEAGUE,	-	278			
A Day or Two in the Olden Time. By A NEW	-		P O E T R Y .		
CONTRIBUTOR, - - - - -	-	287	A New England Legend. By CAROLINE F. ORNE,	-	126
De Lamartine. By FRANCIS J. GRUND, -	-	25	A Farewell to a Happy Day. By FRANCES S.	-	
Edith Maurice. By T. S. ARTHUR, -	-	284	OSGOOD, - - - - -	-	203
Fiel a la Muerte, or True Loves Devotion. By	-		A Night Thought. By T. BUCHANAN READ, -	-	219
HENRY W. HERBERT, - - - - -	4, 84,	153	A Voice for Poland. By WM. H. C. HOSMER,	-	228
Going to Heaven. By T. S. ARTHUR, -	-	13	An Evening Song. By Prof. WM. CAMPBELL,	-	235
Game-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST, -	-	291	A Requiem in the North. By J. B. TAYLOR, -	-	256
Gems from Late Readings, - - - - -	-	295	A Vision. By E. CURTISS HINE, - - -	-	267
Game-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST, -	-	357	A Lay. By GRACE GREENWOOD, - - -	-	310
Gems from Late Readings, - - - - -	-	364	Angels on Earth. By BLANCHE BENNAIRDE, -	-	324
My Aunt Polly. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY, -	-	34	Brutus in His Tent. By WM. H. C. HOSMER,	-	115
Mexican Jealousy. By ECOlier, - - - -	-	172	Death. By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, - -	-	3
Mary Dunbar. By the Author of "THE THREE	-		Dream-Music. By FRANCES S. OSOOD -	-	39
CALLS," - - - - -	-	268	Description of a Visit to Niagara. By Professor	-	
Mildred Ward. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER, -	-	301	JAMES MOFFAT, - - - - -	-	106
Mrs. Tiptop. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY, -	-	325	Dreams. By E. O. H. - - - - -	-	196
Overboard in the Gulf. By C. J. PETERSON, -	-	337	Death. By GEORGE S. BURLEIGH, - - -	-	256
Rising in the World, By F. E. F., -	-	41	Erin Waking. By WM. H. C. HOSMER, -	-	360
Reflections on Some of the Events of the Year	-		Gold. By R. H. STODDART, - - - - -	-	3
1848. By JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, - - - -	-	318	Gautama's Song of Rest. By J. B. TAYLOR, -	-	361
Rochester's Return. By JOSEPH A. NUNES, -	-	341	Heads of the Poets. By W. GILMORE SIMMS,	-	170
Sam Needy. By LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO,	-	204	Hope On—Hope Ever. By E. CURTISS HINE,	-	171
Scouting Near Vera Cruz. By ECOlier, -	-	211	I Want to Go Home. By RICHARD COE, Jr. -	-	213
The Fane-Builder. By EMMA C. EMBURY, -	-	38	Korner's Sister. By ELIZABETH J. EAMES, -	-	111
The Sagamore of Saco. By ELIZABETH OAKES	-		Life. By A. J. REQUIER, - - - - -	-	294
SMITH, - - - - -	-	47	Love Thy Mother, Little One. By RICHARD	-	
The Late Maria Brooks. By R. W. GRISWOLD,	-	61	COE, JR., - - - - -	-	346
The Cruise of the Raker. By HENRY A.	-		Lines to a Sketch of J. Bayard Taylor, in His	-	
CLARK, - - - - -	69, 129, 188,	257	Alpine Costume. By GEO. W. DEWEY, -	-	360
The Maid of Bogota. BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,	-	75	My Bird. By Mrs. JANE C. CAMPBELL, -	-	252
The Departure. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, -	-	93	My Love. By J. IVES PEASE, - - - - -	-	294
The Man Who Was Never Humbugged. By	-		My Native Isle. By MARY G. HORSFORD, -	-	340
A LIMNER, - - - - -	-	112	My Father's Grave. By S. D. ANDERSON, -	-	361
The Christmas Garland. By EMMA WOOD, -	-	163	Ornithologi. By J. M. LEGARE, - - - -	-	1
The Unmarried Belle. By ENNA DUVAL, -	-	181	Ode to the Moon. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY, -	-	251

One of the "Southern Tier of Counties." By ALFRED B. STREET, - - - - -	329	The Christian Hero's Epitaph. By B. - - - - -	348
Passed Away. By W. WALLACE SHAW, - - - - -	234	The City of Mexico. By M. E. THROPP, - - - - -	356
Pedro and Inez. By ELIZABETH J. EAMES, - - - - -	277	To a Rose-Bud. By Y. S. - - - - -	359
Sir Humphrey Gilbert. By HENRY W. LONG-FELLOW, - - - - -	33	Visit to Greenwood Cemetery. By MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, - - - - -	53
Study. By HENRY S. HAGERT, - - - - -	37	Zenobia. By MYRON L. MASON, - - - - -	185
Summer. By E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N. - - - - -	105		
Sonnet. By CAROLINE F. ORNE, - - - - -	106	REVIEWS.	
Song of Sleep. By G. G. FOSTER, - - - - -	128	Endymion. By Henry B. Hirst, - - - - -	57
Sunshine and Rain. By GEORGE S. BURLEIGH, - - - - -	162	Memoir of William Ellery Channing, - - - - -	58
Supplication. By FAYETTE ROBINSON, - - - - -	267	Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire, - - - - -	58
Stanzas. By S. S. HORNER, - - - - -	286	Romance of the History of Louisiana. By Charles Gayarre, - - - - -	59
Sonnet. By ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, - - - - -	340	The Life of Oliver Cromwell. By J. T. Headley, - - - - -	118
The Land of the West. By T. BUCHANAN READ, - - - - -	12	A Supplement to the Plays of Shakspeare. By Wm. Gilmore Simms, - - - - -	119
To Lydia. By G. G. FOSTER, - - - - -	17	Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By Alphonse de Lamartine, - - - - -	119
The Thanksgiving of the Sorrowful. By Mrs. JOSEPH C. NEAL, - - - - -	24	Hawkstone: A Tale of and for England in 184- - - - -	178
The Night. By M. E. T. - - - - -	33	The Planetary and Stellar Worlds, - - - - -	178
The Bob-o-link. By GEORGE S. BURLEIGH, - - - - -	33	Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, - - - - -	179
Twilight. By H. D. G. - - - - -	46	Calaynos. A Tragedy. By George H. Boker, - - - - -	238
The Sachem's Hill. By ALFRED B. STREET, - - - - -	52	Literary Sketches and Letters, - - - - -	238
The Hall of Independence. By G. W. DEWEY, - - - - -	53	Vanity Fair. By W. M. Thackerway, - - - - -	297
To an Isle of the Sea. By Mrs. J. W. MERCUR, - - - - -	56	Life, Letters and Literary Remains of Keats, - - - - -	297
To Arabella. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY, - - - - -	56	Principles of Political Economy. By John Stuart Mill, - - - - -	367
The Soul's Dream. By GEORGE H. BOKER, - - - - -	74		
To the Eagle. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY, - - - - -	83	MUSIC.	
The Block-House. By ALFRED B. STREET, - - - - -	92	The Last of the Bourbons. A French Patriotic Song. Written by Alexandre Pantofoon. Music by J. C. N. G. - - - - -	54
To Erato. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, - - - - -	110	"Think Not that I Love Thee." A Ballad. Music by J. L. Milner, - - - - -	116
The Laborer's Companions. By GEORGE S. BURLEIGH, - - - - -	110	" 'Tis Home where the Heart is. Words by Miss L. M. Brown. Music by Karl W. Petersilie, - - - - -	176
The Enchanted Knight. By J. B. TAYLOR, - - - - -	111	The Ocean-Buried. Composed by Miss Agnes H. Jones, - - - - -	236
The Sisters. By G. G. FOSTER, - - - - -	114	Voices from the Spirit-Land. Words by John S. Adams. Music by Valentine Dister, - - - - -	362
To Violet. By JEROME A. MABY, - - - - -	115		
The Prayer of the Dying Girl. By SAMUEL D. PATTERSON, - - - - -	136	ENGRAVINGS.	
The Spanish Princess to the Moorish Knight. By GRACE GREENWOOD, - - - - -	146	Ornithologi, engraved by W. E. Tucker. - - - - -	174
The Light of our Home. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, - - - - -	146	Lamartine, engraved by Sartain. - - - - -	
The Lost Pet. By MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, - - - - -	152	Paris Fashions, from Le Follet. - - - - -	
The Poet's Heart. By CHARLES E. TRAIL, - - - - -	161	The Departure, engraved by Ellis, - - - - -	
The Return to Scenes of Childhood. By GRETTA, - - - - -	162	The Portrait of Mrs. Brooks, engraved by Parker. - - - - -	
To Guadalupe. By MAYNE REID, - - - - -	174	The Sisters, engraved by Thompson. - - - - -	
The Faded Rose. By G. G. FOSTER, - - - - -	174	Angela Mervale, engraved by J. Addison. - - - - -	
The Child's Appeal. By MARY G. HORSFORD, - - - - -	175	The Lost Pet, engraved by Ellis. - - - - -	
The Old Farm-House. By MARY L. LAWSON, - - - - -	175	Paris Fashions, from Le Follet. - - - - -	
Temper Life's Extremes. By G. S. BURLEIGH, - - - - -	187	A Pic-Nic in Olden Time, engraved by Tucker. - - - - -	
The Deformed Artist. By Mrs. E. N. HORSFORD, - - - - -	202	The Unmarried Belle, engraved by A. B. Ross. - - - - -	
The Angel of the Soul. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR, - - - - -	210	Paris Fashions, from Le Follet. - - - - -	
The Bard. By S. ANNA LEWIS, - - - - -	219	Edith Maurice, engraved by J. Addison. - - - - -	
To Her Who Can Understand It. By MAYNE REID, - - - - -	228	Supplication, engraved by Ellis. - - - - -	
To the Violet. By H. T. TUCKERMAN, - - - - -	232	Mildred Ward, engraved by A. B. Ross. - - - - -	
They May Tell of a Clime. By C. E. TRAIL, - - - - -	232	Overboard in the Gulf, engraved by J. D. Gross. - - - - -	
The Battle of Life. By ANNE C. LYNCH, - - - - -	266	Portrait of J. B. Taylor, engraved by G. Jackr - - - - -	
The Prophet's Rebuke. By Mrs. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL, - - - - -	274	Paris Fashions, from Le Follet. - - - - -	
The Mourners. By Rev. T. L. HARRIS, - - - - -	317		
The Gardener. By GEORGE S. BURLEIGH, - - - - -	328		
The Record of December. By H. MORFORD, - - - - -	335		



"Thou, sitting on the hill-top bare,
Dost see the far hills disappear
In autumn smoke, and all the air
Filled with bright leaves Below thee spread
Are yellow harvests rich in bread
For winter use."

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1848.

No. 1.

ORNITHOLOGOI.*

BY J. M. LEGARE.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THOU, sitting on the hill-top bare,
Dost see the far hills disappear
In Autumn smoke, and all the air
Filled with bright leaves. Below thee spread
Are yellow harvests, rich in bread
For winter use; while over-head
The jays to one another call,
And through the stilly woods there fall,
Ripe nuts at intervals, where'er
The squirrel, perched in upper air,
From tree-top barks at thee his fear;
His cunning eyes, mistrustingly,
Do spy at thee around the tree;
Then, prompted by a sudden whim,
Down leaping on the quivering limb,
Gains the smooth hickory, from whence
He nimbly scours along the fence
To secret haunts.

But oftener,
When Mother Earth begins to stir,
And like a Hadji who hath been
To Mecca, wears a caftan green;
When jasmines and azalias fill
The air with sweets, and down the hill
Turbid no more descends the rill;
The wonder of thy hazel eyes,
Soft opening on the misty skies—
Dost smile within thyself to see
Things uncontained in, seemingly,
The open book upon thy knee,
And through the quiet woodlands hear
Sounds full of mystery to ear
Of grosser mould—the myriad cries
That from the teeming world arise;
Which we, self-confidently wise,
Pass by unheeding. Thou didst yearn
From thy weak babyhood to learn
Arcana of creation; turn
Thy eyes on things intangible
To mortals; when the earth was still,
Hear dreamy voices on the hill,

* Bird-voices.

In wavy woods, that sent a thrill
Of joyousness through thy young veins.
Ah, happy thou! whose seeking gains
All that thou lovest, man disdains
A sympathy in joys and pains
With dwellers in the long, green lanes,
With wings that shady groves explore,
With watchers at the torrent's roar,
And waders by the reedy shore;
For thou, through purity of mind,
Dost hear, and art no longer blind.

CROAK! croak!—who croaketh over-head
So hoarsely, with his pinion spread,
Dabbled in blood, and dripping red?
Croak! croak!—a raven's curse on him,
The giver of this shattered limb!
Albeit young, (a hundred years,
When next the forest leaved appears,)
Will Duskywing behold this breast
Shot-riddled, or divide my nest
With wearer of so tattered vest?
I see myself, with wing awry,
Approaching. Duskywing will spy
My altered mien, and shun my eye.
With laughter bursting, through the wood
The birds will scream—she's quite too good
For thee. And yonder meddling jay,
I hear him chatter all the day,
"He's crippled—send the thief away!"
At every hop—"do n't let him stay."
I'll catch thee yet, despite my wing;
For all thy fine blue plumes, thou 'lt sing
Another song!

Is't not enough
The carrion festering we snuff,
And gathering down upon the breeze,
Release the valley from disease;
If longing for more fresh a meal,
Around the tender flock we wheel,
A marksman doth some bush conceal.
This very morn, I heard an ewe
Bleat in the thicket; there I flew,
With lazy wing slow circling round,

Until I spied unto the ground
 A lamb by tangled briars bound.
 The ewe, meanwhile, on hillock-side,
 Bleat to her young—so loudly cried,
 She heard it not when it replied.
 Ho, ho!—a feast! I 'gan to croak,
 Alighting straightway on an oak;
 Whence gloatingly I eyed a-lant
 The little trembler lie and pant.
 Leapt nimbly thence upon its head;
 Down its white nostril bubbled red
 A gush of blood; ere life had fled,
 My beak was buried in its eyes,
 Turned tearfully upon the skies—
 Strong grew my croak, as weak its cries.

No longer couldst thou sit and hear
 This demon prate in upper air—
 Deeds horrible to maiden ear.
 Begone, thou spokest. Over-head
 The startled fiend his pinion spread,
 And croaking maledictions, fled.

But, hark! who at some secret door
 Knocks loud, and knocketh evermore?
 Thou seest how around the tree,
 With scarlet head for hammer, he
 Probes where the haunts of insects be.
 The worm in labyrinthian hole
 Begins his sluggard length to roll;
 But crafty Rufus spies the prey,
 And with his mallet beats away
 The loose bark, crumbling to decay;
 Then chirping loud, with wing elate,
 He bears the morsel to his mate.
 His mate, she sitteth on her nest,
 In sober feather plumage dressed;
 A matron underneath whose breast
 Three little tender heads appear.
 With bills distent from ear to ear,
 Each clamors for the bigger share;
 And whilst they clamor, climb—and, lo!
 Upon the margin, to and fro,
 Unsteady poised, one wavers slow.
 Stay, stay! the parents anguished shriek,
 Too late; for venturesome, yet weak,
 His frail legs falter under him;
 He falls—but from a lower limb
 A moment dangles, thence again
 Launched out upon the air, in vain
 He spread his little plumeless wing,
 A poor, blind, dizzy, helpless thing.

But thou, who all didst see and hear,
 Young, active, wast already there,
 And caught the flutterer in air.
 Then up the tree to topmost limb,
 A vine for ladder, borest him.
 Against thy cheek his little heart
 Beat soft. Ah, trembler that thou art,
 Thou spokest smiling; comfort thee!
 With joyous cries the parents flee
 Thy presence none—confidingly
 Pour out their very hearts to thee.
 The mockbird sees thy tenderness
 Of deed; doth with melodiousness,
 In many tongues, thy praise express.
 And all the while, his dappled wings
 He claps his sides with, as he sings,
 From perch to perch his body flings:

A poet he, to ecstasy
 Wrought by the sweets his tongue doth say.

Stay, stay!—I hear a flutter now
 Beneath yon flowering alder bough.
 I hear a little plaintive voice
 That did at early morn rejoice,
 Make a most sad yet sweet complaint,
 Saying, "my heart is very faint
 With its unutterable woe.
 What shall I do, where can I go,
 My cruel anguish to abate.
 Oh! my poor desolated mate,
 Dear Cherry, will our haw-bush seek,
 Joyful, and bearing in her beak
 Fresh seeds, and such like dainties, won
 By careful search. But they are gone
 Whom she did brood and dote upon.
 Oh! if there be a mortal ear
 My sorrowful complaint to hear;
 If manly breast is ever stirred
 By wrong done to a helpless bird,
 To them for quick redress I cry."
 Moved by the tale, and drawing nigh,
 On alder branch thou didst espy
 How, sitting lonely and forlorn,
 His breast was pressed upon a thorn,
 Unknowing that he leant thereon;
 Then bidding him take heart again,
 Thou rankest down into the lane
 To seek the door of this wrong,
 Nor under hedgerow hunted long,
 When, sturdy, rude, and sun-embrowned,
 A child thy earnest seeking found.
 To him in sweet and modest tone
 Thou madest straight thy errand known.
 With gentle eloquence didst show
 (Things erst he surely did not know)
 How great an evil he had done;
 How, when next year the mild May sun
 Renewed its warmth, this shady lane
 No timid birds would haunt again;
 And how around his mother's door
 The robins, yearly guests before—
 He knew their names—would come no more;
 But if his prisoners he released,
 Before their little bosoms ceased
 To palpitate, each coming year
 Would find them gladly reappear
 To sing his praises everywhere—
 The sweetest, dearest songs to hear.
 And afterward, when came the term
 Of ripened corn, the robber worm
 Would hunt through every blade and turn,
 Impatient thus his smile to earn.

At first, flushed, angrily, and proud,
 He answered thee with laughter loud
 And brief retort. But thou didst speak
 So mild, so earnestly didst seek
 To change his mood, in wonder first
 He eyed thee; then no longer durst
 Raise his bold glances to thy face,
 But, looking down, began to trace,
 With little, naked foot and hand,
 Thoughtful devices in the sand;
 And when at last thou didst relate
 The sad affliction of the mate,
 When to the well-known spot she came,
 He hung his head for very shame;

His penitential tears to hide,
His face averted while he cried;
"Here, take them all, I've no more pride
In climbing up to rob a nest—
I've better feelings in my breast."

Then thanking him with heart and eyes,
Thou tookest from his grasp the prize,
And bid the little freedmen rise.
But when thou sawest how too weak
Their pinions were, the nest didst seek,
And called thy client. Down he flew
Instant, and with him Cherry too;
And fluttering after, not a few
Of the minuter feathered race
Filled with their warbling all the place.
From hedge and pendent branch and vine,
Recounted still that deed of thine;
Still sang thy praises o'er and o'er,
Gladly—more heartily, be sure,
Were praises never sung before.

Beholding thee, they understand
(These Minne-singers of the land)
How thou apart from all dost stand,
Full of great love and tenderness
For all God's creatures—these express

Thy hazel eyes. With life instinct
All things that are, to thee are linked
By subtle ties; and none so mean
Or loathsome hast thou ever seen,
But wonderous in make hath been.
Compassionate, thou seest none
Of insect tribes beneath the sun
That thou canst set thy heel upon.
A sympathy thou hast with wings
In groves, and with all living things.
Unmindful if they walk or crawl,
The same arm shelters each and all;
The shadow of the Curse and Fall
Alike impends. Ah! truly great,
Who strivest earnestly and late,
A single atom to abate,
Of helpless woe and misery.
For very often thou dost see
How sadly and how helplessly
A pleading face looks up to thee.
Therefore it is, thou canst not choose,
With petty tyranny to abuse
Thy higher gifts; and justly fear
The feeblest worm of earth or air,
In thy heart's judgment to condemn,
Since God made thee, and God made them.

DEATH:—AN INVOCATION.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Thou art no king of terrors—sweet Death!
But a maiden young and fair;
Thine eyes are bright as the spring starlight,
And golden is thy hair;
While the smile that flickers thy lips upon
Has a light beyond compare.

Come then, Death, from the dark-brown shades
Where thou hast lingered long;
Come to the haunts where sins abound
And troubles thickly throng,
And lay thy bridal kiss on the lips
Of a child of sorrow and song.

For I can gaze with a rapture deep
Upon thy lovely face;
Many a smile I find therein,
Where another a frown would trace—
As a lover would clasp his new-made bride
I will take thee to my embrace.

Come, oh, come! I long for thy look;
I weary to win thy kiss—
Bear me away from a world of woe
To a world of quiet bliss—
For in that I may kneel to God alone,
Which I may not do in this.

For woman and wealth they woo pursuit,
And a winning voice has fame;
Men labor for love and work for wealth
And struggle to gain a name;
Yet find but fickleness, need and scorn,
If not the brand of shame.

Then carry me hence, sweet Death—my Death!
Must I woo thee still in vain?
Come at the morn or come at the eve,
Or come in the sun or rain;
But come—oh, come! for the loss of life
To me is the chiefest gain.

GOLD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

ALAS! my heart is sick when I behold
The deep engrossing interest of wealth,
How eagerly men sacrifice their health,
Love, honor, fame and truth for sordid gold;
Dealing in sin, and wrong, and tears, and strife,
Their only aim and business in life
To gain and heap together shining store;—

Alchemists, mad as e'er were those of yore,
Transmuting every thing to glittering dross,
Wasting their energies o'er magic scrolls,
Day-books and ledgers leaden, gain and loss—
Casting the holiest feelings of their souls
High hopes, and aspirations, and desires,
Beneath their crucibles to feed th' accursed fires!

FIEL A LA MUERTE, OR TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS QUINZE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," ETC.

THERE was a mighty stir in the streets of Paris, as Paris' streets were in the olden time. A dense and eager mob had taken possession, at an early hour of the day, of all the environs of the Bastille, and lined the way which led thence to the Place de Greve in solid and almost impenetrable masses.

People of all conditions were there, except the very highest; but the great majority of the concourse was composed of the low populace, and the smaller bourgeoisie. Multitudes of women were there, too, from the girl of sixteen to the beldam of sixty, nor had mothers been ashamed to bring their infants in their arms into that loud and tumultuous assemblage.

Loud it was and tumultuous, as all great multitudes are, unless they are convened by purposes too resolutely dark and solemn to find any vent in noise. When that is the case, let rulers beware, for peril is at hand—perhaps the beginning of the end.

But this Parisian mob, although long before this period it had learned the use of barricades, though noisy, turbulent, and sometimes even violent in the demonstrations of its impatience, was any thing but angry or excited.

On the contrary, it seemed to be on the very tip-toe of pleasurable expectation, and from the somewhat frequent allusions to *notre bon roi*, which circulated among the better order of spectators, it would appear that the government of the Fifteenth Louis was for the moment in unusually good odor with the good folks of the metropolis.

What was the spectacle to which they were looking forward with so much glee—which had brought forth young delicate girls, and tender mothers, into the streets at so early an hour—which, as the day advanced toward ten o'clock of the morning, was tempting forth laced cloaks, and rapiers, and plumed hats, and here and there, in the cumbrous carriages of the day, the proud and luxurious ladies of the gay metropolis?

One glance toward the centre of the Place de Greve was sufficient to inform the dullest, for there uprose, black, grisly, horrible, a tall stout pile of some thirty feet in height, with a huge wheel affixed horizontally to the summit.

Around this hideous instrument of torture was raised a scaffold hung with black cloth, and strewed with saw-dust, for the convenience of the executioners, about three feet lower than the wheel which surmounted it.

Around this frightful apparatus were drawn up two companies of the French guard, forming a large hollow-square facing outwards, with muskets loaded, and bayonets fixed, as if they apprehended an attempt

at rescue, although from the demeanor of the people nothing appeared at that time to be further from their thoughts than any thing of the kind.

Above was the executioner-in-chief, with two grim, truculent-looking assistants, making preparations for the fearful operation they were about to perform, or leaning indolently on the instruments of slaughter.

By and bye, as the day wore onward, and the concourse kept still increasing both in numbers and in the respectability of those who composed it, something of irritation began to show itself, mingled with the eagerness and expectation of the populace, and from some murmurs, which ran from time to time through their ranks, it would seem that they apprehended the escape of their victim.

By this time the windows of all the houses which overlooked the precincts of that fatal square on which so much of noble blood has been shed through so many ages, were occupied by persons of both sexes, all of the middle, and some even of the upper classes, as eager to behold the frightful and disgusting scene which was about to ensue, as the mere rabble in the open streets below.

The same thing was manifest along the whole line of the thoroughfare by which the fatal procession would advance, with this difference alone, that many of the houses in that quarter belonging to the high nobility, and all with few exceptions being the dwellings of opulent persons, the windows, instead of being let like seats at the opera, to any who would pay the price, were occupied by the inhabitants, coming and going from their ordinary avocations to look out upon the noisy throng, when any louder outbreak of voices called their attention to the busy scene.

Among the latter, in a large and splendid mansion, not far from the Porte St. Antoine, and commanding a direct view of the Place de la Bastille, with its esplanade, drawbridge, and principal entrance, a group was collected at one of the windows, nearly overlooking the gate itself, which seemed to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings of the day, although that interest was entirely unmixed with any thing like the brutal expectation, and morbid love of horrible excitement which characterized the temper of the multitude.

The most prominent person of this group was a singularly noble-looking man, fast verging to his fiftieth year, if he had not yet attained it. His countenance, though resolute and firm, with a clear, piercing eye, lighted up at times, for a moment, by a quick, fiery flash, was calm, benevolent, and pensive in its ordinary mood, rather than energetical or active.

Yet it was easy to perceive that the mind, which informed it, was of the highest capacity both of intellect and imagination.

The figure and carriage of this gentleman would have sufficiently indicated that, at some period of his life, he had borne arms and led the life of a camp—which, indeed, at that day was only to say that he was a nobleman of France—but a long scar on his right brow, a little way above the eye, losing itself among the thick locks of his fine waving hair, and a small round cicatrix in the centre of his cheek, showing where a pistol ball had found entrance, proved that he had been where blows were falling thickest, and that he had not spared his own person in the *melés*.

His dress was very rich, according to the fashion of the day, though perhaps a fastidious eye might have objected that it partook somewhat of the past mode of the Regency, which had just been brought to a conclusion as my tale commences, by the resignation of the witty and licentious Philip of Orleans.

If, however, this fine-looking gentleman was the most prominent, he certainly was not the most interesting person of the company, which consisted, beside himself, of an ecclesiastic of high rank in the French church, a lady, now somewhat advanced in years, but showing the remains of beauty which, in its prime, must have been extraordinary, and of a boy in his fifteenth or sixteenth year.

For notwithstanding the eminent distinction, and high intellect of the elder nobleman, the dignity of the abbé, not unsupported by all which men look for as the outward and visible signs of that dignity, and the grace and beauty of the lady, it was upon the boy alone that the eye of every spectator would have dwelt, from the instant of its first discovering him.

He was tall of his age, and very finely made, of proportions which gave promise of exceeding strength when he should arrive at maturity, but strength uncoupled to any thing of weight or clumsiness. He was unusually free, even at this early period, from that heavy and ungraceful redundancy of flesh which not unfrequently is the forerunner of athletic power in boys just bursting into manhood; for he was already as conspicuous for the thinness of his flanks, and the shapely hollow of his back, as for the depth and roundness of his chest, the breadth of his shoulders, and the symmetry of his limbs.

His head was well set on, and his whole bearing was that of one who had learned ease, and grace, and freedom, combined with dignity of carriage, in no school of practice and mannerism, but from the example of those with whom he had been brought up, and by familiar intercourse from his cradle upward with the high-born and gently nurtured of the land.

His long rich chestnut hair fell down in natural masses, undisfigured as yet by the hideous art of the court hair-dresser, on either side his fine broad forehead, and curled, untortured by the crisping-irons, over the collar of his velvet jerkin. His eyes were large and very clear, of the deepest shade of blue, with dark lashes, yet full of strong, tranquil light. All his features were regular and shapely, but it was

not so much in the beauty of their form, or in the harmony of their coloring that the attractiveness of his aspect consisted, as in the peculiarity and power of his expression.

For a boy of his age, the pensiveness and composure of that expression were indeed almost unnatural, and they combined with a calm firmness and immobility of feature, which promised, I know not what of resolution and tenacity of purpose. It was not gravity, much less sternness, or sadness, that lent so powerful an expression to that young face; nor was there a single line which indicated coldness or hardness of heart, or which would have led to a suspicion that he had been schooled by those hard monitors, suffering and sorrow. No, it was pure thoughtfulness, and that of the highest and most intellectual order, which characterized the boy's expression.

Yet, though it was so thoughtful, there was nothing in the aspect whence to forebode a want of the more masculine qualifications. It was the thoughtfulness of a worker, not of a dreamer—the thoughtfulness which prepares, not unfits a man for action.

If the powers portrayed in that boy's countenance were not deceptive to the last degree, high qualities were within, and a high destiny before him.

But who, from the foreshowing and the bloom of sixteen years, may augur of the finish and the fruit of the three-score and ten, which are the sum of human toil and sorrow?

It was now nearly noon, when the outer drawbridge of the Bastille was lowered and its gate opened, and forth rode, two a-breast, a troop of the mousquetaires, or life-guard, in the bright steel casques and cuirasses, with the musketoons, from which they derived their name, unslung and ready for action. As they issued into the wider space beyond the bridge, the troopers formed themselves rapidly into a sort of hollow column, the front of which, some eight file deep, occupied the whole width of the street, two files in close order composing each flank, and leaving an open space in the centre completely surrounded by the horsemen.

Into this space, without a moment's delay, there was driven a low black cart, or hurdle as it was technically called, of the rudest construction, drawn by four powerful black horses, a savage-faced official guiding them by the ropes which supplied the place of reins. On this ill-omened vehicle there stood three persons, the prisoner, and two of the armed wardens of the Bastille, the former ironed very heavily, and the latter bristling with offensive weapons.

Immediately in the rear of this car followed another troop of the life-guard, which closed up in the densest and most serried order around and behind the victim of the law, so as to render any attempt at rescue useless.

The person, to secure whose punishment so strong a military force had been produced, and to witness whose execution so vast a multitude was collected, was a tall, noble-looking man of forty or forty-five years, dressed in a rich mourning-habit of the day, but wearing neither hat nor mantle. His dark hair,

mixed at intervals with thin lines of silver, was cut short behind, contrary to the usage of the times, and his neck was bare, the collar of his superbly laced shirt being folded broadly back over the cape of his pourpoint.

His face was very pale, and his complexion being naturally of the darkest, the hue of his flesh, from which all the healthful blood had receded, was strangely livid and unnatural in its appearance. Still it did not seem that it was fear which had blanched his cheeks, and stolen all the color from his compressed lip, for his eye was full of a fierce, scornful light, and all his features were set and steady with an expression of the calmest and most iron resolution.

As the fatal vehicle which bore him made its appearance on the esplanade without the gates of the prison, a deep hum of satisfaction ran through the assembled concourse, rising and deepening gradually into a savage howl like that of a hungry tiger.

Then, then blazed out the haughty spirit, the indomitable pride of the French noble! Then shame, and fear, and death itself, which he was looking even now full in the face, were all forgotten, all absorbed in his overwhelming scorn of the people!

The blood rushed in a torrent to his brow, his eye seemed to lighten forth actual fire, as he raised his right hand aloft, loaded although it was with such a mass of iron, as a Greek Athlete might have shunned to lift, and shook it at the clamorous mob, with a glare of scorn and fury that showed how, had he been at liberty, he would have dealt with the revilers of his fallen state.

"*Sacré canaille!*" he hissed through his hard-set teeth, "back to your gutters and your garbage, or follow, if you can, in silence, and learn, if ye lack not courage to look on, how a man should die."

The reproof told; for, though at the contemptuous tone and fell insult of the first words the clamor of the rabble route waxed wilder, there was so much true dignity in the last sentiment he uttered, and the fate to which he was going was so hideous, that a key was struck in the popular heart, and thenceforth the tone of the spectators was changed altogether.

It was the exultation of the people over the downfall and disgrace of a noble that had found tongue in that savage conclamation—it was the apprehension that his dignity, and the interest of his great name, would win him pardon from the partial justice of the king, that had rendered them pitiless and savage—and now that their own cruel will was about to be gratified, as they beheld how dauntlessly the proud lord went to a death of torture, they were stricken with a sort of secret shame, and followed the dread train in sullen silence.

As the black car rolled onward, the haughty criminal turned his eyes upward, perchance from a sentiment of pride, which rendered it painful to him to meet the gaze, whether pitiful or triumphant, of the Parisian populace, and as he did so, it chanced that his glance fell on the group which I have described, as assembled at the windows of a mansion which he knew well, and in which, in happier days, he had

passed gay and pleasant hours. Every eye of that group, with but one exception, was fixed upon himself, as he perceived on the instant; the lady alone having turned her head away, as unable to look upon one in such a strait, whom she had known under circumstances so widely different. There was nothing, however, in the gaze of all these earnest eyes that seemed to embarrass, much less to offend the prisoner. Deep interest, earnestness, perhaps horror, was expressed by one and all; but that horror was not, nor in anywise partook of, the abhorrence which appeared to be the leading sentiment of the populace below.

As he encountered their gaze, therefore, he drew himself up to his full height, and laying his right hand upon his heart bowed low and gracefully to the windows at which his friends of past days were assembled.

The boy turned his eye quickly toward his father as if to note what return he should make to that strange salutation. If it were so, he did not remain in doubt a moment, for that nobleman bowed low and solemnly to his brother peer with a very grave and sad aspect; and even the ecclesiastic inclined his head courteously to the condemned criminal.

The boy perhaps marveled, for a look of bewilderment crossed his ingenuous features; but it passed away in an instant, and following the example of his seniors, he bent his ingenuous brow and sunny locks before the unhappy man, who never was again to interchange a salute with living mortal.

It would seem that the recipient of that last act of courtesy was gratified even beyond the expectation of those who offered it, for a faint flush stole over his livid features, from which the momentary glow of indignation had now entirely faded, and a slight smile played upon his pallid lip, while a tear—the last he should ever shed—twinkled for an instant on his dark lashes. "True," he muttered to himself approvingly—"the nobles are true ever to their order!"

The eyes of the mob likewise had been attracted to the group above, by what had passed, and at first it appeared as if they had taken umbrage at the sympathy showed to the criminal by his equals in rank; for there was manifested a little inclination to break out again into a murmured shout, and some angry words were bandied about, reflecting on the pride and party spirit of the proud lords.

But the inclination was checked instantly, before it had time to render itself audible, by a word which was circulated, no one knew whence or by whom, through the crowded ranks—"Hush! hush! it is the good Lord of St. Renan." And therewith every voice was hushed, so fickle is the fancy of a crowd, although it is very certain that four fifths of those present knew not, nor had ever heard the name of St. Renan, nor had the slightest suspicion what claims he who bore it, had either on their respect or forbearance.

The death-train passed on its way, however, unmolested by any further show of temper on the part of the crowd, and the crowd itself following the

progress of the hurdle to the place of execution, was soon out of sight of the windows occupied by the family of the Count de St. Renan.

"Alas! unhappy Kerguelen!" exclaimed the count, with a deep and painful sigh, as the fearful procession was lost to sight in the distance. "He knows not yet half the bitterness of that which he has to undergo."

The boy looked up into his father's face with an inquiring glance, which he answered at once, still in the same subdued and solemn voice which he had used from the first.

"By the arrangement of his hair and dress I can see that he imagines he is to die as a nobleman, by the axe. May Heaven support him when he sees the disgraceful wheel."

"You seem to pity the wretch, Louis," cried the lady, who had not hitherto spoken, nor even looked toward the criminal as he was passing by the windows—"and yet he was assuredly a most atrocious criminal. A cool, deliberate, cold-blooded poisoner! Out upon it! out upon it! The wheel is fifty times too good for him!"

"He was all that you say, Marie," replied her husband gravely; "and yet I do pity him with all my heart, and grieve for him. I knew him well, though we have not met for many years, when we were both young, and there was no braver, nobler, better man within the limits of fair France. I know, too, how he loved that woman, how he trusted that man—and then to be so betrayed! It seems to me but yesterday that he led her to the altar, all tears of happiness, and soft maiden blushes. Poor Kerguelen! He was sorely tried."

"But still, my son, he was found wanting. Had he submitted him as a Christian to the punishment the good God laid upon him—"

"The world would have pronounced him a spiritless, dishonored slave, father," said the count, answering the ecclesiastic's speech before it was yet finished, "and gentlemen would have refused him the hand of fellowship."

"Was he justified then, my father?" asked the boy eagerly, who had been listening with eager attention to every word that had yet been spoken.

"Do you think, then, that he was in the right; that he could not do otherwise than to slay her? I can understand that he was bound to kill the man who had basely wronged his honor—but a woman!—a woman whom he had once loved too!—that seems to me most horrible; and the mode, by a slow poison! living with her while it took effect! eating at the same board with her! sleeping by her side! that seems even more than horrible, it was cowardly!"

"God forbid, my son," replied the elder nobleman, that I should say any man was justified who had murdered another in cold blood; especially, as you have said, a woman, and by a method so terrible as poison. I only mean exactly what I said, that he was tried very fearfully, and that under such trial the best and wisest of us here below cannot say how he would act himself. Moreover, it would seem that mistaken as he was perhaps in the course which

he seems to have imagined that honor demanded at his hands, he was much mistaken in the mode which he took of accomplishing his scheme of vengeance. It was made very evident upon his trial that he did nothing, even to that wretched traitress, in rage or revenge, but all as he thought in honor. He chose a drug which consumed her by a mild and gradual decay, without suffering or spasm; he gave her time for repentance, nay, it is clearly proved that he convinced her of her sin, reconciled her to the part he had taken in her death, and exchanged forgiveness with her before she passed away. I do not think myself that to commit a crime himself can clear one from dishonor cast upon him by another's act, but at the same time I cannot look upon Kerguelen's guilt as of that brutal and felonious nature which calls for such a punishment as his—to be broken alive on the wheel, like a hired stabber—much less can I assent to the stigma which is attached to him on all sides, while that base, low-lived, treacherous, coggling miscreant, who fell too honorably by his honorable sword, meets pity—God defend us from such justice and sympathy!—and is entombed with tears and honors, while the avenger is crushed, living, out of the very shape of humanity by the hands of the common hangman."

The churchman's lips moved for a moment, as if he were about to speak in reply to the false doctrines which he heard enunciated by that upright and honorable man, and good father, but, ere he spoke, he reflected that those doctrines were held at that time, throughout Christian Europe, unquestioned, and confirmed by prejudice and pride beyond all the power of argument or of religion to set them aside, or invalidate them. The law of chivalry, sterner and more inflexible than that Mosaic code requiring an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, which demanded a human life as the sacrifice for every rash word, for every wrongful action, was the law paramount of every civilized land in that day, and in France perhaps most of all lands, as standing foremost in what was then deemed civilization. And the abbé well knew that discussion of this point would only tend to bring out the opinions of the Count de St. Renan, in favor of the sanguinary code of honor, more decidedly, and consequently to confirm the mind of the young man more effectually in what he believed himself to be a fatal error.

The young man, who was evidently very deeply interested in the matter of the conversation, had devoured every word of his father, as if he had been listening to the oracles of a God; and, when he ceased, after a pause of some seconds, during which he was pondering very deeply on that which he had heard, he raised his intelligent face and said in an earnest voice.

"I see, my father, all that you have alleged in palliation of the count's crime, and I fully understand you—though I still think it the most terrible thing I ever have heard tell of. But I do not perfectly comprehend wherefore you ransack our language of all its deepest terms of contempt which to heap upon the head of the Chevalier de la Roche-derrien? He

was the count's sworn friend, she was the count's wedded wife; they both were forsworn and false, and both betrayed him. But in what was the chevalier's fault the greater or the viler?"

Those were strange days, in which such a subject could have been discussed between two wise and virtuous parents and a son, whom it was their chief aim in life to bring up to be a good and honorable man—that son, too, barely more than a boy in years and understanding. But the morality of those times was coarser and harder, and, if there was no more real vice, there was far less superficial delicacy in the manners of society, and the relations between men and women, than there is nowadays.

Perhaps the true course lies midway; for certainly if there was much coarseness then, there is much cant and much squeamishness now, which could be excellently well dispensed with.

Beside this, boys were brought into the great world much earlier at that period, and were made men of at an age when they would have been learning Greek and Latin, had their birth been postponed by a single century.

Then, at fifteen, they held commissions, and carried colors in the battle's front, and were initiated into all the license of the court, the camp, and the forum.

So it came that the discussion of a subject such as that which I have described, was very naturally introduced even between parents and a beloved and only son by the circumstances of the day. Morals, as regards the matrimonial contract, and the intercourse between the sexes, have at all times been lower and far less rigid among the French, than in nations of northern origin; and never at any period of the world was the morality of any country, in this respect, at so low an ebb as was France under the reign of the Fifteenth Louis.

The Count de St. Renan replied, therefore, to his son with as little restraint as if he had been his equal in age, and equally acquainted with the customs and vices of the world, although intrigue and crime were the topics of which he had to treat.

"It is quite true, Raoul," replied the count, "that so far as the unhappy Lord of Kerguelen was concerned, the guilt of the Chevalier de la Rochederrien was, as you say, no deeper, perhaps less deep than that of the miserable lady. He was, indeed, bound to Kerguelen by every tie of friendship and honor; he had been aided by his purse, backed by his sword, nay, I have heard and believe, that he owed his life to him. Yet for all that he seduced his wife; and to make it worse, if worse it could be, Kerguelen had married her from the strongest affection, and till the chevalier brought misery, and dishonor, and death upon them, there was no wedded couple in all France so virtuous or so happy."

"Indeed, sir!" replied Raoul, in tones of great emotion, staring with his large, dark eyes as if some strange sight had presented itself to him on a sudden.

"I know well, Raoul, and if you have not heard it yet, you will soon do so, when you begin to mingle with men, that there are those in society, those whom the world regards as honorable men, who

affect to say that he who loves a woman, whether lawfully or sinfully, is at once absolved from all considerations except how he most easily may win—or in other words—ruin her; and consequently such men would speak slightly of the chevalier's conduct toward his friend, Kerguelen, and affect to regard it as a matter of course, and a mere affair of gallantry! But I trust you will remember this, my son, that there is nothing *gallant*, nor can be, in lying, or deceit, or treachery of any kind. And further, that to look with eyes of passion on the wife of a friend, is in itself both a crime, and an act of deliberate dishonor."

"I should not have supposed, sir," replied the boy, blushing very deeply, partly it might be from the nature of the subject under discussion, and partly from the strength of his emotions, "that any cavalier could have regarded it anywise. And seems to me that to betray a friend's honor is a far blacker thing than to betray his life—and surely no man with one pretension to honor, would attempt to justify that."

"I am happy to see, Raoul, that you think so correctly on this point. Hold to your creed, my dear boy, for there are who shall try ere long to shake it. But be sure that is the creed of honor. But, although I think La Rochederrien disgraced himself even in this, it was not for this only that I termed him, as I deem him, the very vilest and most infamous of mankind. For when he had led that poor lady into sin; when she had surrendered herself up wholly to his honor; when she had placed the greatest trust—although a guilty trust, I admit—in his faith and integrity that one human being can place in another, the base dog betrayed her. He boasted of her weakness, of Kerguelen's dishonor, of his own infamy."

"And did not they to whom he boasted of it," exclaimed the noble boy, his face flushing fiery red with excitement and indignation, "spurn him at once from their presence, as a thing unworthy and beyond the pale of law?"

"No, Raoul, they laughed at him, applauded his gallant success, and jeered at the Lord of Kerguelen."

"Great heaven! and these were gentlemen!"

"They were called such, at least; gentlemen by name and descent they were assuredly, but as surely not right gentlemen at heart. Many of them, however, in cooler moments, spoke of the traitor and the braggart with the contempt and disgust he merited. Some friend of Kerguelen's heard what had passed, and deemed it his duty to inform him. The most unhappy husband called the seducer to the field, wounded him mortally, and—to increase yet more his infamy—even in the agony of death the slave confessed the whole, and craved forgiveness like a dog. Confessed the *woman's crime*—you mark me, Raoul!—had he died mute, or died even with a falsehood in his mouth, as I think he was bound to do in such extremity, affirming her innocence with his last breath, he had saved her, and perhaps spared her wretched lord the misery of knowing certainly the depth of his dishonor."

The boy pondered for a moment or two without making any answer; and although he was evidently not altogether satisfied, probably would not have again spoken, had not his father, who read what was passing in his mind, asked him what it was that he desired to know further.

Raoul smiled at perceiving how completely his father understood him, and then said at once, without pause or hesitation—

"I understand you to say, sir, that you thought the wretched man of whom we spoke was bound, under the extremity in which he stood, to die with a falsehood in his mouth. Can a gentleman ever be justified in saying the thing that is not? Much more can it be his bounden duty to do so?"

"Unquestionably, as a rule of general conduct, he cannot. Truth is the soul of honor; and without truth, honor cannot exist. But this is a most intricate and tangled question. It never can arise without presupposing the commission of one guilty act—one act which no good or truly moral man would commit at all. It is, therefore, scarcely worth our while to examine it. But I do say, on my deliberate and grave opinion, that if a woman, previously innocent and pure, have sacrificed her honor to a man, that man is bound to sacrifice every thing, his life without a question, and I think his truth also, in order to preserve her character, so far as he can, scathless. But we will speak no more of this. It is an odious subject, and one of which, I trust, you, Raoul, will never have the sad occasion to consider."

"Oh! never, father, never! I," cried the ingenuous boy, "I must first lose my senses, and become a madman."

"All men are madmen, Raoul," said the churchman, who stood in the relation of maternal uncle to the youth, "who suffer their passions to have the mastery of them. You must learn, therefore, to be their tyrant, for if you be not, be well assured that they will be yours—and merciless tyrants they are to the wretches who become their subjects."

"I will remember what you say, sir," answered the boy, "and, indeed, I am not like to forget it, for, altogether, this is the saddest day I ever have passed; and this is the most horrible and appalling story that I ever have heard told. It was but just that the Lord of Kerguelen should die, for he did a murder; and since the law punishes that in a peasant, it must do so likewise with a noble. But to break him upon the wheel!—it is atrocious! I should have thought all the nobles of the land would have applied to the king to spare him that horror."

"Many of them did apply, Raoul; but the king, or his ministers in his name, made answer, that during the Regency the Count Horn was broken on the wheel for murder, and therefore that to behead the Lord of Kerguelen for the same offence, would be to admit that the Count was wrongfully condemned."

"Out on it! out on it! what sophistry. Count Horn murdered a banker, like a common thief, for his gold, and this unhappy lord hath done the deed for which he must suffer in a mistaken sense of

honor, and with all tenderness compatible with such a deed. There is nothing similar or parallel in the two cases; and if there were, what signifies it now to Count Horn, whether he were condemned rightfully or no; are these men heathen, that they would offer a victim to the offended manes of the dead? But is there no hope, my father, that his sentence may be commuted?"

"None whatsoever. Let us trust, therefore, that he has died penitent, and that his sufferings are already over; and let us pray, ere we lay us down to sleep, that his sins may be forgiven to him, and that his soul may have rest."

"Amen!" replied the boy, solemnly, at the same moment that the ecclesiastic repeated the same word, though he did so, as it would seem, less from the heart, and more as a matter of course.

Nothing further was said on that subject, and in truth the conversation ceased altogether. A gloom was cast over the spirits of all present, both by the imagination of the horrors which were in progress at that very moment, and by the recollection of the preceding enormities of which this was but the consummation; but the young Viscount Raoul was so completely engrossed by the deep thoughts which that conversation had awakened in his mind, that his father, who was a very close observer, and correct judge of human nature, almost regretted that he had spoken, and determined, if possible, to divert him from the gloomy reverie into which he had fallen.

"Viscount," said he, after a silence which had endured now for many minutes, "when did you last wait upon Mademoiselle Melanie d'Argenson?"

Raoul's eyes brightened at the name, and again the bright blush, which I noticed before, crossed his ingenuous features; but this time it was pleasure, not embarrassment, which colored his young face so vividly.

"I called yesterday, sir," he answered, "but she was abroad with the countess, her mother. In truth, I have not seen her since Friday last."

"Why that is an age, Raoul! are you not dying to see her again by this time. At your age, I was far more gallant."

"With your permission, sir, I will go now and make my compliments to her."

"Not only my permission, Raoul, but my advice to make your best haste thither. If you go straightways, you will be sure to find her at home, for the ladies are sure not to have ventured abroad with all this uproar in the streets. Take Martin, the equerry, with you, and three of the grooms. What will you ride? The new Barb I bought of you last week? Yes! as well him as any; and, hark you, boy, tell them to send Martin to me first, I will speak to him while you are beautifying yours if to please the *beaux yeux* of Mademoiselle Melanie."

"I am not sure that you are doing wisely, Louis," said the lady, as her son left the saloon, her eye following him wistfully, "in bringing Raoul up as you are doing."

"Nor I, Marie," replied her husband, gravely. "We poor, blind mortals cannot be sure of anything,

least of all of any thing the ends of which are incalculably distant. But in what particular do you doubt the wisdom of my method?"

"In talking to him as you do, as though he were a man already; in opening his eyes so widely to the sins and vices of the world; in discussing questions with him such as those you spoke of with him but now. He is a mere boy, you will remember, to hear tell of such things."

"Boys hear of such things early enough, I assure you—far earlier than you ladies would deem possible. For the rest, he must hear of them one day, and I think it quite as well that he should hear of them, since he must, with the comments of an old man, and that old man his best friend, than find them out by the teachings, and judge of them according to the light views of his young and excitable associates. He who is forewarned is fore-weaponed. I was kept pure, as it is termed—or in other words, kept ignorant of myself and of the world I was destined to live in, until one fine day I was cut loose from the apron-strings of my lady mother, and the tether of my abbé tutor, and launched head-foremost into that vortex of temptation and iniquity, the world of Paris, like a ship without a chart or a compass. A precious race I ran in consequence, for a time; and if I had not been so fortunate as to meet you, Marie, whose bright eyes brought me out, like a blessed beacon, safe from that perilous ocean, I know not but I should have suffered shipwreck, both in fortune, which is a trifle, and in character, which is every thing. No, no; if that is all in which you doubt, your fears are causeless."

"But that is not all. In this you may be right—I know not; at all events you are a fitter judge than I. But are you wise in encouraging so very strongly his fancy for Melanie d'Argenson?"

"I faith, it is something more than a fancy, I think; the boy loves her."

"I see that, Louis, clearly; and you encourage it."

"And wherefore should I not. She is a good girl—as good as she is beautiful."

"She is an angel."

"And her mother, Marie, was your most intimate, your bosom friend."

"And now a saint in Heaven!"

"Well, what more; she is as noble as a De Rohan, or a Montmorency. She is an heiress with superb estates adjoining our own lands of St. Renan. She is, like our Raoul, an only child. And what is the most of all, I think, although it is not the mode in this dear France of ours to attach much weight to that, it is no made-up match, no cradle plighting between babes, to be made good, perhaps, by the breaking of hearts, but a genuine, natural, mutual affection between two young, sincere, innocent, artless persons—and a splendid couple they will make. What can you see to alarm you in that prospect?"

"Her father."

"The Sieur d'Argenson! Well, I confess, he is not a very charming person; but we all have our own faults or weaknesses; and, after all, it is not he whom Raoul is about to marry."

"I doubt his good faith, very sorely."

"I should doubt it too, Marie, did I see any cause which should lead him to break it. But the match is in all respects more desirable for him than it is for us. For though Mademoiselle d'Argenson is noble, rich, and handsome, the Viscount de Douarnes might be well justified in looking for a wife far higher than the daughter of a simple Sieur of Bretagne. Beside, although the children loved before any one spoke of it—before any one saw it, indeed, save I—it was d'Argenson himself who broke the subject. What, then, should induce him to play false?"

"I do not know, yet I doubt—I fear him."

"But that, Marie, is unworthy of your character of your mind."

"Louis, she is too beautiful."

"I do not think Raoul will find fault with her on that score."

"Nor would one greater than Raoul."

"Whom do you mean?" cried the count, now for the first time startled.

"I have seen eyes fixed upon her in deadly admiration, which never admire but they pollute the object of their admiration."

"The king's, Marie?"

"The king's."

"And then—?"

"And then I have heard it whispered that the Baron de Beaulieu has asked her hand of the Sieur d'Argenson."

"The Baron de Beaulieu! and who the devil is the Baron de Beaulieu, that the Sieur d'Argenson should doubt for the nine hundredth part of a minute between him and the Viscount de Douarnes for the husband of his daughter?"

"The Baron de Beaulieu, count, is the very particular friend, the right hand man, and most private minister of his most Christian Majesty King Louis the Fifteenth!"

"Ha! is it possible? Do you mean that?"

"I mean even *that*. If, by that, you mean all that is most infamous and loathsome on the part of Beaulieu, all that is most licentious on the part of the king. I believe—nay, I am well nigh sure, that there is such a scheme of villany on foot against that sweet, unhappy child; and therefore would I pause ere I urged too far my child's love toward her, lest it prove most unhappy and disastrous."

"And do you think d'Argenson capable—" exclaimed her husband—

"Of anything," she answered, interrupting him, "of any thing that may serve his avarice or his ambition."

"Ah! it may be so. I will look to it, Marie; I will look to it narrowly. But I fear that if it be as you fancy, it is too late already—that our boy's heart is devoted to her entirely—that any break now, in one word, would be a heart-break."

"He loves her very dearly, beyond doubt," replied the lady; and she deserves it all, and is, I think, very fond of him likewise."

"And can you suppose for a moment that she will lend herself to such a scheme of infamy?"

"Never. She would die sooner."

"I do not apprehend, then, that there will be so much difficulty as you seem to fear. This business which brought all of us Bretons up to Paris, as claimants of justice for our province, or counters of the king's grace, as they phrase it, is finished happily; and there is nothing to detain any of us in this great wilderness of stone and mortar any longer. D'Argenson told me yesterday that he should set out homeward on Wednesday next; and it is but hurrying our own preparations a little to travel with them in one party. I will see him this evening and arrange it."

"Have you ever spoken with him concerning the contract, Louis?"

"Never, directly, or in the form of a solemn proposal. But we have spoken oftentimes of the evident attachment of the children, and he has ever expressed himself gratified, and seemed to regard it as a matter of course. But hush, here comes the boy; leave us awhile and I will speak with him."

Almost before his words were ended the door was thrown open, and young Raoul entered, splendidly dressed, with his rapier at his side, and his plumed hat in his hand, as likely a youth to win a fair maid's heart as ever wore the weapon of a gentleman.

"Martin is absent, sir. He went out soon after breakfast, they tell me, to look after a pair of fine English carriage horses for the countess my mother, and has not yet returned. I ordered old Jean François to attend me with the four other grooms."

"Very well, Raoul. But look you, your head is young, and your blood hot. You will meet, it is very like, all this canaille returning from the slaughter of poor Kerguelen. Now mark me, boy, there must be no vamping on your part, or interfering with the populace; and even if they should, as very probably may, be insolent, and utter outcries and abuse against the nobility, even bear with them. On no account strike any person, nor let your servants do so, nor encroach upon their order, unless, indeed, they should so far forget themselves as to throw stones, or to strike the first."

"And then, my father?"

"Oh, then, Raoul, you are at liberty to let your good sword feel the fresh air, and to give your horse a taste of those fine spurs you wear. But even in that case, I should advise you to use your edge rather than your point. There is not much harm done in wiping a saucy burgher across the face to mend his manners, but to pink him through the body makes it an awkward matter. And I need not tell you by no means to fire, unless you should be so beset and maltreated that you cannot otherwise extricate yourself—yet you must have your pistols loaded. In these times it is necessary always to be provided against all things. I do not, however, tell you these things now because you are likely to be attacked; but such events are always possible, and one cannot provide against such too early."

"I will observe what you say, my father. Have I your permission now to depart?"

"Not yet, Raoul, I would speak with you first a few words. This Mademoiselle Melanie is very pretty, is she not?"

"She is the most beautiful lady I have ever seen," replied the youth, not without some embarrassment.

"And as amiable and gentle as she is beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. She is all gentleness and sweetness, yet is full of mirth, too, and graceful merriment."

"In one word, then, she seems to you a very sweet and lovely creature."

"Doubtless she does, my father."

"And I beseech you tell me, viscount, in what light do you appear in the eyes of this very admirable young lady?"

"Oh, sir!" replied the youth, now very much embarrassed, and blushing actually from shame.

"Nay, Raoul, I did not ask the question lightly, I assure you, or in the least degree as a jest. It becomes very important that I should know on what terms you and this fair lady stand together. You have been visiting her now almost daily, I think, during these three months last past. Do you conceive that you are very disagreeable to her?"

"Oh! I hope not, sir. It would grieve me much if I thought so."

"Well, I am to understand, then, that you think she is not blind to your merits, sir."

"I am not aware, my dear father, that I have any merits which she should be called to observe."

"Oh, yes, viscount! That is an excess of modesty which touches a little, I am afraid, on hypocrisy. You are not altogether without merits. You are young, not ill-looking, nobly born, and will, in God's good time, be rich. Then you can ride well, and dance gracefully, and are not generally ill-educated or unpolished. It is quite as necessary, my dear son, that a young man should not undervalue himself, as that he should not think of his deserts too highly. Now that you have some merits is certain—for the rest I desire frankness of you just now, and beg that you will speak out plainly. I think you love this young girl. Is it not so, Raoul?"

"I do love, sir, very dearly; with my whole heart and spirit."

"And do you feel sure that this is not a mere transient liking—that it will last, Raoul?"

"So long as life lasts in my heart, so long will my love for her last, my father."

"And you would wish to marry her?"

"Beyond all things in this world, my dear father."

"And do you think that, were her tastes and views on the subject consulted, she would say likewise?"

"I hope she would, sir. But I have never asked her."

"And her father, is he gracious when you meet him?"

"Most gracious, sir, and most kind. Indeed, he distinguishes me above all the other young gentlemen who visit there."

"You would not then despair of obtaining his consent?"

"By no means, my father, if you would be so kind as to ask it."

"And you desire that I should do so?"

"You will make me the happiest man in all France, if you will."

"Then go your way, sir, and make the best you can of it with the young lady. I will speak myself with the *Sieur d'Argenson* to-night; and I do not despair any more than you do, *Raoul*. But look you, boy, you do not fancy, I hope, that you are going to church with your lady-love to-morrow or the next day. Two or three years hence, at the earliest, will be all in very good time. You must serve a campaign or two first, in order to show that you know how to use your sword."

"In all things, my dear father, I shall endeavor to fulfill your wishes, knowing them to be as kindly as they are wise and prudent. I owe you gratitude for every hour since I was born, but for none so much as for this, for indeed you are going to make me the happiest of men."

"Away with you, then, *Sir Happiness*! Retake yourself on the wings of love to your bright lady, and mind the advice of your favorite *Horace*, to pluck the pleasures of the passing hour, mindful how short is the sum of mortal life."

The young man embraced his father gayly, and left the room with a quick step and a joyous heart; and the jingling of his spurs, and the quick, merry clash of his scabbard on the marble staircase, told how joyously he descended its steps.

A moment afterward his father heard the clear, sonorous tones of his fine voice calling to his attendants, and yet a few seconds later the lively clatter of his horse's hoofs on the resounding pavement.

"Alas! for the happy days of youth, which are so quickly flown," exclaimed the father, as he participated the hopeful and exulting mood of his noble boy. "And, alas! for the promise of mortal happiness, which is so oft deceitful and a traitress." He paused for a few moments, and seemed to ponder, and then added with a confident and proud expression, "But I see not why one should forebode, aught but success and happiness to this noble boy of mine."

Thus far, every thing has worked toward the end as I would wish it. They have fallen in love naturally and of their own accord, and *d'Argenson*, whether he like it or no, cannot help himself. He must needs accede, proudly and joyfully, to my proposal. He knows his estates to be in my power far too deeply to resist. Nay, more, though he be somewhat selfish, and ambitious, and avaricious, I know nothing of him that should justify me in believing that he would sell his daughter's honor, even to a king, for wealth or title! My good wife is all too doubtful and suspicious. I ut, hark! here comes the mob, returning from that unfortunate man's execution. I wonder how he bore it."

And with the words he moved toward the window, and throwing it open, stepped out upon the spacious balcony. Here he learned speedily from the conversation of the passing crowd, that, although dreadfully shocked and startled by the first intimation of the death he was to undergo, which he received from the sight of the fatal wheel, the *Lord of Kerguelen* had died as becomes a proud, brave man, reconciled to the church, forgiving his enemies, without a groan or a murmur, under the protracted agonies of that most horrible of deaths, the breaking on the wheel.

Meanwhile the day passed onward, and when evening came, and the last and most social meal of the day was laid on the domestic board, young *Raoul* had returned from his visit to the lady of his love, full of high hopes and happy anticipations. Afterward, according to his promise, the *Count de St. Renan* went forth and held debate until a late hour of the night with the *Sieur d'Argenson*. *Raoul* had not retired when he came home, too restless in his youthful ardor even to think of sleep. His father brought good tidings, the father of the lady had consented, and on their arrival in *Britanny* the marriage contract was to be signed in form.

That was to *Raoul* an eventful day; and never did he forget it, or the teachings he drew from it. That day was his fate. [To be continued.]

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Thou land whose deep forest was wide as the sea,
And heaved its broad ocean of green to the day,
Or, waked by the tempest, in terrible glees

Flung up from its billows the leaves like a spray;
The swift birds of passage still spread their fleets there,
Where sails the wild vulture, the pirate of air.

Thou land whose dark streams, like a hurrying horde
Of wilderness steeds without rider or rein,
Swept down, owning Nature alone for their lord,
Their foam flowing free on the air like a mane:—
Oh grand were thy waters which spurned as they ran
The curb of the rock and the fetters of man!

Thou land whose bright blossoms, like shells of the sea,
Of numberless shapes and of many a shade,
Begemmed thy ravines where the hidden springs be,
And crowned the black hair of the dark forest maid:—

Those flowers still bloom in the depth of the wild
To bind the white brow of the pioneer's child.

Thou land whose last hamlets were circled with maize,
And lay like a dream in the silence profound,
While murmuring its song through the dark woodland
ways

The stream swept afar through the lone hunting-
ground:—
Now loud anvils ring in that wild forest home
And mill-wheels are dashing the waters to foam.

Thou land where the eagle of Freedom looked down
From his eyried crag through the depths of the shade,
Or mounted at morn where no daylight can drown
The stars on their broad field of azure arrayed:—
Still, still to thy banner that eagle is true,
Encircled with stars on a heaven of blue!

GOING TO HEAVEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Whatever our gifts may be, the love of imparting them for the good of others brings HEAVEN into the soul. MRS. CHILD.

An old man, with a peaceful countenance, sat in a company of twelve persons. They were conversing, but he was silent. The theme upon which they were discoursing was Heaven; and each one who spoke did so with animation.

"Heaven is a place of rest," said one—"rest and peace. Oh! what sweet words! rest and peace. Here, all is labor and disquietude. There we shall have rest and peace."

"And freedom from pain," said another, whose pale cheeks and sunken eyes told many a tale of bodily suffering. "No more pain; no more sickness—the aching head will be at rest—the weary limbs find everlasting repose."

"Sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away," spoke up a third one of the company. "No more grief, no more anguish of spirit. Happy, happy change!"

"There," added a fourth, "the wounded spirit that none can bear is healed. The reed long bruised and bent by the tempests of life, finds a smiling sky, and a warm, refreshing, and healing sunshine. Oh! how my soul pants to escape from this world, and, like a bird fleeing to the mountains, get home again from its dreary exile."

"My heart expands," said another, "whenever I think of Heaven; and I long for the wings of a dove, that I may rise at once from this low, ignorant, groveling state, and bathe my whole soul in the sunlight of eternal felicity. What joy it will be to cast off this cumbersome clay; to leave this poor body behind, and spread a free wing upon the heavenly atmosphere. I shall hail with delight the happy moment which sets me free."

Thus, one after another spoke, and each one regarded Heaven as a state of happiness into which he was to come after death; but the old man still sat silent, and his eyes were bent thoughtfully upon the floor. Presently one said,

"Our aged friend says nothing. Has he no hope of Heaven? Does he not rejoice with us in the happy prospect of getting there when the silver chord shall be loosened, and the golden bowl broken at the fountain?"

The old man, thus addressed, looked around upon his companions. His face remained serene, and his eye had a heavenly expression.

"Have you not a blessed hope of Heaven? Does not your heart grow warm with sweet anticipations?" continued the last speaker.

"I never think of going to Heaven," the old man said, in a mild, quiet tone.

"Never think of going to Heaven!" exclaimed one of the most ardent of the company, his voice warming with indignation. "Are you a heathen?"

"I am one who is patiently striving to fill my allotted place in life," replied the old man, as calmly as before.

"And have you no hopes beyond the grave?" asked the last speaker.

"If I live right here, all will be right there." The old man pointed upward. "I have no anxieties about the future—no impatience—no ardent longings to pass away and be at rest, as some of you have said. I already enjoy as much of Heaven as I am prepared to enjoy, and this is all that I can expect throughout eternity. You all, my friends, seem to think that men come into Heaven when they die. You look ahead to death with pleasure, because then you think you will enter the happy state you anticipate—or rather *place*; for it is clear you regard Heaven as a place full of delights, prepared for those who may be fitted to become inhabitants thereof. But in this you are mistaken. If you do not enter Heaven before you die, you will never do so afterward. If Heaven be not formed within you, you will never find it out of you—you will never *come into it*."

These remarks offended the company, and they spoke harshly to the old man, who made no reply, but arose and retired, with a sorrowful expression on his face. He went forth and resumed his daily occupations, and pursued them diligently. Those who had been assembled with him, also went forth—one to his farm, another to his merchandize, each one forgetting all he had thought about Heaven and its felicities, and only anxious to serve natural life and get gain. Heaven was above the world to them, and, therefore, while in the world, they could only act upon the principle that governed the world; and prepare for Heaven by pious acts on the Sabbath. There was no other way to do, they believed—to attempt to bring religion down into life would only, in their view, desecrate it, and expose it to ridicule and contempt.

The old man, to whom allusion has been made, kept a store for the sale of various useful articles; those of the pious company who needed these articles as commodities of trade, or for their own use, bought of him, because they believed that he would sell them only what was of good quality. One of the most ardent of these came into the old man's store one day, holding a small package in his hand; his eye was restless, his lip compressed, and he seemed struggling to keep down a feeling of excitement.

"Look at that," he said, speaking with some sternness, as he threw the package on the old man's counter.

The package was taken up, opened, and examined.

"Well?" said the old man, after he had made the examination, looking up with a steady eye and a calm expression of countenance.

"Well? Do n't you see what is the matter?"

"I see that this article is a damaged one," was replied.

"And yet you sold it to me for good." The tone in which this was said implied a belief that there had been an intention of wrong.

A flush warmed the pale cheek of the old man at this remark. He examined the sample before him more carefully, and then opened a barrel of the same commodity and compared its contents with the sample. They agreed. The sample from which he had bought and by which he had sold was next examined—this was in good condition and of the best quality.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the visitor with an air of triumph.

"Of what?" the old man asked.

"That you sold me a bad article for a good one."

"Intentionally?"

"You are the best judge. That lies with God and your own conscience."

"Be kind enough to return every barrel you purchased of me, and get your money."

There was a rebuke in the way this was said, which was keenly felt. An effort was made to soften the aspersion, tacitly cast upon the old man's integrity, but it was received without notice.

In due time the damaged article was brought back, and the money which had been paid for it returned.

"You will not lose, I hope?" said the merchant, with affected sympathy.

"I shall lose what I paid for the article."

"Why not return it, as I have done?"

"The man from whom I purchased is neither honest nor responsible, as I have recently learned. He left the city last week in no very creditable manner, and no one expects to see him back again."

"That is hard; but I really do n't think you ought to lose."

"The article is not merchantable. Loss is, therefore, inevitable."

"You can, of course, sell at some price."

"Would it be right to sell, at any price, an article known to be useless—nay, worse than useless, positively injurious to any one who might use it?"

"If any one should see proper to buy from you the whole lot, knowing that it was injured, you would certainly sell. For instance, if I were to offer you two cents a pound for what I bought from you at six cents, would you not take me at my offer?"

"Will you buy at that price?"

"Yes. I will give you two cents."

"What would you do with it?"

"Sell it again. What did you suppose I would do with it? Throw it in the street?"

"To whom would you sell?"

"I'd find a purchaser."

"At an advance?"

"A trifle."

The inquiries of the old man created a suspicion that he wished to know who was to be the second purchaser, in order that he might go to him and get a better price than was offered. This was the cause of the brief answers given to his questions. He clearly comprehended what was passing in the other's mind, but took no notice of it.

"For what purpose would the individual who purchased from you buy?" he pursued.

"To sell again."

"At a further advance, of course?"

"Certainly."

"And to some one, in all probability, who would be deceived into purchasing a worthless article."

"As likely as not; but with that I have no concern. I sell it for what it is, and ask only what it is worth."

"Is it worth anything?"

"Why—yes—I can't say—no." The first words were uttered with hesitation; the last one with a decided emphasis. "But then it has a market value, as every article has."

"I cannot sell it to you, my friend," said the old man firmly.

"Why not?" I am sure you can't do better."

"I am not willing to become a party in wronging my neighbors. That is the reason. The article has no real value, and it would be wrong for me to take even a farthing per pound for it. You might sell it at an advance, and the purchaser from you at a still further advance, but some one would be cheated in the end, for the article never could be used."

"But the loss would be divided. It isn't right that one man should bear all. In the end it would be distributed amongst a good many, and the loss fall lightly upon each."

The good old man shook his head. "My friend," he said, laying his hand gently upon his arm—"Not very long since I heard you indulging the most ardent anticipations of Heaven. You expected to get there one of these days. Is it by acts of over-reaching your neighbor that you expect to merit Heaven? Will becoming a party to wrong make you more fitted for the company of angels who seek the good of others, and love others more than themselves? I fear you are deceiving yourself. All who come into Heaven love God: and I would ask with one of the apostles, 'If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' You have much yet to learn, my friend. Of that true religion by which Heaven is formed in man, you have not yet learned the bare rudiments."

There was a calm earnestness in the manner of the old man, and an impressiveness in the tone of his voice, that completely subdued his auditor. He felt rebuked and humbled, and went away more serious than he had come. But though serious, his mind was not free from anger, his self-love had been too deeply wounded.

After he had gone away, the property about which so much had been said, was taken and destroyed as privately as it could be done. The fact, however,

could not be concealed. A friend of a different order from the pious one last introduced, inquired of the old man why he had done this. His answer was as follows:

"No man should live for himself alone. Each one should regard the common good, and act with a view to the common good. If all were to do so, you can easily see that we should have Heaven upon earth, from whence, alas! it has been almost entirely banished. Our various employments are means whereby we can serve others—our own good being a natural consequence. If the merchant sent out his ships to distant parts to obtain the useful commodities of other countries, in order to benefit his fellow citizens, do you not see that he would be far happier when his ships came in laden with rich produce, than if he had sought only gain for himself? And do you not also see that he would obtain for himself equal, if not greater advantages. If the builder had in view the comfort and convenience of his neighbors while erecting a house, instead of regarding only the money he was to receive for his work, he would not only perform that work more faithfully, and add to the common stock of happiness, but would lay up for himself a source of perennial satisfaction. He would not, after receiving the reward of his labor in a just return of this world's goods, lose all interest in the result of that labor; but would, instead, have a feeling of deep interior pleasure whenever he looked at a human habitation erected by his hands, arising from a consciousness that his skill had enabled him to add to the common good. The tillers of the soil, the manufacturers of its products into useful articles, the artisans of every class, the literary and professional man, all would, if moved by a regard for the welfare of the whole social body, not only act more efficiently in their callings, but would derive therefrom a delight now unimagined except by a very few. Believing thus, I could not be so blind as not to see that the only right course for me to pursue was to destroy a worthless and injurious commodity, rather than sell it at any price to one who would, for gain, either himself defraud his neighbor, or aid another in doing it. The article was not only useless, it was worse than useless. How, then, could I, with a clear conscience sell it? No—no, my friend. I am not afraid of poverty; I am not afraid of any worldly ill—but I am afraid of doing wrong to my neighbors; or of putting it in the power of any one else to do wrong. As I have said before, if every man were to look to the good of the whole, instead of turning all his thoughts in upon himself, his own interests would be better served and he would be far happier."

"That is a beautiful theory," remarked the friend, "but never can be realized in actual life. Men are too selfish. They would find no pleasure in contemplating the enjoyments of others, but would, rather, be envious of others' good. The merchant, so little does he care for the common welfare, that unless he receives the gain of his adventures, he will let his goods perish in his ware-house—to distribute them, even to the suffering, would not make him happier. And so with the product of labor in all the various

grades of society. Men turn their eyes inward upon the little world of self, instead of outward upon the great social world. Few, if any, understand that they are parts of a whole, and that any disease in any other part of that whole, must affect the whole, and consequently themselves. Were this thoroughly understood, even selfishness would lead men to act less selfishly. We should indeed have Heaven upon earth if your pure theories could be brought out into actual life."

"Heaven will be found no where else by man," was replied to this.

"What!" said the friend, in surprise. "Do you mean to say that there is no Heaven for the good who bravely battle with evil in this life? Is all the reward of the righteous to be in this world?"

One of the pious company, at first introduced, came up at this moment, and hearing the last remark, comprehended, to some extent, its meaning. He was one who hoped, from pious acts of prayer, fastings, and attendance upon all the ordinances of the church, to get to Heaven at last. In the ordinary pursuits of life he was eager for gain, and men of the world dealt warily with him—they had reason; for he separated his religious from his business life.

"A most impious doctrine," he said, with indignant warmth. "Heaven upon earth! A man had better give all his passions the range, and freely enjoy the world, if there is to be no hereafter. Pain, and sorrow, and self-denial make a poor kind of Heaven, and these are all the Christian man meets here. Far better to live while we do live, say I, if our Heaven is to be here."

"What makes Heaven, my friend?" calmly asked the old man.

"Happiness. Freedom from care, and pain, and sorrow, and all the ills of this wretched life—to live in the presence of God and sing his praises forever—to make one of the blessed company who, with the four-and-twenty elders forever bow before the throne of God and the Lamb—to have rest, and peace, and unspeakable felicity forever."

"How do you expect to get into Heaven? How do you expect to unlock the golden gates of the New Jerusalem?" pursued the old man.

"By faith," was the prompt reply. "Faith unlocks these gates."

The old man shook his head, and turning to the individual with whom he had first been conversing, remarked—

"You asked me if I meant to say that there was no Heaven for the good who bravely battle with evil in this life? If all the reward of the righteous was to be in this world? God forbid! For then would I be of all men most miserable. What I said was, that Heaven would be found no where else but in this world, by man. Heaven must be entered into here, or it never can be entered into when men die."

"You speak in a strange language," said the individual who had joined them, in a sneering tone. "No one can understand what you mean. Certainly I do not."

"I should not think you did," quietly replied the

old man. "But I will explain my meaning more fully—perhaps you will be able to comprehend something of what I say. Men talk a great deal about Heaven, but few understand what it means. All admit that in this life they must prepare for Heaven; but nearly all seem to think that this preparation consists in the *doing* of something as a means by which they will be entitled to enter Heaven after death, when there will be a sudden and wonderful change in all their feelings and perceptions."

"And is not that true?" asked the one who had previously spoken.

"I do not believe that it is, in the commonly understood sense."

"And pray what do you believe?"

"I believe that all in heavenly societies are engaged in doing good, and that heavenly delight is the delight which springs from a gratified love of benefiting others. And I also believe, that the beginning of Heaven with every one is on this earth, and takes place when he first makes the effort to renounce self and seek from a true desire to benefit them, the good of others. If this coming into Heaven, as I call it, does not take place here, it can never take place, for *As the tree falls so it lies.*' Whatever is a man's internal quality when he dies that it must remain forever. If he have been a lover of self, and sought only his own good, he will remain a lover of self in the next life. But, if he have put away self-love from his heart and shunned the evils to which it would prompt him, as sins, then he comes into Heaven while still upon earth, and when he lays aside his mortal body, his heavenly life is continued. Thus you can see, that if a man do not find Heaven while in this world, he will never find it in the next. He must come into heavenly affections here, or he will never feel their warmth hereafter. Hundreds and thousands live on from day to day, thinking only of themselves, and caring only for themselves, who insanely cherish the hope that they shall get into Heaven at last. Some of these are church-going people, and partakers of its ordinances; while others expect, some time before they die, to become pious, and thus, by a 'saving faith,' secure an entrance into Heaven. Their chances of finding Heaven, at last, are about equal. And if they should be permitted to come into a heavenly society they would soon seek to escape from it. Where all were unselfish, how could one who was utterly selfish dwell? Where all sought the good of others, how could one who cared simply for his own good, remain and be happy? It could not be. If you wish to enter Heaven, my friend, you must bring heavenly life into your daily occupations."

"How can that be? Religion is too tender a plant for the world."

"Your error is a common one," replied the old man, "and arises from the fact that you do not know what religion is. Mere piety is not religion. There is a life of charity as well as a life of piety, and the latter without the former is like sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

"All know that," was replied.

"All profess to know it, but all do not know what is meant by charity."

"It is love. That every Christian man admits."

"It is love for the neighbor in activity; not a mere idle emotion of the heart. Now, how can a man best promote the good of his neighbor?—love, you know, always seeks the good of its object; in no way, it is clear, so well as by faithfully and diligently performing the duties of his office, no matter what it may be. If a judge, let him administer justice with equity and from a conscientious principle; if a physician, a lawyer, a soldier, a merchant, or an artisan, let him with all diligence do the works that his hands find to do, not merely for gain, but because it is his duty to serve the public good in that calling by which he can most efficiently do it. If he act from this high motive from this religious principle, all that he does will be well and faithfully done. No wrong to his neighbor can result from his act. True charity is not that feeling which prompts merely to the bestowment of worldly goods for the benefit of others—in fact, true charity has very little to do with alms-giving and public benefactions. It is not a mere 'love for the brethren' only, as many religious denominations think, but it is a love that embraces all mankind, and regards good as its brother wherever and in whom ever it is seen."

"That every one admits."

"Admission and practice, my friend, are not always found walking in the same path. But I am not at all sure that every one admits that charity consists in a man's performing his daily uses in life with justice and judgment. By most minds charity, as well as religion, is viewed as separate from the ordinary business of man; while the truth is, there can be neither religion nor charity apart from a man's business life. If he be not charitable and religious here, he has neither charity nor religion; if he love not his neighbor whom he hath seen; if he do not deal justly and conscientiously with his neighbor whom he hath seen, how can he love God, or act justly and conscientiously toward God whom he hath not seen? How blind and foolish is more than half of mankind on this subject! They seem to think, that if they only read the Bible and attend to the ordinances of the church, and lead very pious lives on the Sabbath, that this service will be acceptable to God, and save them; while, at the same time, in their business pursuits, they seek to gain this world's goods so eagerly, that they trample heedlessly upon the rights and interests of all around them; in fact, act from the most selfish, and, consequently, infernal principles. You call R—— a very pious man, do you not?"

"I believe him to be so. We are members of the same church, and I see a good deal of him. He is superintendent of our Sabbath-school, and is active in all the various secular uses of the church."

"Do you know any thing of his business life?"

"No."

"I do. Men of the world call him a shark, so eager is he for gain. He will not steal, nor commit murder, nor break any one of the commandments so far as the laws of the state recognize these divine laws

to be laws of common society. But, in his heart, and in act, so far as the law cannot reach him, he violates them daily. He will overreach you in a bargain, and think it all right. If your business comes in contact with his, he will use every means in his power to break you down, even to the extent of secretly attacking your credit. He will lend his money on usury, and when he has none to lend, will play the jackal to some money-lion, and get a large share of the spoil for himself. And further, if you differ in faith from him, in his heart will send you to hell with as much pleasure as he would derive from cheating you out of a dollar."

"You are too severe on R—. I cannot believe him to be what you say."

"A man's reputation among business men gives the true impression of his character, for, in business, the eagerness with which men seek their ends causes them to forget their disguises. Go and ask any man who knows R— in business, and he will tell you that he is a sharper. That if you have any dealings with him you must keep your eyes open. I could point you to dozens of men who are as pious as he is on the Sabbath, who, in their ordinary life are no better than swindlers. The Christian religion is disgraced by thousands of such, who are far worse than those who never saw the inside of a church."

"I am afraid that you, in the warmth of your indignation against false professors, are led into the extreme of setting aside all religion; or of making it to consist alone in mere honesty and integrity of character—your moral man is all; it is morality that opens Heaven. Now mere morality, mere good works, are worth nothing, and cannot bring a man into Heaven."

"There is a life of piety, and a life of charity, my friend, as I have before said," replied the old man, "and they cannot be separated. The life of charity regards man, and the life of piety God. A man's prayers, and fastings, and pious duties on the Sabbath are nothing, if love to the neighbor, showing itself in a faithful performance of all life's varied uses that come within his sphere of action, is not operative through the week, vain hopes are all those which are built upon so crumbling a foundation as the mere

life of piety. Morality, as you call it, built upon man's pride, is of little use, but morality, which is based upon a sincere desire to do good, is worth a thousand prayers from the lips of a man who inwardly hates his neighbor."

"Then I understand you to mean that religious, or pious duties are useless"—was remarked with a good deal of bitterness.

"I said," was mildly returned, "that the life of piety and the life of charity could not be separated. If a man truly loves his neighbor and seeks his good, he will come into heavenly states of mind, and will have his heart elevated, and from a consciousness that every good and perfect gift comes from God, worship him in a thankful spirit. His life of piety will make one with his life of charity. The Sabbath to him will be a day of true, not forced, spiritual life. He will rest from all natural labors, and gain strength from that rest to recommence those labors in a true spirit."

Much more was said, that need not be repeated here. The closing remarks of the old man were full of truth. It will do any one good to remember them:

"Our life is twofold. We have a natural life and a spiritual life," he said. "Our natural life delights in external things, and our spiritual life in things internal. The first regards the things of time and sense, the latter involves states and qualities of the soul. Heaven is a state of mutual love from a desire to benefit others, and whenever man's spiritual life corresponds with the life of Heaven, he is in Heaven so far as his spirit is concerned, notwithstanding his body still remains upon the earth. His heavenly life begins here, and is perfected after death. If, therefore, a man does not enter Heaven here, he cannot enter it when he dies. His state of probation is closed, and he goes to the place for which he is prepared. The means whereby man enters Heaven here, are very simple. He need only shun as sin every thing that would in any way injure his neighbors, either naturally or spiritually, and look above for the power to do this. This will effect an entrance through the straight gate. After that, the way will be plain before him, and he will walk in it with a daily increasing delight."

TO LYDIA—WITH A WATCH.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

So well has time kept you, my love,
Unfaded in your prime,
That you would most ungrateful prove,
If you did not keep time.

Then let this busy monitor
Remind you how the hours
Steal, brook-like, over golden sands,
Whose banks love gems with flowers.

And when the weary day grows dark,
And skies are overcast,

Watch well this token—it will bring
The morning true and fast.

This little diamond-footed sprite,
How soft he glides along!
How quaint, yet merry, singeth he
His never-ending song!

So smoothly pass thine hours and years,
So calmly beat thy heart—
While both our souls, in concert tuned,
Nor hope nor dream apart!

A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

BY SOLITAIRE.

A LOVE for amusement is one of those national peculiarities of the French people which neither time nor situation will ever eradicate, for, be their lot cast where it may, amid the brilliant *salons* of Paris, or on the outskirts of civilization on the western continent, they will set apart seasons for innocent mirth, in which they enter into its spirit with a joyousness totally devoid of calculation or of care. I love this trait in their character, because, perhaps, my own spirits incline to the volatile. I like not that puritanical coldness of intercourse which acts upon men as the winter winds do upon the surface of the mountain streams, freezing them into immovable propriety; and less do I delight in that festivity where calculation seems to wait on merriment. Joy at such a board can never rise to blood heat, for the jingle in the mind of cent. per cent., which rises above the constrained mirth of the assembly, will hold the guests so anchored to the consideration of profit and loss, that in vain they spread a free sail—the tide of gayety refuses to float their barks from the shoal beside which they are moored. In their seasons of gayety the French are philosophers, for while they imbibe the mirth they discard the wassail, and wine instead of being the body of their feasts, as with other nations, it is but the spice used to add a flavor to the whole. I know not that these remarks of mine have aught to do with my story, but I throw them out by way of a prelude to—some will say excuse for—what may follow.

In the winter of 1830 it was my good fortune to be the guest of an old French resident upon the north-western frontier, and while enjoying his hospitality I had many opportunities of mingling with the *habitans* of Detroit, a town well known as one of the early French settlements on the American continent. At the period of which I write, the stranger met a warm welcome in the habitation of the simple residents—time, progress and speculation, I am told, have somewhat marred those friendly feelings. The greedy adventurer, by making his passport to their hospitality a means of profit, has planted distrust in their bosoms, and the fire of friendship no longer flashes up at the sound of an American's voice beneath their roof. To the all absorbing spirit of Mammon be ascribed the evil change.

While residing with my friend Morell, I received many invitations to join sleighing parties upon the ice, which generally terminated on the floor of some old settler's dwelling upon the borders of the Detroit, Rouge, or Ecorse rivers; where, after a merry jaunt over the frozen river, we kept the blood in circulation by participating in the pleasures of the dance. At one of these parties upon the Rouge I formed two very interesting acquaintances, one of them a beautiful girl named Estelle Beaubien, the other, Victor

Druissel. Estelle was one of those dark-eyed lively brunettes formed by nature for the creation of flatterings about the hearts of the sterner sex. She was full of naive mischief, and coquetry, and having been petted into imperial sway by the flattery of her courtiers, she punished them by wielding her sceptre with autocratic despotism—tremble, heart, that owned her sway yet dared disobey her behests! In the dance she was the nimblest, in mirth the most gleeful, and in beauty peerless. Victor Druissel was a tall, dark haired young man, of powerful frame, intelligent countenance, quiet easy manners, and possessed of a bold, dark eye, through which the quick movements of his impassioned nature were much sooner learned than through his words. He appeared to be devoid of fear, and in either expeditions of pleasure or daring, with a calmness almost unnatural he led the way. He loved Estelle with all that fervor so inherent in men of his peculiar temperament, and when others fluttered around her, seemingly winning lasting favor in her eyes, he would vainly try to hide the jealousy of his nature.

When morning came Druissel insisted that I should take a seat in his cutter, as he had come alone. He would rather have taken Estelle as his companion to the city, but her careful aunt, who always accompanied her, would not trust herself behind the heels of the prancing pair of bays harnessed to Victor's sliding chariot. The sleighs were at length filled with their merry passengers, and my companion shouting *allons!* led the cavalcade. We swept over the chained tide like the wind, our horses' hoofs beating time to the merry music of their bells, and our laughter ringing out on the clear, cold air, free and unrestrained as the thoughts of youth.

"I like this," said Victor, as he leaned back and nestled in the furry robes around us. "This is fun in the old-fashioned way; innocent, unconstrained, and full of real enjoyment. A fashionable ball is all well enough in its way, but give me a dance where there is no formality continually reminding me of my 'white kids,' or where my equanimity is never disturbed by missing a figure; there old Time seldom croaks while he lingers, for the heart merriment makes him forget his mission."

On dashed our steeds over the glassy surface of the river, and soon the company we had started with was left far behind. We in due time reached Detroit, and as I leaped from the sleigh at the door of my friend's residence, Victor observed:

"To-morrow night we are invited to a party at my uncle Yesson's, at the foot of Lake St. Clair, and if you will accept a seat with me, I shall with pleasure be your courier. I promise you a night of rare enjoyment."

"You promise then," said I, "that Estelle Beaubien will be there."

He looked calmly at me for a moment.

"What, another rival?" he exclaimed. "Now, by the mass one would think Estelle was the only fair maiden on the whole frontier. Out of pity for the rest of her sex I shall have to bind her suddenly in the bonds of Hymen, for while she is free the young men will sigh after no other beauty, and other maids must pine in neglect."

"You flatter yourself," said I. "Give me but a chance, and I will whisper a lay of love in the fair beauty's ear that will obliterate the image you have been engraving on her heart. She has listened to you, no other splendid fellow being by, but when I enter the lists look well to your seat in her affections, for I am no timid knight when a fair hand or smile is to be won."

"Come on," cried he, laughing, "I scorn to break lance with any other knight. The lists shall be free to you, the fair Estelle shall be the prize, and I dare you to a tilt at Cupid's tourney."

With this challenge he departed, and as his yet unwearied steeds bore him away, I could hear his laugh of conscious triumph mingling with the music of his horses' bells.

After a troubled sleep that day, I awoke to a consciousness of suffering. I had lost my appetite, was troubled with vertigo, and obstructed breathing, which were sure indications that the sudden change from heated rooms to the clear, cold air, sweeping over the ice-bound river, had given me a severe influenza. My promise of a tilt with Victor, or participation in further festivity, appeared abrogated, for a time at least. I kept my bed during the day, and at night applied the usual restoratives. Sleep visited my pillow, but it was of that unrefreshing character which follows disease. I tossed upon my couch in troubled dreams, amid which I fancied myself a knight of the olden time, fighting in the lists for a wreath or glove from a tourney queen. In the contest I was conscious of being overthrown, and raised myself up from the inglorious earth upon which I had been rolled, a bruised knight from head to heel. When I awoke in the morning the soreness of every joint made me half think, for a moment, that I had suffered some injury while in sleeping unconsciousness; but, waking recollection assigned a natural cause, and I bowed my fevered head to the punishment of my imprudence. An old and dignified physician was summoned to my bed-side, who felt my pulse, ordered confinement to my room, and the swallowing of a horrible looking potion, which nearly filled a common-sized tumbler. A few days care, he said, would restore me, and with his own hands he mixed my dose, placed it beside me upon a table, and departed. I venerate a kind and skillful physician; but, like all the rest of the human family, his nauseous doses I abhorred. I looked at the one before me until, in imagination, I tasted its ingredients. In my fevered vision the vessel grew into a monster goblet, and soon after it assumed the shape of a huge glass tun. Methought I commenced swallowing, fearful that if I longer hesitated, it would grow more vast, and then it seemed as if the dose would never

be exhausted, and that my body would not contain the whole of the dreadful compound. I dropped off again from this half-dreamy state into the oblivion of deep sleep, and remained unconscious of every thing until awoke in the evening by the chiming of bells beneath my window. I had scarcely changed my position before Victor, wrapped in his fur-lined coat, walked into my room.

"Why, my dear fellow," cried he, on seeing me nestled beneath the cover, with a towel round my head by way of a night-cap, "what is all this? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh no," answered I, "only sore bones, and an embargo on the respiratory organs. That mixture"—calling his attention to the tumbler—"will no doubt set all right again."

"*Pah!*" he exclaimed, twisting his face as if he had tasted it, "I hope you do n't resort to such restoratives."

"So goes the doctor's orders," said I.

"Oh, a pest on his drugs," says Victor. "Why did n't you call me in? I'm worth a dozen *regular* practitioners in such cases, especially where I am the patient. Come, up and dress, and while you are about it I will empty this potion out of the window, we will then take a seat behind the 'tinklers,' and before the night is over, I will put you through a course of exercise which has won more practice among the young than ever the wisest practitioner has been able to obtain for his most skillfully concocted healing draughts."

"I can't, positively, Victor," said I. "It would cost me my life."

"Then I will lend you one of mine, without interest," said he. "Along you must go, any how, so up at once. Think, my dear boy, of the beauty gathering now in the old mansion at the foot of Lake St. Clair."

"Think," said I, "of my sore bones."

"And then," he continued, unmindful of my remark, "think of the dash along the ice, the moon lighting your pathway, while a cluster of star-bright eyes wait to welcome your coming."

"Oh, *nonsense*," said I, "and by that I mean *your* romance. If through my imprudence I should have the star of my existence quenched, the lustre of those eyes would fail in any effort to light me up again, and that is a matter worth consideration."

Even while I talked to him I felt my health rapidly improving.

"What would the doctor say, Victor," inquired I, "if he came here and *found me out*? Nothing would convince him that it was n't a hoax, shamelessly played off upon his old age, and he would never forgive me."

"Not so," says Victor, "you can take my prescription without his knowing it, and it is as follows: First and foremost, toss his medicine out of the window, visit uncle's with me and dance until morning, get back by daylight, go to bed and take a nap before he comes, and take my word for it he will pronounce your improved state the effect of *his* medicine."

"It would be madness, and I cannot think of it," replied I, half disposed at the same time to yield.

"Then I pronounce you no true knight," said he, "I will report to Estelle the challenge that passed between us, and be sure she will set you down in her memory as a *timid gentleman*!"

"Oh, stop," said I, "and I will save you that sneer. I know that out of pure dread of my power you wish to kill me off; but I will go, nevertheless, if it is to death, in the performance of my duty."

"What *duty* do you speak of," inquired he.

"Taking the conceit out of a coxcomb," said I.

"Bravo!" he shouted, "your blood is already in circulation, and there are hopes of you. I will now look to the horses." Indulging in a quiet laugh at his success, he descended the staircase.

It was a work of some labor to perform the toilet for my journey, but at length Dr. B.'s patient, well muffled up, placed himself beneath a load of buffalo robes, and reversing the doctor's orders, which were peremptory to keep quiet, he was going like mad, in the teeth of a strong breeze, over the surface of Detroit river.

The moon was yet an hour high above the dark forest line of the American shore, and light fleecy clouds were chasing each other across her bright disc, dimming her rays occasionally, but not enough to make traveling doubtful. A south wind swept down from the lake, along the bright line of the river, but it was not the balmy breeze which southern poets breathe of in their songs. True it had not the piercing power of the northern blast, but in passing over those frozen regions it had encountered its adversary and been chilled by his embrace. It was the first breath of spring combating with the strongly posted forces of old winter, and as they mingled, the mind could easily imagine it heard the roar of elemental strife. Now the south wind would sound like the murmur of a myriad of voices, as it rustled and roared through the dark woods lining the shore, and then it would pipe afar off as if a reserve were advancing to aid in holding the ground already occupied; anon the echo of a force would be heard close in by the bluff bordering the stream, and in a moment more, it was sweeping with all its strength and pride of power down the broad surface of the glittering ice, as if the rightfulness of its invasion scorned resistance. Sullen old winter with his frosty beard and snow-wreathed brow, sat with calm firmness at his post, sternly resolved to yield only when his power melted before the advancing tide of the enemy.

"Our sport on the ice is nearly at an end," remarked Victor. "This south wind, if it continues a few days, will set our present pathway afloat. Go along!" he shouted, excitedly, to his horses, following the exclamation by the lash of his whip. They dashed ahead with the speed of lightning, while the ice cracked in a frightful manner beneath the runners of our sleigh for several rods. I held my breath with apprehension, but soon we were speeding along as before.

"That was nigh being a cold bath," quietly observed Victor.

"What do you mean?" inquired I.

"Did you not see the air-hole we just passed?" he inquired in turn.

"It was at least ten yards long, and we came within six inches of being emptied into it before I noticed the opening."

I could feel my pores open—moisture was quickly forced to the surface of my skin at this announcement, and I inwardly breathed a prayer of thanks for our escape.

But a short time elapsed ere the hospitable mansion of Victor's uncle appeared in sight, with lights dancing from every window, and our good steeds, like couriers of the air, scudded over the polished surface toward these pleasant beacons. We were soon able to descry forms flitting before the window, and as we turned up the road leading from the lake to the dwelling, Victor whispered—

"I recognize the person of Estelle standing by yonder window, remember our challenge."

"I shall not forget it," said I, as we drew up before the portal.

Consigning our panting steeds to two negro boys, and divesting ourselves of extra covering, we were soon mingling in the "merrie companie." Estelle was there in all her beauty, her dark eyes beaming mischief, her graceful actions inviting attention, and her merry laugh infecting all with its gleeful cadences. Victor was deep in the toils, and willingly he yielded to the bondage of the gay coquette. Now she smiled winningly upon him, and again laughed at his tender speeches. He besought her to dance with him, and she refused, but with such an artless grace, such witching good humor, and playful *coquetry*, that he could not feel offended. I addressed her and she turned away from him. I had not presumption enough to suppose I could win a maiden's heart where he was my rival, but I thought that, aided by the coquetry of Estelle, I could help to torture the victim—and I set about it; nay, further, I *confess* that as she leaned her little ear, which peeped out from a cluster of dark curls, toward my flattering whisper, I fancied that she inclined it with pleasure; but, then, the next moment my hopes were dissipated, for she as fondly smiled on my rival.

A flourish of the music, and with one accord the company moved forward to the dance. Estelle consented to be my partner. Victor was not left alone, but his companion in the set might as well have been, for she frequently had to call his attention to herself and the figure—his eye was continually wandering truant to the next set, where he was one moment scanning with a lover's jealousy a rival's enjoyment, and the next gazing with wrapt admiration upon the beautiful figure and graceful movements of his mistress. The set was ended, and the second begun—Victor being too slow in his request for her hand, she yielded it to another eager admirer. The third set soon followed, and laughingly she again took my arm. The fourth, and she was dancing with a stranger guest. As she wound through the mazes of the dance, arching her graceful neck with a proud motion, her eye, maliciously sportive, watched the workings of jealousy which clouded Victor's brow. He did not solicit her hand again, but stood with fixed eye and swelling throat, looking out upon the

lake. I rallied him upon his moodiness, and told him he did not bear defeat with philosophy.

"Your dancing," said he, "would win the admiration of an angel;" and his lip curled with a slight sneer.

I did not feel flattered much, that he attributed my success to my *heels* instead of my *head*, and I carelessly remarked that perhaps he felt inclined to test my superior powers in some other method. He looked at me firmly for a moment, his large, dark eye blazing, and then burst into a laugh.

"Yes," said he, "I should like to try a waltz with you upon the icy surface of the lake."

"Come on," said I, thoughtlessly, "any adventure that will cure you of conceit—you know that is my purpose here to-night."

Laughing at the remark, he led the way from the ball-room. I observed by Victor's eye and pale countenance, that he was chagrined at Estelle's treatment, and thought he was making an excuse to get out in the night air to cool his fevered passions.

"See," he said, when he descended, "there burns the torch of the Indian fishermen, far out on the lake—they are spearing salmon-trout—we will go see the sport."*

I looked out in the direction he indicated, and far away upon its glassy surface glimmered a single light, throwing its feeble ray in a bright line along the ice. The moon was down, and the broad expanse before us was wrapped in darkness, save this taper which shone through the clear, cold atmosphere.

"You are surely mad," said I, "to think of such an attempt."

"If the bare thought fills you with *fear*," he answered, "I have no desire for your company. The *dance* within, I see, is more to your mind."

Without regarding his sneer, I remarked that if he was disposed to play the madman, I was not afraid to become his keeper, it mattered not how far the fit took him.

"Come on, then," said he; and we started on our mad jaunt.

"Sam, have you a couple of saplings?" inquired Victor of the eldest negro boy.

"Yes, massa Victor, I got dem ar fixins; but what de lor you gemmen want wid such tings at de ball?"

"It is too hot in the ball-room," answered Victor; "myself and friend, therefore, wish to try a waltz on the ice."

"Yah, yah, h-e-a-h!" shouted the negro, wonderfully tickled at the novelty of the idea, "well, dat is a high kick, please goodness—guess you can't git any ob de ladies to try dat shine wid you, h-e-a-h!"

"We shall not *invite* them," said Victor, through his teeth.

"Well, dar is de poles, massa," said the negro, handing him a couple of saplings about twelve feet long. "You better hab a lantern wid you, too, else you can't see dat dance berry well."

"A good thought," said Victor; "give us the lantern."

* The Indians cut holes in the ice, and holding a torch over the opening, spear the salmon-trout which are attracted to the surface by the blaze.

It was procured, lighted, and together we descended the steep bluff to the lake's brink. He paused for a moment to listen—revelry sounded clearly out upon the air of night, nimble feet were treading gayly to the strains of sweet music, and high above both, yet mingling with them, was heard the merry laughter of the joyous guests. Ah, Victor, thought I, trout are not the only fish captured by brilliant lights; there is a pair dancing above, yonder, which even now is driving you to madness. I shrunk from the folly we were about to perpetrate, yet had not courage enough to dare my companion's sneer, and turn boldly back; vainly hoping he would soon tire of the exploit I followed on.

Running one pole through the ring of our lantern, and placing ourselves at each end, we took up our line of march for the light ahead. Victor seizing the end of the other sapling slid it before him to feel our way. At times the beacon would blaze up as if but an hundred yards ahead, and again it would sink to a spark, far away in the distance. The night wind was now sweeping down the lake in a tornado, sighing and laboring in its course as if pregnant with evil—afar off, at one moment, heard in a low whistle, and anon rushing around us like an army of invisible spirits, bearing us along with the whirl of their advance, and yelling a fearful war-cry in our ears. The beacon-light still beckoned us on. My companion, as if rejoicing in the fury of the tempest which roared around us, burst into a derisive laugh.

"Thunder would be fit music, now," said he, "for this pleasant little party"—and the words were scarcely uttered, ere a sound of distant thunder appeared to shake the frozen surface of the lake. The pole he was sliding before him, and of which he held but a careless grip, fell from his hands. He stooped to pick it up, but it was gone; and holding up our lantern to look for it, we beheld before us a wide opening in the ice, where the dark tide was ruffled into mimic waves by the breeze. Our sapling was floating upon its surface.

"This way," said Victor, bent in his spirit of folly to fulfill his purpose, and skirting the yawning pool, where the cold tide rolled many fathoms deep, we held on our way. We thus progressed nearly two miles, and yet the *ignus fatuus* which tempted us upon the mad journey shone as distant as ever. Our own feeble light but served to show, indistinctly, the dangers with which we were surrounded. I was young, and loved life; nay, I was even about to plead in favor of turning toward the shore that I might preserve it, when my companion, his eye burning with excitement, turned toward me, and raising his end of the sapling until the light of the lantern fell upon my face, remarked,

"You are pale—I am sorry I frightened you thus, we will return."

With a reckless pride that would not own my fears, even though death hung on my footsteps, I answered with a scornful laugh,

"Your own fears, and not mine, counsel you to such a proceeding."

"Say you so," says he, "then we will hold on

until we cross the lake;" and with a shout he pressed forward; bending my head to the blast, I followed.

I had often heard of the suddenness with which Lake St. Clair cast off its winter covering, when visited by a southern breeze; and whether the heat of my excitement, or an actual moderation of cold in the wind sweeping over us was the fact, I am unable to determine, but I fancied its puff upon my cheek had grown soft and balmy in its character; a few drops of rain accompanied it, borne along as forerunners of a storm. While we thus journeyed, a sound like the reverberation of distant thunder again smote upon our ears, and shook the ice beneath our feet. We suddenly halted.

"There is no mistaking that," said Victor. "The ice is breaking up—we will pursue this folly no further."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when a report, like that of cannon, was heard in our immediate neighborhood, and a wide crevice opened at our very feet, through which the agitated waters underneath bubbled up. We leaped it, and rushed forward.

"Haste!" cried my companion, "there is sufficient time for us yet to reach the shore before the surface moves."

"Time, for us, Victor," replied I, "is near an end—if we ever reach the shore, it will be floating lifeless amid the ice."

"Courage," says he, "do not despond;" and seizing my arm, we moved with speed in the direction where lights streamed from the gay and pleasant mansion which we had so madly left. Ah, how with mingled hope and fear our hearts beats, as with straining eyes we looked toward that beacon. In an instant, even as we sped along, the ice opened again before us, and ere I could check my impetus, I was, with the lantern in my hand, plunged within the flood. My companion retained his hold of me, and with herculean strength he dragged me from the dark tide upon the frail floor over which we had been speeding. In the struggle, the lantern fell from my grasp, and sunk within the whirling waters.

"Great God!" exclaimed Victor, "the field we stand upon is *moving*!—and so it was. The mass closed up the gap into which I had fallen; and we could hear the edges which formed the brink of the chasm, crushing and crumbling as they moved together in the conflict. We stood breathlessly clinging to each other, listening to the mad fury of the wind, and the awful roar of the ice which broke and surged around us. The wind moaned by us and above our heads like the wail of nature in an agony, while mingling with its voice could be distinctly heard the ominous reverberations which proclaimed a general breaking up of the whole surface of the lake. The wind and current were both driving the ice toward the Detroit river, and we could see by the lights on the shore that we were rapidly passing in that direction. A dark line, scarcely discernible, revealed where the distant shore narrowed into the straight; but the hope of ever reaching it died within me, as our small platform rose and sunk on the troubled waves.

While floating thus, held tightly in the grasp of my companion, his deep breathing fanning my cheek, I felt my senses gradually becoming wrapt with a sweet dream, and so quickly did it steal upon me, that in a few moments all the peril of our position was veiled from my mind, and I was reveling in a delightful illusion. I was floating upon an undulating field of ice, in a triumphal car, drawn by snow-white steeds, and in my path glittered a myriad gems of the icy north. My progress seemed to be as quiet as the falling of the snow-flake, and swift as the wind, which appeared drawn along with my chariot-wheels. To add to this dreamy delight, many forms of beauty, symmetrical as angels, with eyes radiant as the stars of night, floated around my pathway. Though their forms appeared superior to earth, the tender expression of their eyes was altogether human. Their etherial forms were clad in flowing robes, white as the wintry drift; coronets of icy jewels circled their brows, and glittered upon their graceful necks; their golden hair floated upon the sportive wind, as if composed of the sun's bright rays, and the effect upon the infatuated gazer at these spirit-like creations, was a desire not to break the spell, lest they should vanish from before his entranced vision. To add to the charm of their power they burst into music wild as the elements, but yet so plaintively sweet, that the senses yielded up in utter abandon to its soothing swell. I had neither the power nor the wish to move, but under the influence of this ravishing dream, floated along in happy silence, a blest being, attended by an angel throng, whose voluptuous forms delighted, and whose pleasing voices lulled into all the joys of fancied elysium.

From this dream I was aroused to the most painful sensations. The pangs of death can bear no comparison to the agony of throwing off this sleep. Action was attended with torture, and every move of my blood seemed as if molten lead was coursing through my veins. My companion, by every means he could think of, was forcing me back to consciousness; but I clung with the tenacity of death to my sweet dream. He dashed my body upon our floating island; he pinched my flesh, fastened his fingers into my hair, and beat me into feeling with the power of his muscular arm. Slowly the figures of my dream began to change—my triumphal car vanished—dark night succeeded the soft light which had before floated around me, and the fair forms, which had fascinated my soul by their beauty, were now changed into furies, whose voices mingling in the howl of the elements, sounded like a wail of sorrow, or a chaunt of rage. They looked into my eyes with orbs lit by burning hatred, while they seemed to lash me with whips of the biting wind, until every fibre in my frame was convulsed with rage and madness. I screamed with anguish, and grasping the muscular form of my companion, amid the loud howl of the storm, amid the roar of the crushing ice, amid the gloom of dark night upon that uncertain platform of the congealed yet moving waters, I fought with him, and struggled for the mastery. I rained blows upon his body, and he

returned them with interest. I tried to plunge with him into the dark waters that were bubbling around us, but he held me back as if I were a child; and in impotent rage I wept at my weakness. Slowly our perilous situation again forced itself upon my mind. I became conscious that a platform, brittle as the thread of life, was all that separated me from a watery grave; and I fancied the wind was murmuring our requiem as it passed. Hope died within me; but not so my companion.

"Speak to me!" he cried, "arouse, and let me hear your voice! Shake off this stupor, or you are lost!"

"Why did you wake me?" I inquired; "while in that lethargy I was happy."

"While there is hope you should never yield to despair," said Victor. "I discovered you freezing in my arms. Come, arouse yourself more fully; Providence has designed us for another grave than the waters of Lake St. Clair, or ere this we would have been quietly resting in some of the chasms beneath. We are floating rapidly into the river, and will here find some chance to escape."

"Here, at last," answered I, despondingly, "we are likely to find our resting-place."

"Shake off this despondency!" exclaimed Victor, "it is unmanly. If we are to die, let it be in a struggle against death. We have now only to avoid being crushed between the fields of ice. Oh! that unfortunate lantern! if we had only retained it—but no matter, we will escape yet; aye, and have another dance among our friends in yonder old hospitable mansion. Courage!" he exclaimed, "see, lights are dancing opposite us upon the shore. Hark! I hear shouts."

A murmur, as of the expiring sound of a shout, rose above the roar of the ice and waters—but it failed to arouse me. The lights, though, we soon plainly discerned; and on the bluff, at the very mouth of the river, a column of flame began to rise, which cast a lurid light far over the surface of the raging lake. Some persons stood at the edge of the flood waving lighted torches; and I thought from their manner that we were discovered.

"We are safe, thank God!" says Victor. "They have discovered us!"

Hope revived again within me, and my muscles regained their strength. We were only distant about one hundred yards from shore, and rapidly nearing it, when a scene commenced, which, for the wildly terrific, exceeded aught I had ever before beheld. The force of the wind and the current had driven vast fields of ice into the mouth of the river, where it now gorged; and with frightful rapidity, and a stunning noise, the ice began to pile up in masses of several feet in height, until the channel was entirely obstructed. The dammed-up waters here boiled and bubbled, seeking a passage, and crumbling the barrier which impeded their way, dashed against it, and over it, in the mad endeavor to rush onward. The persons seen a few moments before were driven up to the bluff; and they no sooner reached there than Victor and myself, struggling amid the breaking ice and the rising flood, gained the shore; but in vain

did we seek a spot upon the perpendicular sides of the bluff, where, for an instant, we could rest from the struggle. We shouted to those above, and they hailed us with a cheer, flashed their torches over our heads—but they had no power to aid us, for the ground they stood upon was thirty feet above us. Even while we were thus struggling, and with our arms outstretched toward heaven, imploring aid, the gorge, with a sound like the rumbling of an earthquake, broke away, and swept us along in its dreadful course. Now did it seem, indeed, as if we had been tempted with hope, only that we might feel to its full extent of poignancy the bitterness of absolute despair. I yielded in hopeless inactivity to the current; my companion, in the meantime, was separated from me—and I felt as if fate had singled out me, alone, as the victim; but, while thus yielding to despondency, Victor again appeared at my side, and held me within his powerful grasp. He seized me as I was about to sink through exhaustion, and dragging me after him, with superhuman strength he leaped across the floating masses of ice, recklessly and boldly daring the death that menaced us. We neared the shore where it was low; and all at once, directly before us, shot up another beacon, and a dozen torches flashed up beside it. The river again gorged below us, and the accumulating flood and ice bore us forward full fifty feet beyond the river's brink—as before, the tide again swept away the barrier, leaving us lying among the fragments of ice deposited by the retreating flood, which dashed on its course, foaming, and roaring, and flashing in the light of the blazing beacons. Locked in each other's arms, and trembling with excitement, we lay collecting our scattered senses, and endeavoring to divest us of the terrible thought that we were still at the mercy of the flood. Our friends, who had learned from the negroes the mad adventure we had started upon, now gathered around us, lifted us up from our prostrate position, and moved toward Yesson's mansion. Victor, who through the whole struggle had borne himself up with that firmness which scorns to shrink before danger, now yielded, and sunk insensible. The excitement was at an end, and the strong man had become a child. I, feeble in body, and lacking his energy in danger, now that the peril was past, felt a buoyancy and strength which I did not possess at starting out.

My companion was lifted up and borne toward his uncle's. No music sounded upon the air as we approached—no voice of mirth escaped from the portal, for all inside were hushed into grief—that grief which anticipates a loss but knows not the sum of it. Several who entered the mansion first, and myself among the number, announced the coming of Victor, who had fallen in a fainting fit; but they would not believe us—they supposed at once that we came to save them from the sudden shock of an abrupt announcement of his death, and Estelle, with a piercing cry, rushed toward the hall—those bearing his body were at the moment entering the house—rushing toward them she clung to his inanimate form, uttering the most poignant cries of anguish. A few restora-

tives brought Victor to consciousness, and sweet were the accents of reproof which fell upon his ear with the first waking into life, for they betrayed to him the tender feelings of love which the fair Estelle had before concealed beneath her coquetry. While the tears of joy were bedewing her cheeks, on finding her lover safe, he like a skillful tactician pursued the advantage, and in a mock attitude of desperation threatened to rush out and cast himself amid the turbid waters of the lake, unless she at once promised to terminate his suspense by fixing the day of their marriage. The fair girl consented to throw around him, merely as she said for his preservation, the gentle authority of a wife, and I at once offered to seal a "quit claim" of my pretensions upon her rosy lips, but she preferred having Victor act as my attorney in the matter, and the tender negotiation was accordingly closed.

After partaking of a fragrant cup of Mocha, about the hour day was breaking, I started for home, and having arrived, I plunged beneath the blankets to rest my wearied body. Near noon I was awakened by the medical attendant feeling my pulse. On opening my eyes, the first impulse was to hide the neglected potions, which I had carelessly left exposed upon the table, but a glance partially relieved my fears about its discovery, for I had fortunately thrown my cravat over it and hid it from view. As Victor predicted, the doctor attributed the healthy state in which he found me entirely to his prescription, and following up its supposed good effect, with a repetition of his advice to keep quiet, he departed. I could scarcely suppress a smile in his presence. Little did he dream of the remedy which had banished my fever—cold baths and excitement had produced an effect upon me

far more potent than drugs, either vegetable or mineral.

A month after the events here above mentioned, I made one of a gay assembly in that same old mansion at the foot of Lake St. Clair. It was Victor's wedding-night, about to be consummated where the coquetry was first won, and while he sat upon one side of a sofa holding his betrothed's hand, in all the joy of undisputed possession, I on the other gave her a description of the winter-spirits which hold their revel upon the ice of the lake. While she listened her eye kindled with excitement, and she clung unconsciously and with a convulsive shudder to the person of her lover.

"You are right, Estelle," said I, "hold him fast, or they will steal him away to their deep caves beneath the waters, where their dance is, to mortal, a dance of death."

Bidding me begone, for a spiteful croaker, who was trying out of jealousy to mar her happiness, she turned confidently to the manly form beside her, and from the noble expression beaming from his eyes imbibed a fire which defied the whole spirit-world, so deep and so strong was their assurance of devoted affection. The good priest now bade them stand up, the words were spoken, the benediction bestowed, the bride and groom congratulated, and a general joy circled the company round.

The causes which led to, and the incidents which befel, a "night on the ice," I have endeavored faithfully to rehearse, and now let me add the pleasing sequel. Victor Druiessel, folded in the embrace of beauty, now pillows his head upon a bosom as fond and true as ever in its wild pulsations of coquetry made a manly heart to ache with doubt.

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE SORROWFUL.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"THANKSGIVING," said the preacher.

"What hast thou, Oh heart?"—I asked—"for which to render thanks! What—crushed and stricken—canst thou here recall Worthy for this rejoicing. That thy home Hath suddenly been made so desolate; Or that the love for which thy being yearned Through years of youth, was given but to show How fleet are life's enjoyments? For the smile That never more shall greet thee at the dawn, Or the low, earnest blessing, which at eve Merged thoughts of human love in dreams of Heaven; That these are taken wilt thou now rejoice? That thou art censured, where thou seekest love— And all thy purest thoughts, are turned to ill Soon as they knew expression? Offerest praise That such has been thy lot in earliest youth?

"Thou murmurer!"—thus whispered back my heart, "Thou—of all others—shouldst this day give thanks: Thanks for the love which for a little space Made thy life beautiful, and taught thee well By precept, and example, so to act That others might in turn be blessed by thee.

The patient love, that checked each wayward word; The holy love, that turned thee to thy God— Fount of all pure affection! Hadst thou dwelt Longer in such an atmosphere, thy strength Had yielded to the weakness of idolatry, Forgetting Him, the GIVER, in his gifts.

So He recalled them. Ay, for that rejoice, That thou hast added treasure up in Heaven; O, let thy heart dwell with thy treasure there; The dream shall thus become reality. The blessing may be resting on thy brow Cold as it is with sorrow. Thou hast lost The love of earth—but gained an angel's care. And that the world views thee with curious eyes, Wronging the pure expression of thy thoughts,— Censure may prove to thee as finer's fire, That purifies the gold."

Then gave I thanks, Reproved by that low whisper. FATHER hear! Forgive the murmurer thus in love rebuked; And may I never cease through all to pay This tribute to thy bounty.



his "*Chant du Sacre*," (Chant of the Coronation,) in honor of Charles X., just about the time that his contemporary, Beranger, was preparing for publication his "*Chansons inédites*," containing the most bitter sarcasm on Charles X., and for which the great *Chansonnier* was afterward condemned to nine month's imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The career of Lamartine commences in 1830, after he had been made a member of the Academy, when Beranger's muse went to sleep, because, with Charles X.'s flight from France, he declared his mission accomplished. Delavigne, in 1829, published his *Marino Falieri*.

While in London, Lamartine married a young English lady, as handsome as *spirituelle*, who had conceived a strong affection for him through his poems, which she appreciated far better than his compeer, Chateaubriand, and requited with the true *troubadour's* reward. With the accession of Louis Philippe, Lamartine left the public service and traveled through Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. Here he lost his daughter, a calamity which so preyed on his mind that it would have incapacitated him for further intellectual efforts, had he not been suddenly awakened to a new sphere of usefulness. The town of Bergues, in the Department of the North, returned him, in his absence, to the Chamber of Deputies. He accepted the place, and was subsequently again returned from his native town, Mâcon, which he represented at the period of the last Revolution, which has called him to the head of the provisional government.

It is here worthy of remark, that Lamartine, from the commencement of his political career, did not take that interest in public affairs which seriously interfered with his poetical meditations; on the contrary, it was his muse which gave direction to his politics. He took a poetical view of religion, politics, morals, society, and state; the Chambers were to him but the medium for the realization of his beaux ideals. But it must not be imagined that Lamartine's beaux ideals had a distinct form, definitive outlines, or distinguishing lights and shades. His imagination has never been plastic, and his fancy was far better pleased with the magnitude of objects than with the artistical arrangement of their details. His conceptions were grand; but he possessed little power of elaboration; and this peculiarity of his intellect he carried from literature into politics.

Shortly after his becoming a member of the French Academy, he publishes his "*Harmonies politiques et religieuses*."* Between the publication of these "Harmonies," and the "Poetical Meditations," with which he commenced his literary career, lies a cycle of ten years; but no perceptible intellectual progress or development. True, the first effusions of a poet are chiefly marked by intensity of feeling and depth of sentiment. (What a world of emotions does not pervade Schiller's "Robbers," or Goethe's "Götz of Berlichingen, with the iron hand!") but the subsequent productions must show some advance-

ment toward objective reality, without which it is impossible to individualize even genius. To our taste, the "Meditations" are superior to his "Harmonies," in other words, we prefer his prelude to the concert. The one leaves us full of expectation, the other disappoints us. Lamartine's religion is but a sentiment; his politics at that time was but a poetical conception of human society. His religion never reached the culmination point of faith; his politics were never condensed into a system; his liquid sympathies for mankind never left a precipitate in the form of an absorbing patriotism. When his contemporary, Beranger, electrified the masses by his "*Roi d'Yvetot*," and "*Le Sénateur*," (in 1813,) Lamartine quietly mused in Naples, and in 1814 entered the body guard of Louis XVIII., who Cormenin resigned his place as counsellor of state to serve as a volunteer in Napoleon's army.

Lamartine's political career did not, at first, interfere with his literary occupation, it was merely an agreeable pastime—a respite from his most arduous and congenial labors. In 1835 appeared his "*Souvenirs, impressions, pensées et paysages pendant un voyage en Orient, &c.*"* This work, though written from personal observations, is any thing but a description of travels, or a faithful delineation of Eastern scenery or character. It is all poetry without a sufficient substratum of reality—a dream of the Eastern world with its primitive vigor and sadness, but wholly destitute of either antiquarian research or living pictures. Lamartine gives us a picture of the East by candle-light—a high-wrought picture, certainly; but after all nothing but canvas. Shortly after this publication, there appeared his "*Jocelyn, journal trouvé chez un curé de village*,"† a sort of imitation of the Vicar of Wakefield; but with scarcely an attempt at a faithful delineation of character. Lamartine has nothing to do with the village parson, who may be a very ordinary personage; his priest is an ideal priest, who inculcates the doctrines of ideal Christianity in ideal sermons without a text. Lamartine seems to have an aversion to all positive forms, and dislikes the dogma in religion as much as he did the principles of the *Doctrinaires*. It would fetter his genius or oblige it to take a definite direction, which would be destructive to its essence.

As late as in 1838 Lamartine published his "*La chute d'un ange*."‡ This is one of his poorest productions, though exhibiting vast powers of imagination and productive genius. The scene is laid in a chaotic antediluvian world, inhabited by Titans, and is, perhaps, descriptive of the author's mind, full of majestic imagery, but as yet undefined, vague, and without an object worthy of its efforts. Lamartine's time had not yet come, though he required but a few years to complete the fiftieth anniversary of his birth.

The year following, in 1839, he published his

* Souvenirs, Impressions, Thoughts and Landscapes, during a Voyage in the East. Paris, 1835. 4 vols.

† Jocelyn, a Journal found at the House of a Village Priest. Paris, 1836. 2 vols.

‡ The Fall of an Angel. Paris, 1838. 2 vols.

* Political and Religious Harmonies. Paris, 1830. 2 vols.

"*Recueils poétiques*," which must be looked upon as the commencement of a new era in his life. Mahomed was past forty when he undertook to establish a new religion, and built upon it a new and powerful empire; Lamartine was nearly fifty when he left the fantastic for the real; and from the inspiration without an object, returned to the only real poetry in this world—the life of man. Lamartine, who until that period had been youthful in his conceptions, and wild and *bizarre* in his fancy, did not, as Voltaire said of his countrymen, pass "from childhood to old age," but paused at a green manhood, with a definite purpose, and the mighty powers of his mind directed to an object large enough to afford it scope for its most vigorous exercise. His muse was now directed to the interests of humanity; he was what the French call *un poète humanitaire*.

Thus far it was proper for us to follow the life of the poet to understand that of the statesman, orator, and tribune. Men like Lamartine must be judged in their totality, not by single or detached acts of their lives. Above all men it is the poet who is a self-directing agent, whose faculties receive their principal impulse from *within*, and who stamps his own genius on every object of his mental activity. Schiller, after writing the history of the most remarkable period preceding the French Revolution, "the thirty years' war," (for liberty of conscience,) and "the separation of the Netherlands from the crown of Spain," felt that his energies were not yet exhausted on the subject; but his creative genius found no theatre of action such as was open to Lamartine in the French Chamber, in the purification of the ideas engendered by the Revolution; and he had therefore to content himself with bringing *his* poetical conceptions on the stage. Instead of becoming an actor in the great world-drama, he gave us his *Wallenstein* and *Don Carlos*; Lamartine gave us *himself* as the best creation of his poetic genius. The poet Lamartine has produced the statesman. This it will be necessary to bear in mind, to understand Lamartine's career in the Chamber of Deputies, or the position he now holds at the head of the provisional government.

Lamartine, as we have above observed, entered the French Chamber in 1833, as a cosmopolite, full of love for mankind, full of noble ideas of human destiny, and deeply impressed with the degraded social condition not only of his countrymen, but of all civilized Europe. He knew and felt that the Revolution which had destroyed the social elements of Europe, or thrown them in disorder, had not reconstructed and arranged them; and that the reorganization of society on the basis of humanity and mutual obligation, was still an unfinished problem. Lamartine felt this; but did the French Chambers, as they were then organized, offer him a fair scope for the development of his ideas, or the exercise of his genius? Certainly not. The French Chamber was divided into two great dynastic interests—those of the younger and elder Bourbons. The Republican party (the extreme left) was small, and without an acknowledged leader; and the whole assembly, with

few individual exceptions, had taken a material direction. During seventeen years—from 1830 to 1847—no organic principle of law or politics was agitated in the Chambers, no new ideas evolved. The whole national legislation seemed to be directed toward material improvements, to the exclusion of every thing that could elevate the soul or inspire the masses with patriotic sentiments. The government of Louis Philippe had at first become stationary, then reactionary; the mere enunciation of a general idea inspired its members with terror, and made the centres (right and left) afraid of the horrors of the guillotine. The government of Louis Philippe was not a reign of terror, like that of 1793, but it was a reign of prospective terror, which it wished to avoid. Louis Philippe had no faith in the people; he treated them as the keeper of a menagerie would a tame tiger—he knew its strength, and he feared its vindictiveness. To disarm it, and to change its ferocious nature, he checked the progress of political ideas, instead of combating them with the weapons of reason, and banished from his counsel those who alone could have served as mediators between the throne and the liberties of the nation. The French people seemed stupified at the *contre-coups* to all their hopes and aspirations. Even the more moderate complained; but their complaints were hushed by the immediate prospect of an improved material condition. All France seemed to have become industrious, manufacturing, mercantile, speculating. The thirst for wealth had succeeded to the ambition of the Republicans, the fanaticism of the Jacobins, and the love of distinction of the old monarchists. The Chamber of Deputies no longer represented the French people—its love, its hatred, its devotion—the elasticity of its mind, its facility of emotion, its capacity to sacrifice itself for a great idea. The Deputies had become stock-jobbers, partners in large enterprises of internal improvements, and *timidly* conservative, as are always the representatives of mere property. The Chamber, instead of representing the essence of the nation, represented merely the moneyed classes of society.

Such was the Chamber of Deputies to which Lamartine was chosen by an electoral college, devoted to the Dynastic opposition. He entered it in 1833, not a technical politician or orator as Odillon Barrot, not as a skillful tactitioner like Thiers, not as a man with one idea as the Duke de Broglie, not as the funeral orator of departed grandeur like Berryer, nor as the embodiment of a legal abstraction like Dupin, or a man of the devouring ambition and skill in debate of François Pierre Guillaume Guizot: Lamartine was simply a *humanitaire*. Goaded by the sarcasm of Cormenin, he declared that he belonged to no party, that he sought for no parliamentary conquest—that he wished to triumph through the force of ideas, and through no power of persuasion. He was the very counterpart of Thiers, the most sterile orator and statesman of France. Lamartine had studied the French Revolution, he saw the anarchical condition of society, and the ineffectual attempt to compress instead of organizing it; and he con-

ceived the noble idea of collecting the scattered fragments, and uniting them into a harmonious edifice. While the extreme left were employed in removing the pressure from above, Lamartine was quietly employed in laying the foundation of a new structure, and called himself *un démocrate conservateur*.* He spoke successfully and with great force against the political monopoly of real property, against the prohibitive system of trade, against slavery, and the punishment of death.† His speeches made him at once a popular character; he did not address himself to the Chamber, he spoke to the French people, in language that sunk deep into the hearts of the masses, without producing a striking effect in the Legislature. At that time already had the king singled him out from the rest of the opposition. He wished to secure his talents for his dynasty; but Lamartine was not in search of a *portefeuille*, and escaped without effort from the temptation.

In November, 1837, he was re-elected to the Chamber from Bergues and Mâcon, his native town. He decided in favor of the latter, and took his seat as a member for that place. He supported the Molé ministry, not because he had become converted to the new dynasty, but because he despised the *Doctrinaires*, who, by their union with the Liberals, brought in the new Soult ministry. He was not satisfied with the purity of motives, he also wanted proper means to attain a laudable object. In the Oriental question, which was agitated under Soult, Lamartine was not felt. His opposition was too vague and undefined: instead of pointing to the interests of France, he pointed to the duties of humanity of a great nation; he read Milton in a counting-room, and a commercial Maclaurin asked him "what does it prove?"

In 1841 his talent as an orator (he was never distinguished as a debater) was afforded ample scope by Thiers' project to fortify the capital. He opposed it vehemently, but without effect. In the boisterous session of 1842 he acted the part of a moderator; but still so far seconded the views of Thiers as to consider the left bank of the Rhine as the proper and legitimate boundary of France against Germany. This debate, it is well known, produced a perfect storm of popular passions in Germany. In a few weeks the whole shores of the Rhine were bristling with bayonets; the peasantry in the Black Forest began to clean and polish their rusty muskets, buried since the fall of Napoleon, and the princes perceiving that the spirit of nationality was stronger than that of freedom, encouraged this popular declaration against French usurpation. Nicolas Becker, a modest German, without pretension or poetic genius, but inspired by an honest love of country and national glory, then composed a war-song, commencing thus:

No, never shall they have it,
The free, the German Rhine;

* A conservative Democrat.

† He had already, in 1830, published a pamphlet, *Contre la peine de mort au peuple du 19 Octobre, 1830*. (Against the Punishment of Death to the People of the 19th October, 1830.)

which was soon in every man's mouth, and being set to music, became for a short period the German *Marseillaise*. Lamartine answered the German with the *Marseillaise de paix*, (the *Marseillaise of peace*), which produced a deep impression; and the fall of the Thiers' ministry soon calmed the warlike spirit throughout Europe.

On the question of the Regency, Lamartine declared himself in favor of the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, should Louis Philippe die during the minority of the Count of Paris, and it is our firm belief that he would have accepted that Regency even in February last, if the king had abdicated a day sooner. Lamartine never avowed himself a Republican; but was left no alternative but to eclipse himself forever, or become its champion.

The star of Lamartine's political destiny rose in the session of 1843, when, utterly disgusted with the reactionary policy of Guizot, he conceived the practical idea of uniting all the elements of opposition, of whatever shade and color, against the government. But he was not satisfied with this movement in the Chamber, which produced the coalition of the Dynastic right with the Democratic left, and for a moment completely paralyzed the administration of Guizot: he carried his new doctrine right before the people, as the legitimate source of the Chamber, and thus became the first political agitator of France since the restoration, in the legitimate, legal, English sense of the word. Finding that the press was muzzled, or subsidized and bought, he moved his countrymen through the power of his eloquence. He appealed from the Chamber to the sense and the virtue of the people. In September, 1843, he first addressed the electors of Mâcon on the necessity of extending the franchise, in order to admit of a greater representation of the French people—generous, magnanimous, bold and devoted to their country. Instead of fruitlessly endeavoring to reform the government, he saw that the time had come for reforming the Chamber.

In the month of October, of the same year—so rapidly did his new political genius develop itself—he published a regular programme for the opposition; a thing which Thiers, up to that moment, had studiously avoided, not to break entirely with the king, and to render himself still "possible" as a minister of the crown. Lamartine knew no such selfish consideration, which has destroyed Thiers as a man of the people, and declared himself entirely independent of the throne of July. He advocated openly the abolition of industrial feudalism, and the foundation of a new democratic society under a constitutional throne.

Thus, then, had Lamartine separated himself not only from the king and his ministers, but also from the ancient noblesse and the bourgeoisie, without approaching or identifying himself with the Republican left wing of the Chamber. He stood alone, admired for his genius, his irreproachable rectitude, his devoted patriotism, but considered rather as a poetical abstraction, an impracticable Utopist; and yet he was the only man in the Chamber who had

devised a practical means of regenerating the people and the government. Lamartine was now considered a parliamentary oddity rather than the leader of a faction, or the representative of a political principle; but he was indeed far in advance of the miserable routine of his colleagues. He personated, indeed, no principle represented in the Chamber, but he was already the Tribune of the unrepresented masses! The people had declared the government a fraud—the Chamber an embodied falsehood. At last Marrast, one of the editors of the *National*, (now a member of the provisional government,) pronounced it in his paper that the French people had no representation, that it was in vain to attempt to oppose the government in the legislature: "*La Chambre*," said Marrast, "*n'est qu'un mensonge*."*

Lamartine had thus, all at once, as if by a *coup-de-main*, become "a popular greatness." He was the man of the people, without having courted popularity—that stimulus (as he himself called it) to so many noble acts and crimes, as the object of its caresses remains its conscious master or its pandering slave. Lamartine grew rapidly in public estimation, because he was a new man. All the great characters of the Chamber, beginning with Casimir Perrier, had, in contact with Louis Philippe, become either eclipsed or tarnished. Lamartine avoided the court, but openly and frankly confessed that he belonged to no party. He had boldly avowed his determination to oppose the government of Louis Philippe, not merely this or that particular direction, which it took in regard to its internal and external relations; but in its whole general tendency. He was neither the friend nor the enemy of a particular combination for the ministry, and had, during a short period, given his support to Count Molé, not because he was satisfied with his administration, but because he thought the opposition and its objects less virtuous than the minister. In this independent position, supported by an ample private fortune, (inherited, as we before observed, by his maternal uncle, and the returns of his literary activity,) Lamartine became an important element of parliamentary combination, from the weight of his *personal* influence, while at the same time his "utopies," as they were termed by the tactitioners of Alphonse Thiers, gave but little umbrage to the ambition of his rivals. He alone enjoyed some credit with the masses, though his social position ranked with the first in the country, while, from the peculiar bend of his mind, and the idealization of his principles, he was deemed the most harmless aspirant to political power. The practical genius of the opposition, everlastingly occupied with unintellectual details of a venal class-legislature, saw in Lamartine a useful co-operator: they never dreamt that the day would come when they would be obliged to serve under him.

And, in truth, it must be admitted that without the Revolution of February, Lamartine must have been condemned to a comparative political inactivity. With the exception of a few friends, personally de-

voted to him, he had no party in the Chamber. The career which he had entered, as the people's Tribune, placed him, in a measure, in *opposition* to all existing parties; but it was even this singular position of parliamentary impotence, which confirmed and strengthened his reputation as an honest man, in contradistinction to a notoriously corrupt legislature. His eloquence in the Chamber had no particular direction; but it was the sword of justice, and was, as such, dreaded by all parties. As a statesman his views were tempered by humanity, and so little specific as to be almost anti-national. In his views as regards the foreign policy of France he was alike opposed to Guizot and Thiers; and, perhaps, to a large portion of the French people. He wished the external policy of France governed by a general principle, as the internal politics of the country, and admitted openly the solidarity of interests of the different states of Europe. He thus created for himself allies in Germany, in Italy, in Spain; but he lacked powerful supporters at home; and became the most impracticable man to carry out the aggressive views of the fallen Dynasty. Thiers never considered him a rival; for he considered him incapable of ever becoming the exponent of a leading popular passion: neither the present nor the future seemed to present a chance for Lamartine's accession to power. *L'homme positif*, as Thiers was pleased to call himself at the tribune of the Chamber, almost commiserated the poet statesman and orator.

Lamartine never affected, in his manner or in his mode of living, that "republican simplicity" which is so often nothing but the frontispiece of demagoguism. He despised to flatter the people, for whom he cherished a generous sentiment, by vulgar appeal to their ignoble prejudices. He gratified his tastes where they did not come in conflict with morality or justice, and thus preserved his individuality and his friends, in the midst of the swelling tide of popular commotion and conflicting opinions. Guizot affected in his *déhors* that severity and simplicity of style, which won for him the *soubriquet* of "the Puritan;" bestowed by the sarcasm of the Parisians, to punish his egotism, his craving ambition and his love of power. While Guizot was penetrating the mysteries of European diplomacy, under the guidance of Princess Lieven, Lamartine's hôtel, in the *Rue de l'Université* was the *réunion* of science, literature, wit, elegance and grace. His country-seat near Paris was as elegantly furnished and artistically arranged as his palace in the Faubourg St. Germain; and his weekly receptions in Paris were as brilliant as they were attractive by the intelligence of those who had the honor to frequent them. The *élite* of the old nobility, the descendants of the notabilities of the Empire, the historical remnants of the Gironde and the Jacobins, the versatility of French genius in every department, and distinguished strangers from all parts of the world were his guests; excluded were only the men of mere accidental position—the mob in politics, literature and the arts.

But the time for Lamartine had not yet come, though the demoralization of the government, and the

* The Chamber is but a lie.

sordid impulses given by it to the national legislature were fast preparing that anarchy of passions which no government has the power to render uniform, though it may compress it. The ministry in the session of 1845 was defeated by the coalition; but the defection of Emil de Girardin saved it once more from destruction. Meanwhile Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior, had found means, by a gigantic system of internal improvement, (by a large number of concessions for new rail-ways and canals,) to obtain from the same Chamber a ministerial majority, which toward the close of the session amounted to nearly eighty members. Under such auspices the new elections were ushered in, and the result was an overwhelming majority for the administration. The government was not to be shaken in the Chambers, but its popular ascendancy had sunk to zero. The opposition from being parliamentary had become organic. The opposition, seeing all hopes of success vanish in the Chambers, now embraced Lamartine's plan of agitating the people. They must either fall into perfect insignificance or dare to attack the very basis of the government. The party of Thiers and Odillon Barrot joined the movement, and by that means gave it a practical direction; while Lamartine, Marrast, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin were operating on the masses, Thiers and Odillon Barrot indoctrinated the National Guards. While Thiers was willing to stake his life to dethrone Guizot, the confederates of Lamartine aimed at an organic change of the constitution.

Was Lamartine a conspirator? may here be asked. We answer most readily, no! Lamartine is what himself says of Robespierre, "a man of general ideas;" but not a man of a positive system; and hence, incapable of devising a plan for attaining a specific political object. His opposition to Louis Philippe's government was general; but it rested on a noble basis, and was free from individual passions. He may have been willing to batter it, but he did not intend its demolition. The Republic of France was proclaimed in the streets, partly as the consequence of the king's cowardice. Lamartine accepted its first office, because he had to choose between it and anarchy, and he has thus far nobly discharged his trust. If he is not a statesman of consummate ability, who would devise means of extricating his country from a difficult and perilous situation, he will not easily plunge it into danger; if he be not versed in the intrigues of cabinets, his straight forward course commands their respect, and the confidence of the French people. This is not the time for Europe to give birth to new ideas—the old Revolution has done that sufficiently—but the period has arrived for elaborating them, with a view to a new and lasting organization of society. The present revolution in Europe need not forcibly overthrow any established political creed; for there is no established political conviction in Europe. The people have arrived at a period of universal political scepticism, which, like scepticism in religion, always prepares the soil for the reception of the seed of a new faith. The great work of the revolution is done, if the

people will but seize and perpetuate its consequences. Such, at least, are the views of Lamartine, and with him of a majority of European writers, as expressed in the literature of the day.

The history of the Girondists contains Lamartine's political faith. It is not without its poetry and its Utopian visions; but it is full of thought and valuable reflections, and breathes throughout the loftiest and most noble sentiments. Lamartine, in that history, becomes the panegyrist and the censor of the French Revolution. He vindicates with a powerful hand the ideas which it evolved; while he castigates, and depicts with poetic melancholy its mournful errors and its tragic character. He makes Vergniaud, the chief of the Girondists, say before his execution—"In grafting the tree, my friend, we have killed it. It was too old. Robespierre cuts it. Will he be more successful than ourselves? No. This soil is too unsteady to nourish the roots of civil liberty; this people is too childish to handle its laws without wounding itself. It will come back to its kings as children come back to their rattle. We made a mistake in our births, in being born and dying for the liberty of the world. We imagined that we were in Rome, and we were in Paris. But revolutions are like those crises which, in a single, night turn men's hair gray. They ripen the people fast. The blood in our veins is warm enough to fecundate the soil of the Republic. Let us not take with us the future, and let us bequeath to the people our hope in return for the death which it gives us."*

It is impossible that Lamartine should not have felt as a poet what he expressed as a historian, and his character is too sincere to prevent him from acting out his conviction. In describing the death of the founders of the first French Republic, Lamartine employs the whole pathos of his poetic inspiration.

"They (the Girondists) possessed three virtues which in the eyes of posterity atone for many faults. They worshiped liberty; they founded the Republic—this precautions truth of future governments;—at last, they died, because they refused blood to the people. Their time has condemned them to death, the future has judged them to glory and pardon. They died because they did not allow Liberty to soil itself, and posterity will yet engrave on their memory the inscription which Vergniaud, their oracle, has, with his own hand, engraved on the wall of his dungeon: 'Rather death than crime!' *Potius mori quam foedari!*"

Lamartine is visibly inclined in favor of the Girondists—the founders of the Republic; but his sense of justice does not permit him to condemn the Jacobins without vindicating their memory from that crushing judgment which their cotemporaries pronounced upon them. He thus describes, in a few masterly strokes, the character of Robespierre:

"Robespierre's refusal of the supreme power was

* This and the following versions of Lamartine are our own; for we have not as yet had time to look into the published translation. We mention this to prevent our own mistakes, if we should have committed any, from being charged to the American translator of the work.

sincere in the motives which he alleged. But there were other motives which caused him to reject the sole government. These motives he did not yet avow. The fact is that he had arrived at the end of his thoughts, and that himself did not know what form was best suited to revolutionary institutions. More a man of ideas than of action, Robespierre had the sentiment of the Revolution rather than the political formula. The soul of the institutions of the future was in his dreams, but he lacked the mechanism of a popular government. His theories, all taken from books, were brilliant and vague as perspectives, and cloudy as the far distance. He contemplated them daily; he was dazzled by them; but he never touched them with the firm and precise hand of practice. He forgot that Liberty herself requires the protection of a strong power, and that this power must have a head to conceive, and hands to execute. He believed that the words Liberty, Equality, Disinterestedness, Devotion, Virtue, incessantly repeated, were themselves a government. He took philosophy for politics, and became indignant at his false calculations. He attributed continually his deceptions to the conspiracies of aristocrats and demagogues. He thought that in extinguishing from society the aristocrats and demagogues, he would be able to suppress the vices of humanity, and the obstacles to the work of liberal institutions. His notion of the people was an illusion, not a reality. He became irritated to find the people often so weak, so cowardly, so cruel, so ignorant, so changeable, so unworthy the rank which nature has assigned them. He became irritated and soured, and challenged the scaffold to extricate him from his difficulties. Then, indignant at the excesses of the scaffold, he returned to words of justice and humanity. Then once more he seized upon the scaffold, invoked virtue and suscitated death. Floating sometimes on clouds, sometimes in human gore, he despaired of mankind and became frightened at himself. 'Death, and nothing but death!' he cried, in conversation with his intimate friends, 'and the villains charge it upon me. What memory shall I leave behind me if this goes on? Life is a burthen to me!'"

Once, says Lamartine, the truth became manifest. He (Robespierre) exclaimed, with a gesture of despair, "*No, I was not made to govern, I was made to combat the enemies of the people!*"

These meditations on the character of Robespierre, show sufficiently that Lamartine, though he may not as yet have taken a positive direction in politics, has at least, from his vague poetical conceptions, returned to a sound state of political criticism, the inevitable precursor of sound theories. His views on the execution of the royal family are severe but just.

"Had the French nation a right to judge Louis XVI. as a legal tribunal?" demands Lamartine. "No! Because the judge ought to be impartial and disinterested—and the nation was neither the one nor the other. In this terrible but inevitable combat, in which, under the name of revolution, royalty and liberty were engaged for emancipating or enslaving the citizen, Louis XVI. personified the throne, the

nation personified liberty. This was not their fault, it was their nature. All attempts at a mutual understanding were in vain. Their natures warred against each other in spite of their inclination toward peace. Between these two adversaries, the king and the people, of whom the one, by instinct, was prompted to retain, the other to wrest from its antagonist the rights of the nation, there was no tribunal but combat, no judge but victory. We do not mean to say that there was not above the parties a moral of the case, and acts which judge even victory itself. This justice never perishes in the eclipse of the law, and the ruin of empires; but it has no tribunal before which it can legally summon the accused; it is the justice of state, the justice which has neither regularly appointed judges, nor written laws, but which pronounces its sentences in men's consciences, and whose code is equity."

"Louis XVI. could not be judged in politics or equity, but by a process of state. Had the nation a right to judge him thus? As well might we demand whether she had a right to fight and conquer, in other words, as well might we ask whether despotism is inviolable—whether liberty is a revolt—whether there is no justice here below but for kings—whether there is, for the people, no other right than to serve and obey? The mere doubt is an act of impiety toward the people."

So far the political philosophy of Lamartine, the legal argument against the king, strikes us as less logical and just. We may agree with him in principle, but we cannot assent to the abstract justice of his conclusions.

"The nation," says the head of the present provisional government of France, "possessing within itself the inalienable sovereignty which rests in reason, in the right and the will of each citizen, the aggregate of which constitutes the people, possesses certainly the faculty of modifying the exterior form of its sovereignty, to level its aristocracy, to dispossess its church of its property, to lower or even to suppress the throne, and to govern themselves through their proper magistrates. But as the nation had a right to combat and emancipate itself, she also had a right to watch over and consolidate the fruits of its victories. If, then, Louis XVI., a king too recently dispossessed of sovereign power—a king in whose eyes all restitution of power to the people was tantamount to a forfeiture—a king ill satisfied with what little of government remained in his hands, aspiring to reconquer the part he had lost—torn in one direction by a usurping assembly, and in another by a restless queen or humble nobility, and a clergy which made Heaven to intervene in his cause, by implacable emigrants, by his brothers running all over Europe to drum up enemies to the Revolution; if, in one word, Louis XVI., KING, appeared to the nation a living conspiracy against her liberty; if the nation suspected him of regretting in his soul too much the loss of supreme power—of causing the new constitution to stumble, in order to profit by its fall—of conducting liberty into snares to rejoice in anarchy—of disarming the country be-

cause he secretly wished it to be defeated—then the nation had a right to make him descend from the throne, and to call him to her bar, and to depose him in the name of her own dictatorship, and for her own safety. If the nation had not possessed this right, the right to betray the people with impunity, would, in the new constitution, have been one of the prerogatives of the crown."

This is a pretty fair specimen of revolutionary reasoning; but it is rather a definition of Democracy, as Lamartine understands it, than a constitutional argument in favor of the decapitation of "*Louis Capet*." Lamartine is, indeed, a "Conservative Democrat," that is, ready to immolate the king to preserve the rights of the people; but he does not distinguish in his mind a justifiable act from a righteous one. But it is a peculiarity of the French mind to identify itself so completely with the object of its reflection, that it is impossible for a Frenchman to be impartial, or as they will have it, not to be an enthusiast. The French are partisans even in science; the Academy itself has its factions.

We have thus quoted the most important political opinions expressed in his "*Girondists*," because these are his *latest* political convictions, and he has subscribed to them his name. We look upon this his last work, as a public confession of his faith—as a declaration of the principles which will guide him in the administration of the new government. Lamartine has been indoctrinated with the spirit of revolution; but it is not the spirit of his youth or early manhood. Liberty in his hands becomes something poetical—perhaps a lyric poem—but we respectfully doubt his capacity to give her a practical organization, and a real existence. High moral precepts and sublime theories may momentarily elevate a people to the height of a noble devotion; but laws and institutions are made for ordinary men, and must be adapted to their circumstances. Herein consists the specific talent of the statesman, and his capacity to govern. Government is not an ideal abstraction—a blessing showered from a given height on the abiding masses, or a scourge applied to mortify their passions; it is something natural and spontaneous, originating in and coeval with the people, and must be adapted to their situation, their moral and intellectual progress, and to their national peculiarities. It consists of details as well as of general forms, and requires labor and industry as well as genius. The majority of the people must not only yield the laws a ready submission, but they must find, or at least believe, it their interest to do so, or the government becomes coercion. The great problem of Europe is to discover the laws of labor, not to invent them, for without this question being practically settled in some feasible manner, all fine spun theories will not suffice to preserve the government.

Lamartine closes his history of the Girondists with the following sublime though mystic reflection: "A nation ought, no doubt, to weep her dead, and not to console itself in regard to a single life that has been unjustly and odiously sacrificed; but

it ought not to regret its blood when it was shed to reveal eternal truths. God has put this price on the germination and maturation of all His designs in regard to man. Ideas vegetate in human blood; revolutions descend from the scaffold. All religions become divine through martyrdom. Let us, then, pardon each other, sons of combatants and victims. Let us become reconciled over their graves to take up the work which they have left undone. Crime has lost every thing in introducing itself into the ranks of the republic. To do battle is not to immolate. Let us take away the crime from the cause of the people, as a weapon which has pierced their hands and changed liberty into despotism. Let us not seek to justify the scaffold with the cause of our country, and proscriptions by the cause of liberty. Let us not pardon the spirit of our age by the sophism of revolutionary energy, let humanity preserve its heart; it is the safest and most infallible of its principles, and let us resign ourselves to the condition of human things. The history of the Revolution is glorious and sad as the day after the victory, or the eve of another combat. But if this history is full of mourning, it is also full of faith. It resembles the antique drama where, while the narrator recites his story, the chorus of the people shouts the glory, weeps for the victims and raises a hymn of consolation and hope to God."

All this is very beautiful, but it does not increase our stock of historical information. It teaches the people resignation, instead of pointing to their errors, and the errors of those who claimed to be their deliverers. Lamartine has made an apotheosis of the Revolution, instead of treating it as the unavoidable consequence of misgovernment. To an English or American reader the allusion to "the blood sacrifice," which is necessary in politics as in religion, would border on impiety; with the French it is probably a proof of religious faith. Lamartine, in his views and conceptions, in his mode of thinking and philosophizing, is much more nearly allied to the German than to the English schools; only that, instead of a philosophical system, carried through with a rigorous and unsparing logic, he indulges in philosophical reveries. As a statesman Lamartine lacks speciality, and for this reason we think that his administration will be a short one.

With respect to character, energy, and courage, Lamartine has few equals. He has not risen to power by those crafty combinations which destroy a man's moral greatness in giving him distinction. "Greatness" was, indeed, "thrust upon him," and thus far he has nobly and courageously sustained it. He neither courted power, nor declined it. When it was offered, he did not shrink from assuming the responsibility of accepting it. He has no vulgar ambition to gratify, no insults to revenge, no devotion to reward. He stands untrammelled and uncommitted to any faction whatever. He may not be able to solve the social problem of the age; but will, in that case, surrender his command untarnished as he received it, and serve once more in the ranks.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, "We are as near Heaven by sea as by land." In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 23d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the admiral. *Belknap's American Biography*, I. 203.]

SOUTHWARD with his fleet of ice
Sailed the Corsair Death;
Wild and fast, blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leadens shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land wind failed.

Alas! the land wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The book was in his hand;

"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace;
With mist and rain to the Spanish main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream,
Sinking vanish all away.

THE NIGHT.

THE day, the bitter day, divides us, sweet—
Tears from our souls the wings with which we soar
To Heaven. All things are cruel. We may meet
Only by stealth, to sigh—and all is o'er:
We part—the world is dark again, and fleet;
The phantoms of despair and doubt once more
Pursue our hearts and look into our eyes,
Till Memory grows dimmed, and sweet Hope dies.

But the still night, with all its fiery stars,
And sleep, within her world of dreams apart—
These, these are ours! Then no rude tumult mars
Thy image in the fountain of my heart—
Then the faint soul her prison-gate unbars
And springs to life and thee, no more to part,
Till cruel day our rapture disenchant,
And stills with waking each fond bosom's pants. M. R. T.

THE BOB-O-LINK.

BY GEORGE S. BURLING.

MERRILY sings the fluttering Bob-o-link,
Whose trilling song above the meadow floats;
The eager air speeds tremulous to drink
The bubbling sweetness of the liquid notes,
Whose silver cadences arise and sink,
Shift, glide and shiver, like the trembling notes
In the full gush of sunset. One might think

Some potent charm had turned the auroral flame
Of the night-kindling north to melody,
That in one gurgling rush of sweetness came
Mocking the ear, as once it mocked the eye,
With varying beauties twinkling fitfully;
Low hovering in the air, his song he sings
As if he shook it from his trembling wings.

MY AUNT POLLY.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

EVERY body has had an Aunt Peggy—an Aunt Patty—an Aunt Penelope, or an aunt something else; but every body has n't had an Aunt POLLY—i. e. *such* an Aunt Polly as mine! Most Aunt Pollys have been the exemplars and promulgators of "single blessedness"—not such was *she*! But more of this anon. Aunt Polly was the only sister of my father, who often spoke of her affectionately; but would end his remark with "poor Polly! so nervous—so unlike her self-possessed and beautiful mother"—whose memory he devoutly revered. Children are not destitute of the curiosity native to the human mind, and we often teased papa about a visit from Aunt Polly, who, he replied, never left home; but not enlightening us on the *why*, his replies only served to whet the edge of curiosity more and more. I never shall forget the surprise that opened my eyelids early and wide one morning, when it was announced to me that Aunt Polly and her spouse had unexpectedly arrived at the homestead. It would be difficult to analyze the nature of that eagerness which hastily dressed and sent me down stairs. But unfortunately did I enter the breakfast-room just as the good book was closing, and the family circle preparing to finish its devotions on the knee; however, a glance of the eye takes but little time, and a penetrating look was returned me by Aunt Polly, in which the beaming affection of her sanguine nature, and the scowl of scarce restrained impatience to get hold of me, were mixed so strangely as to give her naturally sharp black eyes an expression almost fearful to a child; but on surveying her unique apparel, and indescribably uneasy position on the chair—for she remained seated while the rest of us knelt, giving me thus an opportunity to scrutinize her through the interstices of my chair-back—so excited my girlish risibilities, that fear became stifled in suppressed laughter. "Amen" was scarce pronounced, when a shrill voice called out—"Come here, you little good-for-nothing—*what's* your name?" The inviting smile conveyed to me with these startling tones left no doubt who was addressed, and I instantly obeyed the really fervent call. Both the stout arms of my aunt were opened to receive me, but held me at their length, while—with a nervous sensibility that made the tears gush from her eyes—she hurriedly exclaimed—"What shall I do with you? Do you love to be *squeezed*? When, suiting the action to the question, she embraced me with a tenacity that almost choked my breath. From that moment I loved Aunt Polly! The fervid outpouring of her affection had mingled with the well-springs of a heart that—despite its mischievousness—was ever brimming with love. The first gush of feeling over, Aunt Polly again held me at arm's distance, while

she surveyed intently my features, and traced in the laughing eye and golden ringlets the likeness of her "*dearest* brother in the world!" Poor *avast* had but one! Nor was my opportunity lost of looking right into the face I had so often desired to see. It would be hard to draw a picture of Aunt Polly in words, so good as the reader's fancy will supply. There was nothing peculiar in her tall, stout figure; in her well developed features—something between the Grecian and the Roman—in her complexion, which one could see had faded from a glowing brunette to a pale Scotch snuff color. But her eyes, they *were* peculiar—so black—so rapid in their motions—so penetrating when looking forward—so flashing when she laughed, that really—I never saw such eyes!

It would be still more puzzling to describe her dress. She wore a real chintz of the olden time, filled with nosegays, as unlike to Nature's flowers as the fashion of her gown was to the dresses of modern dames of her sixty years. Though I do n't believe Aunt Polly's attire looked like any body else's at the time it was made; at any rate, it was put on in a way that differed from the pictures I had seen of the old-school ladies. Her cap was indeed the crowner! but let that pass, for the old lady had these dainty articles so carefully packed in what had been a sugar-box, that no doubt they were *sweet* to any *taste* but mine. I said that Aunt Polly was not a *spinster*. A better idea of her lord cannot be given than in her own words to my eldest sister, who declared in her hearing that she would never marry a minister. "Hush, hush, my dear!" said Aunt Polly, "I remember saying, when I was a girl, that *whatever* faults my husband might have, he should *never* be younger than myself—have red hair, or *stammer* in his speech: all these objections were united in the man I married!"

One more fact will convey to the imagination all that I need say of Aunt Polly's husband. Late one evening came a thundering knock at my father's door, and as all the servants had retired, a youth who happened to be staying with us at the time, started, candle in hand, to answer it: Now the young man was of a credulous turn, and had just awakened from a snooze in his chair. Presently a loud shriek called all who were up in the house to the door, where, lying prostrate and faint, was found the youth, and standing over him, with eye-balls distended—making ineffectual efforts to *speak*—was the husband of Aunt Polly. When the lad recovered, all that he could tell of his mishap was, that on opening the street-door a man, wrapped in a large over-coat, with glassy eyes staring straight at him, opened and shut his mouth four times without utter-

ing a syllable—when the candle fell from his hands, and he to the floor! Aunt Polly's spouse was the prince of stammerers! But if he could seldom *begin* a sentence, so Aunt Polly could seldom *finish* one: indeed the most noticeable *point* in her conversation was, that it had *no* point, or was made up of sentences broken off in the middle. This may have been physiologically owing to the velocity with which the nervous fluid passed through her brain, giving uncommon rapidity to her thoughts, and correspondingly to the motions of her body. It soon became a wonder to my girlish mind how Aunt Polly ever kept still long enough to listen to a declaration of love—especially from a stutterer—or even to respond to the marriage ceremony.

My wonder now is, how the functions of her system ever had time to fulfill their offices, or the flesh to accumulate, as it did, to a very respectable consistency; for she never, to my knowledge, finished a meal while under our roof; nor do I believe that she ever slept *out* a nap in her life. As she became a study well fitted to interest one of my novel, fun-loving age, I used often to steal out of bed at different times in the night and peep from my own apartment into hers, which adjoined it, where a night lamp was always burning; for she insisted on having the door between left open. I invariably found those eyes of hers wide awake, and my own room being dark, took pleasure in watching her unobserved, as she fidgeted now with her ample-bordered night-cap, and now with the bed-clothes. Once was I caught by a sudden cough on my part, which brought Aunt Polly to her feet before I had time to slip back to bed; and the only plea that my guiltiness could make her kind remonstrance on my being up in the cold, was the very natural and very wicked fib, that I heard her move and thought she might want something. Unsuspecting old lady! May her ashes at least rest in peace! How she caught me in her arms, kissed and carried me to bed, tucking in the blankets so effectually that all attempts to get up again that night were vain! Oh, she was a love of an aunt! The partiality of her attachment to me might have been accounted for by her having had no children of her own; or to the evident interest which she excited in me, causing my steps to follow her wherever she went; though all the family endeavored to make her first and last visit as agreeable as possible. But every attempt to fasten her attention to an object of interest or curiosity long enough to understand it, was unavailing. Sometimes I sallied out with her into the street, and while rather pleased than mortified by the observation which her grotesque costume and nervous, irregular gait attracted, it was different with me when she attempted to shop; as more often than otherwise, she would begin to pay for articles purchased, and putting her purse abruptly in her pocket, hurry toward the door, as if on purpose to avoid a touch on the elbow, which sometimes served to jog her memory also, and sometimes the very purchases were forgotten, till I became their witness.

On the whole, Aunt Polly's visit was a source of more amusement to me than all the visits of all my

school-mates put together. When we parted—for I truly loved her—I forgave the squeeze—a screw-turn tighter than that at our meeting—and promised through my tears to make her a visit whenever my parents would consent to it. The homestead was as still for a week after her departure, as a ball-room after the waltzers have all whirled themselves home. Hardly had the family clock-work commenced its methodical revolutions again, when a letter arrived; and who that knew Aunt Polly, could have mistaken its characteristic superscription.

My father was well-known at the post office, or the half-written-out-name would never have found its way into his box. Internally, the letter was made up of broken sentences, big with love, like the large, fragmentary drops of rain from a passing summer cloud. By dint of patient perseverance we "gathered up the fragments, so that nothing was lost" of Aunt Polly's itinerant thoughts or wishes.

Among the latter was an invitation for me to visit her, on which my father looked silently and negatively; but I was not thus to be denied a desire of the heart, and insisted on having an audible response to my request of permission to fulfill the parting promise to Aunt Polly. In vain did my father give first an evasive answer, and then hint at the disappointment likely to await such a step—recall to my mind the eccentricities of his "worthy sister"—endeavor by all gentle means of persuasion to deter me from my purpose, and finally try to frighten me out of it. I was incorrigible.

Not long after, a gentleman who resided in the town with my aunt, came to visit us, and being alone in a comfortable one-horse vehicle, was glad enough to accept my offered company on his way home; so, gaining the reluctant consent of my mother, I started, full of an indefinite sort of pleasurable expectation, nourished by the changing diorama of a summer afternoon's ride through a cultivated part of the country.

Arriving at the verge of a limpid stream, my companion turned the horse to drink, so suddenly, that the wheels became cramped, and we were precipitated into the water, the wagon turning a summerset directly over our heads. Strange to say, neither of us were hurt, and the stream was shallow, though deep enough to give us a thorough cold bath, and to deluge the trunk containing my clothes, the lock of which flew open in the fall. My mortified protector crept from under our capsized ark as soon as he could, and let me out at the window; when I felt myself to be in rather a worse condition than was Noah's dove, who "found no rest for the sole of her foot;" for beside dripping from all my garments, like a surcharged umbrella, my soul, too, found no foothold of excuse on which to stand justified before my father for exposing myself to such an *emergence* without his knowledge. However, *return* we must. Nor was the situation of my conductor's body or mind very enviable, being obliged to present me to my parents, drooping like a water-lily. But if ill-luck had pursued us, good luck awaited our return; for we found that my father had

not yet arrived from his business, and my mother's conscience kept our secret; so that frustration in my first attempt to visit Aunt Polly, was all the evil that came out of the adventure. Notwithstanding my ardor had been so damped with cold water, it was yet warm enough for another effort; though it must be confessed, that for a few days subsequent to the accident, my animal spirits were something in the state of over-night—uncorked champagne.

The first sign of their renewed vitality was the again expressed desire to visit Aunt Polly. I, however, learned obedience by the things I had suffered, and resolved not to venture on another expedition without the approval and protection of my father, who, because of my importunity, at length consented to accompany me, provided I would not reveal to Aunt Polly the proposed length of my visit until I had spent a day and night under her roof. This I readily consented to, thinking only at the time what a strange proviso it was. Accordingly, arrangements were soon completed for the long coveted journey; but not until I had remonstrated with my mother on her limited provision for my wardrobe, furnishing me only with what a small carpet-bag would contain.

After a ride of some forty miles, through scenery that gave fresh inspiration to my hopes, we arrived at the witching hour of sunset, before a venerable-looking farm-house. Its exterior gave no signs in the form of shrubbery or flowers of the decorating, refining hand of woman; but the sturdy oak and sycamore were there to give shade, and the life-scenes that surrounded the farm-yard were plenty in promise of eggs and poultry for the keen appetites of the travelers.

As we drove into the avenue leading to a side-door of the mansion, I caught a glimpse of Aunt Polly's unparalleled cap through a window, and the next moment she stood on the steps, wringing her hands and crying for joy. An involuntary dread of another *squeezing* came over me, which had scarce time to be idealized ere it was realized almost to suffocation. My father's more graduated look of pleasure, called from Aunt Polly an out-bursting—"Forgive me, forgive me! It's my only brother in the world! It's my dear little puss all over again! Forgive me, forgive me!" But during these ejaculations I was confirmed in a discovery that had escaped all my vigilance while Aunt Polly sojourned with us. She was a snuff-taker! That she took snuff, as she did every thing else, by *snatches*, I had also ascertained, on seeing her in the door, when she thought herself yet beyond the reach of our vision, forgetting that young eyes can see further than old eyes; *mine* could not be deceived in the convulsive motion that carried her fore-finger and thumb to the tip of her olfactory organ, which drew up one snuff of the fragrant weed—as hurriedly as a porpoise puts his head out of water for a snuff of the sweet air of morning—when scattering the rest of the pinch to the four winds, she forgot, in her excitement, for once, to wipe the traces from her upper lip. Had I only suspected before, the hearty sneeze

on my part that followed close upon her kiss, would have made that suspicion a certainty. Aunt Polly was, indeed, that inborn abhorrence of mine, a snuff-taker! Thus my rosy prospects began to assume a yellowish tinge before entering the house; what color they took afterward it would be difficult to tell; for the wild confusion of its interior, gave to my fancy as many and as mixed hues as one sees in a kaleidoscope.

The old-fashioned parlor had a corner cupboard, which appeared to be put to any use but the right one, while the teacups and saucers—no whole set alike—were indiscriminately arranged on the side-board, and *in* it I saw, as the door stood ajar, Aunt Polly's bonnet and shawl; a drawer, too, being half open, disclosed one of her *sweetish* caps, side by side with a card of gingerbread. The carpet was woven of every color, in every form, but without any definite *figure*, and promised to be another puzzle for my curious eyes to unravel; it seemed to have been just *thrown* down with here and there a tack in it, only serving to make it look more awry. While amusing myself with this carpet, it recalled an incident that a roguish cousin of mine once related to me after he had been to see Aunt Polly, connected with this parlor, which she always called her "*square-room*!" One day during his visit the old lady having occasion to step into a neighbor's house, while a pot of lard was trying over the kitchen fire, and not being willing to trust her half-trained servants to watch it, she gave the precious oil in charge to this youth, who was one of her favorites, bidding him, after a stated time, remove it from the chimney to a cooling-place; now not finishing her directions, the lad indulged his mischievous propensities by attempting to place the kettle of boiling lard to cool in the square-room fireplace; but finding it heavier than his strength could carry, its contents were suddenly deposited on the carpet, save such sprinklings as served to brand his face and hands as the culprit of the mischief.

The terrified boy hearing Aunt Polly's step on the threshold, took the first way that was suggested to him of escaping her wrath, which led out at the window. Scarce had his agile limbs landed him safe on *terra firma*, when the door opened, and, preceded by a shriek that penetrated his hiding-place, he heard Aunt Polly's lamentable lamentation—"It's my *square-room*! my square-room *carpet*! Oh! that I should live to see it come to this!" and again, and again, were these heart-thrilling exclamations reiterated. The lad, finding that all the good lady's excitement was likely to be spent on the square-room—though, alas! all would n't exterminate the grease—recovered courage and magnanimity enough to reveal himself as the author of the catastrophe, which he did with such contrition, showing at the same time his wounds, that Aunt Polly soon began "to take on" about her dear boy, to the seeming forgetfulness, while anointing his burns, of the kettle of lard and her unfortunate square-room.

But I must take up again the broken thread of my own adventures in this square-room, where I

left Aunt Polly flourishing about in joy at our unexpected arrival.

A large, straight-backed rocking-chair stood in one corner of this apartment, and on its cushion—stuffed with feathers, and covered with blazing chintz—lay a large gray cat curled up asleep—decidedly the most comfortable looking object in the room—till Aunt Polly unceremoniously shook her out of her snug quarters to give my father the chair. I then discovered that poor puss was without a tail! On expressing my surprise, aunt only replied—“Oh, *my* cats are all so!” And, true enough, before we left, I saw some half dozen round the house, all deficient in this same graceful appendage of the feline race. The human domestics of the family were only half-grown—but half did their work, and seemed altogether naturalized to the whirligig spirit of their mistress. The reader may anticipate the consequences to the culinary and table arrangements. For supper we had, not unleavened bread, but that which contained “the little leaven,” that having had no time to “leaven the whole lump,” rendered it still heavier of digestion; butter half-worked, tea made of water that did not get time to boil, and slack-baked cakes. I supped on cucumbers, and complaining of fatigue, was conducted by my kind aunt to the sleeping apartment next her own, as it would seem like old times to have me so near. What was wanting to make my bed comfortable, might have been owing to the fact, that the feathers under me had been only half-baked, or were picked from geese of Aunt Polly’s raising; at any rate, I was as restless as the good lady herself until daylight, when I fell into as uneasy dreams—blessing the ducking that saved me a more lingering fate before. After a brief morning-nap I arose, and seeing fresh eggs brought in from the farm-yard, confidently expected to have my appetite appeased, knowing

that they could be cooked in “less than no time;” but here again disappointment awaited me. For once, Aunt Polly’s mis-hit was in *over-doing*. The coffee sustained in part her reputation, being half-roasted, half-ground, half-boiled, and, I may add, half-swallowed. After this breakfast—or keepfast—my father archly inquired of me aside, how long I wished him to leave me with Aunt Polly, as he must return immediately home. Horror at the idea of being left at all overcame the mortification that my reaction of feeling naturally occasioned, and throwing my arms around his neck, I implored him to take me back with him. This reply he took as coolly as if he were prepared for it. Not so did Aunt Polly receive the announcement of my departure. She insisted that I had promised her a *visit*, and this was no visit at all. My father humored her fondness with his usual tact; but on telling her that it was really necessary for me to return to school, the kind woman relinquished at once her selfish claims, in view of a greater good to me.

Poor Aunt Polly! if my affection for her was less disinterested than her own, it was none the less in quantity; and I never loved her more than when she gave me that cruelest of squeezes at our parting, which proved to be the last—for I never saw her again. But in proof that she loved me to the end, I was remembered in her will; and did I not believe that if living, her generous affection, that was the precious oil through which floated her eccentricities like “flies as big as bumble-bees,” would smooth over all appearance of ridicule in these reminiscences, they should never amuse any one save myself. But really, I cannot better carry out her restless desire of pleasing others, than by reproducing the merriment which throughout a long life was occasioned by her, who of all the Aunt Pollys that ever lived, was *the* AUNT POLLY!

STUDY. (EXTRACT.)

LIFE, like the sea, hath yet a few green isles
Amid the waste of waters. If the gale
Has tossed your bark, and many weary miles
Stretch yet before you, furl the battered sail,
Fling out the anchor, and with rapture hail
The pleasant prospect—storms will come too soon.
They are but suicides, at best, who fail
To seize when'er they can Joy's fleeting boon—
Fools, who exclaim “’t is night,” yet always shun the noon.

Live not as though you had been born for naught.
Save like the brutes to perish. What do they
But crop the grass and die? Ye have been taught
A nobler lesson—that within the clay,
Upon the minds high altar, burns a ray
Flashed from Divinity—and shall it shine
Fitful and feebly? Shall it die away,
Because, forsooth, no priest is at the shrine?
Go ye with learning's lamp and tend the fire divine.

Pore o'er the classic page, and turn again
The leaf of History—ye will not heed
The noisy revel and the shouts of men,
The jester and the mime, for ye can feed,
Deep, deep, on these; and if your bosoms bleed,

At tales of treachery and death they tell,
The land that gave you birth will never need
Tarpeian rock, that rock from which there fell
He who loved Rome and Rome's, yet loved himself too well.

And she, the traitress, who beneath the weight
Of Sabine shields and bracelets basely sank,
Stifled and dying, at the city-gate,
Lies buried there—and now the long weeds, dank
With baneful dews, bend o'er her, and the rank
Entangled grass, the timid lizard's home,
Covers the sepulchre—the wild flower shrunk
To plant its roots in that polluted loam—
Pity that such a tomb should look o'er ruined Rome.

Rome! lovely in her ruins! Can they claim
Common humanity who never feel
The pulse beat higher at the very name,
The brain grow wild, and the rapt senses reel,
Drunken with happiness? O'er us should steal
Feelings too big for utterance—I should prize
Such joy above all earthly wealth and weal,
Nor barter it for love—when Beauty dies
Love spreads his silken wings. The happy are the wise.

HENRY S. HAGERT.

THE FANE-BUILDER.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's memory thy most far renown. LAMENT OF TASSO.

In the olden time of the world there stood on the ocean-border a large and flourishing city, whose winged ships brought daily the costly merchandise of all nations to its overflowing store-houses. It was a place of busy, bustling, turbulent life. Men were struggling fiercely for wealth, and rank, and lofty name. The dawn of day saw them striving each for his own separate and selfish schemes; the stars of midnight looked down in mild rebuke upon the protracted labor of men who gave themselves no time to gaze upon the quiet heavens. One only of all this busy crowd mingled not in their toil—one only idler sauntered carelessly along the thronged mart, or wandered listlessly by the seashore; Adonais alone scorned to bind himself by fetters which he could not fling aside at his own wild will. Those who loved the stripling grieved to see him waste the spring-time of life in thus aimlessly loitering by the way-side; while the old men and sages would fain have taken from him his ill-used freedom, and shut him up in the prison-house where they bestowed their madmen, lest his example should corrupt the youth of the city.

But for all this Adonais cared little. In vain they showed him the craggy path which traversed the hill of Fame; in vain they set him in the foul and miry roads which led to the temple of Mammon. He bowed before their solemn wisdom, but there was a lurking mischief in his glance as he pointed to his slender limbs, and feigned a shudder of disgust at the very sight of these rugged and distasteful ways. So at last he was suffered to wend his own idle course, and save that careful sires sometimes held him up as a warning to their children, his fellow-townsmen almost forgot his existence.

Years passed on, and then a beautiful and stately Fane began to rise in the very heart of the great city. Slowly it rose, and for a while they who toiled so intently at their daily business, marked not the white and polished stones which were so gradually and silently piled together in their midst. It grew, that noble temple, as if by magic. Every morning dawn shed its rose-tints upon another snowy marble which had been fixed in its appointed place beneath the light of the quiet stars. Men wondered somewhat, but they had scarce time to observe, and none to inquire. So the superb fabric had nearly reached its summit ere they heard, with unbelieving ears, that the builder of this noble fane, was none other than Adonais, the idler.

Few gave credence to the tale, for whence could he, the vagrant, and the dreamer, have drawn those precious marbles, encrusted as they were with sculpture still more precious, and written over with characters

as inscrutable as they were immortal? Some set themselves to watch for the Fane-builder, but their eyes were heavy, and at the magic hour when the artist took up his labors, their senses were fast locked in slumber. Yet silently, even as the temple of the mighty Solomon, in which was never heard the sound of the workman's tool, so rose that mystic fane. Not until it stood in grand relief against the clear blue sky; not until its lofty dome pierced the clouds even a mountain-top; not until its polished walls were fashioned within and without, to surpassing beauty, did men learn the truth, and behold in the despised Adonais, the wonder-working Fane-builder. In his wanderings the dreamer had lighted on the entrance to that exhaustless mine, whence men of like soul have drawn their riches for all time. The hidden treasures of poesy had been given to his grasp, and he had built a temple which should long outlast the sand-heaps which the worshippers of Mammon had gathered around them.

But even then, when pilgrims came from afar to gaze upon the noble fane, the men of his own kindred and people stood aloof. They cared not for this adornment of their birth-place—they valued not the treasures that had there been gathered together. Only the few who entered the vestibule, and saw the sparkle of jewels which decked the inner shrine, or they to whom the pilgrims recounted the priceless value of these gems in other lands—only they began to look with something like pride upon the dreamer Adonais.

But not without purpose had the Fane-builder reared this magnificent structure. Within those costly walls was a veiled and jeweled sanctuary. There had he enshrined an idol—the image of a bright divinity which he alone might worship. Willingly and freely did he admit the pilgrim and the wayfarer to the outer courts of his temple; gladly did he offer them refreshing draughts from the fountain of living water which gushed up in its midst; but never did he suffer them to enter that “Holy of holies;” never did their eyes rest on that enshrined idol, in whose honor all these treasures were gathered together.

In progress of time, when Adonais had lavished all his wealth upon his temple, and when with the toil of gathering and shaping out her treasures, his strength had well-nigh failed him, there came a troop of revilers and slanderers—men of evil tongue, who swore that the Fane-builder was no better than a midnight robber, and had despoiled other temples of all that adorned his own. The tale was as false and foul as they who coined it; but when they pointed to many pigmy fanes which now began to be reared

about the city, and when men saw that they were built of like marbles as those which glittered in the temple of Adonais, they paused not to mark that the fairest stones in these new structures were but the imperfect sculptures which the true artist had scorned to employ, or perhaps the chippings of some rare gem which in his affluence he could fling aside. So the tale was hearkened unto and believed. They whose dim perceptions had been bewildered by this new uncoined and uncoinable wealth, were glad to think that it had belonged to some far off time, or some distant region. The envious, the sordid, the cold, all listened well-pleased to the base slander; and they who had cared little for his glory made themselves strangely busy in spreading the story of his shame.

Patiently and unweariedly had the dreamer labored at his pleasant task, while the temple was gradually growing up toward the heavens; skillfully had he polished the rich marbles, and graven upon them the ineffaceable characters of truth. But the jeweled adornments of the inner shrine had cost him more than all his other toil, for with his very heart's blood had he purchased those costly gems that sparkled on his soul's idol. Now wearied and worn with by-gone suffering he had no strength to stand forth and defy their revilers. Proudly and silently he withdrew from the world, and entered into his own beautiful fane. Presently men beheld that a heavy stone had been piled against the door of the inner sanctuary, and upon its polished surface was inscribed these words: "To Time the Avenger!"

From that day no one ever again beheld the dreamer. Pilgrims came as before, and rested within the vestibule, and drank of the springing fountain, but they no longer saw the dim outline of the veiled goddess in the distant shrine, only the white and ghastly glitter of that threatening stone, which seemed like the portal of a tomb, met their eyes.

Thus years passed on, and men had almost forgotten the name of him who had wasted himself in such fruitless toil. At length there came one from

a country far beyond the seas, who had set forth to explore the wonders of all lands. He lacked the pious reverence of the pilgrims, but he also lacked the cold indifference of those who dwelt within the shadow of the temple. He entered the mystic fane, he gazed with unsated eye upon the treasures it contained, and his soul sought for greater beauty. With daring hand he and his companions thrust aside the marble portal which guarded the sanctuary. At first they shrunk back, dazzled and awe-stricken as the blaze of rich light met their unhallowed gaze. Again they went forward, and then what saw they? Surrounded by the sheen of jewels—glowing in the gorgeous light of the diamond, the chrysolite, the beryl, the ruby, they found an image fashioned but of common clay, while extended at its feet lay the skeleton of the Fane-builder.

Worn with toil, and pain, and disappointment, he had perished at the feet of his idol. It may be that the scorn of the world had opened his eyes to behold of what mean materials was shapen the divinity he had so honored. It may be that the glitter of the gems he had heaped around it had perpetuated the delusion which had first charmed him, and he had thus been saved the last, worst pang of wasted idolatry. It matters not. He died—as all such men must die—in sorrow and in loneliness.

But the fane he has reared is as indestructible as the soul of him who lifted its lofty summit to the skies. "Time, the Avenger," has redeemed the builder's fame; and even the men of his own nation now believe that a prophet and a seer once dwelt among them.

When that great city shall have shared the fortunes of the Babylons and Ninevahs of olden time, that snow-white fane, written all over with characters of truth, and graven with images of beauty, will yet endure; and men of new times and new states shall learn lessons of holier and loftier existence from a pilgrimage to that glorious temple, built by spirit-toil, and consecrated by spirit-worship and spirit-suffering.

DREAM-MUSIC; OR, THE SPIRIT-FLUTE.

A BALLAD.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THERE—Pearl of Beauty! lightly pre-
With yielding form, the yielding sam-
And while you lift the rosy shells,
Within your dear and dainty hand,
Or toss them to the heedless waves,
That reck not how your treasures shine,
As you waste on careless hearts
Your fancies, touched with light divine,
I'll sing a lay—more wild than gay—
The story of a magic flute;
And as I sing, the waves shall play
An ordered tune, the song to suit.

In silence flowed our grand old Rhine;
On his breast a picture burned,
The loveliest of all scenes that shine
Where'er his glorious course has turned.
That radiant morn the peasants saw
A wondrous vision rise in light,
They gazed, with bleisid joy and awe—
A castle crowned the beetling height!
Far up amid the amber mist,
That softly wreathes each mountain-spire,
The sky its clustered columns kissed,
And touched their snow with golden fire;

The vapor parts—against the skies,
In delicate tracery on the blue,
Those graceful turrets lightly rise,
As if to music there they grew!

And issuing from its portal fair,
A youth descends the dizzy steps;
The sunrise gilds his waving hair,
From rock to rock he lightly leaps—

He comes—the radiant, angel-boy!
He moves with more than human grace;
His eyes are filled with earnest joy,
And Heaven is in his beauteous face.

And whether bred the stars among,
Or in that luminous palace born,
Around his airy footsteps hung
The light of an immortal morn.

From steep to steep he fearless springs,
And now he glides the throng amid,
So light, as if still played the wings
That 'neath his tunic sure are hid!

A fairy flute is in his hand—
He parts his bright, disordered hair,
And smiles upon the wondering band,
A strange, sweet smile, with tranquil air.

Anon, his blue, celestial eyes
He bent upon a youthful maid,
Whose looks met his in still surprise,
The while a low, glad tune he played—

Her heart beat wildly—in her face
The lovely rose-light went and came;
She clasped her hands with timid grace,
In mute appeal, in joy and shame!

Then slow he turned—more wildly breathed
The pleading flute, and by the sound
Through all the throng her steps she wreathed,
As if a chain were o'er her wound.

All mute and still the group remained,
And watched the charm, with lips apart,
While in those linked notes enchained,
The girl was led, with listening heart:—

The youth ascends the rocks again,
And in his steps the maiden stole,
While softer, holier grew the strain,
Till rapture thrilled her yearning soul!

And fainter fell that fairy tune;
Its low, melodious cadence wound,
Most like a rippling rill at noon,
Through delicate lights and shades of sound;

And with the music, gliding slow,
Far up the steep, their garments gleam;
Now through the palace gate they go;
And now—it vanished like a dream!

Still frowns above thy waves, oh Rhine!
The mountain's wild terrific height,
But where has fled the work divine,
That lent its brow a halo-light?

Ah! springing arch and pillar pale
Had melted in the azure air!
And she—the darling of the dale—
She too had gone—but how—and where?

Long years rolled by—and lo! one morn,
Again o'er regal Rhine it came,
That picture from the dream-land borne,
That palace built of frost and flame.

Behold! within its portal gleams
A heavenly shape—oh! rapturous sight!
For lovely as the light of dreams
She glides adown the mountain height!

She comes! the loved, the long-lost maid!
And in her hand the charmed flute;
But ere its mystic tune was played
She spake—the peasants listened mute—

She told how in that instrument
Was chained a world of winged dreams;
And how the notes that from it went
Revealed them as with lightning gleams;

And how its music's magic braid
O'er the unwary heart it threw,
Till he or she whose dream it played
Was forced to follow where it drew.

She told how on that marvelous day
Within its changing tune she heard
A forest-fountain's plaintive play,
A silver trill from far-off bird;

And how the sweet tones, in her heart,
Had changed to promises as sweet,
That if she dared with them depart,
Each lovely hope its heaven should meet.

And then she played a joyous lay,
And to her side a fair child springs,
And wildly cries—"Oh! where are they?
Those singing-birds, with diamond wings?"

Anon a loftier strain is heard,
A princely youth beholds his dream;
And by the thrilling cadence stirred,
Would follow where its wonders gleam.

Still played the maid—and from the throng—
Receding slow—the music drew
A choice and lovely band along—
The brave—the beautiful—the true!

The sordid—worldly—cold—remained,
To watch that radiant troop ascend;
To hear the fading fairy strain;
To see with Heaven the vision blend.

And now again, o'er glorious Rhine,
The sculptured dream rose calm and mute;
And would that now once more 't would shine,
And I could play the fairy flute!

I'd play, Marié, the dream I see,
Deep in those changeable eyes of thine
And thou perforce should'st follow me,
Up—up where life is all divine!

RISE IN THE WORLD.

BY F. K. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

"This is the house that Jack built."

WHETHER it was cotton or tallow that laid the foundations of Mr. Fairchild's fortunes we forget—for people have no right now-a-days to such accurate memories—but it was long ago, when Mrs. Fairchild was contented and humble, and Mr. Fairchild happy in the full stretch of his abilities to make the two ends meet—days which had long passed away. A sudden turn of fortune's wheel had placed them on new ground. Mr. Fairchild toiled, and strained, and struggled to follow up fortune's favors, and was successful. The springs of life had well-nigh been consumed in the eager and exhausting contest; and now, breathless and worn, he paused to be happy. One half of life he had thus devoted to the one object, meaning when that object was obtained to enjoy the other half, supposing that happiness, like every thing else, was to be bought.

Mrs. Fairchild's ideas had jumped with her husband's fortunes. Once she only wanted additional pantries and a new carpet for her front parlor, to be perfectly happy. Now, a grand house in a grand avenue was indispensable. Once, she only wished to be a little finer than Mrs. Simpkins; now, she ardently desired to forget she ever knew Mrs. Simpkins; and what was harder, to make Mrs. Simpkins forget she had ever known *her*. In short, Mrs. Fairchild had grown *fine*, and meant to be fashionable. And why not? Her house was as big as any body's. Her husband gave her *carte blanche* for furniture, and the mirrors, and gilding, and candelabras, were enough to put your eyes out.

She was very busy, and talked very grand to the shopmen, who were very obsequious, and altogether was very happy.

"I don't know what to do with this room, or how to furnish it," she said to her husband one day, as they were going through the house. There are the two drawing-rooms, and the dining-room—but this fourth room seems of no use—I would make a *keeping-room* of it, but that it has only that one large window that looks back—and I like a cheerful look-out where I sit—why did you build it so?"

"I don't know," he replied, "it's just like Ashfield's house next door, and so I supposed it must be right, and I told the workmen to follow the same plan as his."

"Ashfield's!" said Mrs. Fairchild, looking up with a new idea, "I wonder what use they put it to."

"A library, I believe. I think the head carpenter told me so."

"A library! Well, then, let's *us* have a library," she said. "Book-cases would fill those walls very handsomely."

He looked at her for a moment, and said,

"But the books?"

"Oh, we can get those," she replied. "I'll go this very morning to Metcalf about the book-cases."

So forthwith she ordered the carriage, and drove to the cabinet-maker's.

"Mr. Metcalf," she said with her grandest air, (for as at present she had to confine her grandeur to her trades-people, she gave them full measure, for which, however, they charged her full price,) "I want new book-cases for my library—I want your handsomest and most expensive kind."

The man bowed civilly, and asked if she preferred the Gothic or Egyptian pattern."

Gothic or Egyptian! Mrs. Fairchild was non-plused. What did he mean by Gothic and Egyptian? She would have given the world to ask, but was ashamed.

"I have not made up my mind," she replied, after some hesitation, (her Egyptian ideas being drawn from the Bible, were not of the latest date, and so she thought of Pharaoh) and added, "but Gothic, I believe"—for Gothic at least was untrenched ground, and she had no prejudices of any kind to combat there—"which, however, are the most fashionable?" she continued.

"Why I make as many of the one as the other," he replied. "Mr. Ashfield's are Egyptian, Mr. Campden's Gothic."

Now the Ashfields were her grand people. She did not know them, but she meant to. They lived next door, and she thought nothing would be easier. They were not only rich, but fashionable. He was a man of talent and information, (but that the Fairchilds knew nothing about,) head of half the literary institutions, a person of weight and influence in all circles. She was very pretty and very elegant—dressing beautifully, and looking very animated and happy; and Mrs. Fairchild often gazed at her ~~as~~ she drove from the door, (for the houses joined,) and made up her mind to be very intimate as soon as she was "all fixed."

"The Ashfields have Egyptian," she repeated, and Pharaoh faded into insignificance before such grand authority—and so she ordered Egyptian too.

"Not there," said Mrs. Fairchild, "you need not measure there," as the cabinet-maker was taking the dimensions of her rooms. "I shall have a looking-glass there."

"A mirror in a library!" said the man of rule and inches, with a tone of surprise that made Mrs. Fairchild color. "Did you wish a mirror here, ma'am," he added, more respectfully.

"No, no," she replied quickly, "go on"—for she felt at once that he had seen the inside of more libraries than she had.

Her ideas received another illumination from the

upholsterer, as she was looking at blue satin for a curtain to the one large window which opened on a conservatory, who said,

"Oh, it's for a library window; then cloth, I presume, madam, is the article you wish."

"Cloth!" she repeated, looking at him.

"Yes," he replied; "we always furnish libraries with cloth. Heavy, rich materials is considered more suitable for such a purpose than silk."

"Mrs. Fairchild was schooled again. However, Mr. Ashfield was again the model.

And now the curtains were up, and the cases home, and all but the books there, which being somewhat essential to a library, Mrs. Fairchild said to her husband,

"My dear, you must buy some books. I want to fill these cases and get this room finished."

"I will," he replied. "There's an auction tonight. I'll buy a lot."

"An auction," she said, hesitatingly. "Is that the best place? I do n't think the bindings will be apt to be handsome of auction books."

"I can have them rebound," he answered.

"But you cannot tell whether they will fit these shelves," she continued, anxiously. "I think you had better take the measure of the shelves, and go to some book-store, and then you can choose them accordingly."

"I see Ashfield very often at book auctions," he persisted, to which she innocently replied,

"Oh, yes—but he knows what he is buying, we do n't;" to which unanswerable argument Mr. Fairchild had nothing to say. And so they drove to a great book importers, and ordered the finest books and bindings that would suit their measurements.

And now they were at last, as Mrs. Fairchild expressed it, "*all fixed*." Mr. Fairchild had paid and dismissed the last workman—she had home every article she could think of—and now they were to sit down and enjoy.

The succeeding weeks passed in perfect quiet—and, it must be confessed, profound *ennui*.

"I wish people would begin to call," said Mrs. Fairchild, with an impatient yawn. "I wonder when they will."

"There seems to be visiting enough in the street," said Mr. Fairchild, as he looked out at the window. "There seems no end of Ashfield's company."

"I wish some of them would call here," she replied sorrowfully.

"We are not fine enough for them, I suppose," he answered, half angrily.

"Not fine enough!" she ejaculated with indignant surprise. "We not fine enough! I am sure this is the finest house in the Avenue. And I do n't believe there is such furniture in town."

Mr. Fairchild made no reply, but walked the floor impatiently.

"Do you know Mr. Ashfield?" she presently asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I meet him on 'change constantly."

"I wonder, then, why *she* does not call," she said,

indignantly. "It's very rude in her, I am sure. We are the last comers."

And the weeks went on, and Mr. Fairchild without business, and Mrs. Fairchild without gossip, had a very quiet, dull time of it in their fine house.

"I wish somebody would call," had been repeated again and again in every note of *ennui*, beginning in impatience and ending in despair.

Mr. Fairchild grew angry. His pride was hurt. He looked upon himself as especially wronged by his neighbor Ashfield. The people opposite, too—"who were they, that the Ashfields were so intimate with them? The Hamiltons! Why he could buy them over and over again! Hamilton's income was nothing."

At last Mrs. Fairchild took a desperate resolution, "Why should not *we* call first? We'll never get acquainted in this way," which declaration Mr. Fairchild could not deny. And so she dressed one morning in her finest and drove round with a pack of cards.

Somehow she found every body "out." But that was not much, for, to tell the truth, her heart did beat a little at the idea of entering strange drawing-rooms and introducing herself, and she would be sure to be at home when they returned her calls; and that would be less embarrassing, and suit her views quite as well.

In the course of a few days cards were left in return.

"But, Lawrence, I told you to say I was at home," said Mrs. Fairchild, impatiently, as the servant handed her half a dozen cards.

"I did, ma'am," he replied.

"You did," she said, "then how is this?"

"I do n't know, ma'am," he replied, "but the footman gave me the cards and said all was right."

Mrs. Fairchild flushed and looked disconcerted.


Before a fortnight had elapsed she called again; but this time her cards remained unnoticed.

"Who on earth is this Mrs. Fairchild?" said Mrs. Leslie Herbert to Mrs. Ashfield, "who is forever leaving her cards."

"The people who built next to us," replied Mrs. Ashfield. "I do n't know who they are."

"What an odd idea," pursued the other, "to be calling once a week in this way. I left my card after the first visit; but if the little woman means to call every other day in this way, I shall not call again."

And so Mrs. Fairchild was dismissed from the minds of her new neighbors, while she sat in anxious wonderment at their not calling again.

Though Mr. Fairchild was no longer in business, yet he had property to manage, and could still walk down town and see some business acquaintances, and inquire into stocks, and lots, and other interesting matters; but poor Mrs. Fairchild had fairly nothing to do. She was too rich to sew. She could buy every thing she wanted. She had but  children, and they could not occupy all her time; and her house and furniture were so new, and her servants so many, that housekeeping was a mere name. As to reading, that never formed any part of either

her or Mr. Fairchild's pleasures. They did not even know the names of half the books they had. He read the papers, which was more than she did beyond the list of deaths and marriages—and so she felt as if she would die in her grandeur for something to do, and somebody to see. We are not sure but that Mrs. Simpkins would have been most delightedly received if she had suddenly walked in upon her. But this Mrs. Simpkins had no idea of doing. The state of wrath and indignation in which Mrs. Fairchild had left her old friends and acquaintances is not easily to be described.

"She had begun to give herself airs," they said, "even before she left — street; and if she had thought herself a great lady then, in that little box, what must she be now?" said Mrs. Thompson, angrily.

"I met her not long ago in a store, and she pretended not to see me," replied Mrs. Simpkins. "So I shall not trouble myself to call," she continued, with considerable dignity of manner; not telling, however, that she had called soon after Mrs. Fairchild moved, and her visit had never been returned.

"Oh, I am sure," said the other, "I don't want to visit her if she don't want to visit me;" which, we are sorry to say, Mrs. Thompson, was a story, for you know you were dying to get in the house and see and "hear all about it."

To which Mrs. Simpkins responded,

"That, for her part, she did not care about it—there was no love lost between them;" and these people, who had once been kind and neighborly friends, would not have been sorry to hear that Mr. Fairchild had failed—or rather would have been glad (which people mean when they say, "they would not be sorry,") to see them humbled in any way.

So much for Mrs. Fairchild's first step in prosperity.

Mrs. Fairchild pined and languished for something to do, and somebody to see. The memory of early habits came strongly over her at times, and she longed to go in the kitchen and make a good batch of pumpkin pies, by way of amusement; but she did not dare. Her stylish pampered menials already suspected she was "nobody," and constantly quoted the privileges of Mrs. Ashfield's servants, and the authority of other fashionable names, with the impertinence and contempt invariably felt by inferiors for those who they instinctively know to be ignorant and vulgar, and "not to the manor born."

She accidentally, to her great delight, came across a young mantuamaker, who occasionally sewed at Mrs. Ashfield's; and she engaged her at once to come and make her some morning-dresses; not that she wanted them, only the opportunity for the gossip to be thence derived. And to those who know nothing of the familiarity with which ladies can sometimes condescend to question such persons, it would be astonishing to know the quantity of information she extracted from Miss Hawkins. Not only of Mrs. Ashfield's mode of living, number of dresses, &c., but of many other families of the neighborhood, par-

ticularly the Misses Hamilton, who were described to be such "nice young ladies," and for whom she chiefly sewed, as "Mrs. Ashfield chiefly imported most of her dresses," but she lent all her patterns to the Miss Hamiltons; and Miss Hawkins made up all their dresses after hers, only not of such expensive materials. And thus she found out all the Hamiltons' economies, which filled her with contempt and indignation—contempt for their poverty, and indignation at their position in society, and the company they saw notwithstanding.

She could not understand it. Her husband sympathized with her most fully on this score, for, like all ignorant, purse-proud men, he could comprehend no claims not based in money.

A sudden light broke in, however, upon the Fairchild's dull life. A great exertion was being made for a new Opera company, and Mr. Fairchild's money being as good as any body else's, the subscription books were taken to him. He put down his name for as large a sum as the best of them, and felt himself at once a patron of music, fashion, and the fine arts.

Mrs. Fairchild was in ecstasies. She had chosen seats in the midst of the Ashfields, Harpers, and others, and felt now "that they would be all together."

Mr. Fairchild came home one day very indignant with a young Mr. Bankhead, who had asked him if he would change seats with him, saying his would probably suit Mr. Fairchild better than those he had selected, as they were front places, &c., that his only object in wishing to change was to be next to the Ashfields, as it would be a convenience to his wife, who could then go often with them when he was otherwise engaged."

Mr. Fairchild promptly refused in what Mr. Bankhead considered a rude manner, who rather haughtily replied "that he should not have offered the exchange if he had supposed it was a favor, his seats being generally considered the best. It was only on his wife's account, who wished to be among her friends that he had asked it, as he presumed the change would be a matter of indifference to Mr. Fairchild."

The young man had no idea of the sting conveyed in these words. Mrs. Fairchild was very angry when her husband repeated it to her. "It was *not* a matter of indifference at all. Why should not ~~we~~ wish to be among the Ashfields and Harpers as well as any body?" she said, indignantly. "And who is this Mrs. Bankhead, I should like to know, that I am to yield my place to *her*;" to which Mr. Fairchild replied, with his usual degree of angry contempt when speaking of people of no property,

"A pretty fellow, indeed! He's hardly worth salt to his porridge! Indeed, I wonder how he is able to pay for his seats at all!"

While on the Bankhead's side it was,

"We cannot change our places, Mrs. Ashfield. Those Fairchilds refused."

"Oh, how provoking!" was the reply. "We should have been such a nice little set by ourselves. And so disagreeable, too, to have people one don't

know right in the midst of us so! Why what do the creatures mean—your places are the best?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's a vulgar, purse-proud man. My husband was quite sorry he had asked him, for he seemed to think it was a great favor, and made the most of the opportunity to be rude."

"Well, I am sorry. It's not pleasant to have such people near one; and then I am so very, very sorry, not to have you and Mr. Bankhead with us. The Harpers were saying how delightful it would be for us all to be together; and now to have those vulgar people instead—too provoking!"

Ignorant, however, of the disgust in which her anticipated proximity was held, Mrs. Fairchild, in high spirits, bought the most beautiful of white satin Opera cloaks, and ordered the most expensive paraphernalia she could think of to make it all complete, and determined on sporting diamonds that would dazzle old acquaintances, (if any presumed to be there,) and make even the fashionables stare.

The first night opened with a very brilliant house. Every body was there, and every body in full dress. Mrs. Fairchild had as much as she could do to look around. To be sure she knew nobody, but then it was pleasant to see them all. She learnt a few names from the conversation that she overheard of the Ashfields and Harpers, as they nodded to different acquaintances about the house. And then, during the intervals, different friends came and chatted a little while with them, and the Bankheads leaned across and exchanged a few animated words; and, in short, every body seemed so full of talk, and so intimate with every body, except poor Mrs. Fairchild, who sat, loaded with finery, and no one to speak to but her husband, who was by this time yawning wearily, well-nigh worn out with the fatigue of hearing two acts of a grand Italian Opera.

As Mrs. Fairchild began to recover self-possession enough to comprehend what was going on among them, she found to her surprise, from their conversation, that the music was not all alike; that one singer was "divine," another "only so so;" the orchestra admirable, and the choruses very indifferent. She could not comprehend how they could tell one from another. "They all sang at the same time; and as for the chorus and orchestra, she did not know 'which was which.'"

Then there was a great deal said about "*contraltos*" and "*sopranos*," and when her husband asked her what they meant, she replied, "she did not know, it was *French*!" They talked, too, of Rossini and Bellini, and people who *read* and *wrote* music, and that quite passed her comprehension. She thought "music was only played and sung;" and what they meant by reading and writing it, she could not divine. Had they talked of eating it, it would have sounded to her about as rational.

Occasionally one of the Hamiltons sat with some of the set, for it seemed they had no regular places of their own. "Of course not," said Mrs. Fairchild, contemptuously. "They can't afford it," which expressive phrase summed up, with both husband and wife, the very essence of all that was mean and

contemptible, and she was only indignant at their being able to come there at all. The Bankheads were bad enough; but to have the Hamiltons there too, and then to hear them all talking French with some foreigners who occasionally joined them, really humbled her.

This, then, she conceived "was the secret of success. "They *know* French," she would reply in a voice of infinite mortification, when her husband expressed his indignant astonishment at finding these "nobodies" on 'change, "somebodies" at the Opera. To "*know* French," comprehended all her ideas of education, information, sense, and literature. This, then, she thought was the "Open Sesame" of "good society," the secret of enjoyment at the Opera; for, be it understood, all foreign languages were "*French*" to Mrs. Fairchild.

She was beginning to find the Opera a terrible bore, spite of all the finery she sported and saw around her, with people she did not know, and music she did not understand. As for Mr. Fairchild, the fatigue was intolerable; and he would have rebelled at once, if he had not paid for his places for the season, and so chose to have his money's worth, if it was only in tedium.

A bright idea, a bold resolution occurred to Mrs. Fairchild. She would learn French.

So she engaged a teacher at once, at enormous terms, who was to place her on a level with the best of them.

Poor little woman! and poor teacher, too! what work it was! How he groaned in spirit at the thick tongue that *could not* pronounce the delicate vowels, and the dull apprehension that knew nothing of moods and tenses.

And she, poor little soul, who was as innocent of English Grammar as of murder, how was she to be expected to understand the definite and indefinite when it was all indefinite; and as for the participle past, she did not believe *any* body understood it. And so she worked and puzzled, and sometimes almost cried, for a week, and then went to the Opera and found she was no better off than before.

In despair, and angry with her teacher, she dismissed him. "She did not believe *any* body ever learnt it that way out of books;" and "so she would get a French maid, and she'd learn more hearing her talk in a month, than Mr. A. could teach her, if she took lessons forever." And so she got a maid, who brought high recommendations from some grand people who had brought her from France, and then she thought herself quite set up.

But the experiment did not succeed. She turned out a saucy thing, who shrugged her shoulders with infinite contempt when she found "*madame*" did not comprehend her; and soon Mrs. Fairchild was very glad to take advantage of a grand fare-up in the kitchen between her and the cook, which the belligerent parties declared that "one or the other must leave the house," to dismiss her.

In deep humility of spirit Mrs. Fairchild placed her little girl at the best French school in the city, almost grudging the poor child her Sundays at home

when she must hear nothing but English. She was determined that she should learn French young; for she now began to think it must be taken like measles or whooping-cough, in youth, or else the attack must be severe, if not dangerous.

Mrs. Fairchild made no acquaintances, as she fondly hoped, at the Opera. A few asked, "Who is that dressy little body who sits in front of you, Mrs. Ashfield?"

"A Mrs. Fairchild. I know nothing about them except that they live next door to us."

"What a passion the little woman seems to have for jewelry," remarked the other. "It seems to me she has a new set of something once a week at least."

"Yes," said one of the Hamiltons, laughing, "she's as good as a jeweler's window. It's quite an amusement to me to see the quantity of bracelets and chains she contrives to hang around her."

"I would gladly have dispensed with that amusement, Ellen," replied Mrs. Ashfield, "for they have the places the Bankheads wanted; and he is so clever and well-informed, and she such a bright, intelligent little creature, that it would have added so much to our pleasure to have had them with us."

"Oh, to be sure! the Bankheads are jewels of the first water. And how they enjoy every thing. What a shame it is they have not those Fairchilds' money."

"No, no, Ellen, that is not fair," replied Mrs. Ashfield. "Let Mrs. Fairchild have her finery—it's all, I suppose, the poor woman has. The Bankheads don't require wealth for either enjoyment or consequence. They are bright and flashing in their own lustre, and like all pure brilliants, are the brighter for their simple setting."

"May be," replied the gay Ellen, "but I do love to see some people have every thing."

"Nay, Ellen," said Mrs. Ashfield, "Is that quite just? Be satisfied with Mrs. Bankhead's having so much more than Mrs. Fairchild, without robbing poor Mrs. Fairchild of the little she has."

Could Mrs. Fairchild have believed her ears had she heard this? Could she have believed that little Mrs. Bankhead, whose simple book-muslin and plainly braided dark hair excited her nightly contempt, was held in such respect and admiration by those who would not know her. And Bankhead, whom her husband, like of with such infinite contempt, as having "nothing at all," "not salt to his porridge." And yet as Mrs. Fairchild saw them courted and gay, she longed for some of their porridge, "for they knew French."

And thus the season wore on in extreme weariness and deep mortification. The Fairchilds made no headway at all. She made no acquaintances at all at the opera, as she had fondly hoped. She even regretted that her husband had refused their seats to the Bankheads. Had he yielded them a favor, may be they would have spoken to them.

Desperate at last, she determined she would do something. She would give a party. But who to ask?

Not old friends and acquaintance. That was not to be thought of. But who else? She knew nobody.

"It was not necessary to know them," she told her husband. "She would send her card and invitations to all those fine people, and they'd be glad enough to come. The Bankheads, too, and the Hamiltons, she would ask them."

"You are sure of them, at any rate," said her husband contemptuously. "Poor devils! it's not often they get such a supper as they'll get here."

But somehow the Hamiltons and Bankheads were not as hungry as Mr. Fairchild supposed, for very polite regrets came in the course of a few days, to Mrs. Fairchild's great wrath and mortification.

This was but the beginning, however. Refusals came pouring in thick and fast from all quarters.

The lights were prepared, the music sounding, and some half dozen ladies, whose husbands had occasionally a business transaction with Mr. Fairchild, looked in on their way to a grand fashionable party given the same evening by one of their own *clique*, and then vanished, leaving Mrs. Fairchild with the mortified wish that they had not come at all, to see the splendor of preparations and the beggary of guests. Some few young men dropped in and took a look, and bowed themselves out as soon as the Fairchilds gave them a chance; and so ended this last and most desperate effort.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fairchild one day to her husband in perfect desperation, "let us go to Europe."

"To Europe," he said, looking up in amazement.

"Yes," she replied, with energy. "That's what all these fine people have done, and that's the way they know each other so well. All the Americans are intimate in Paris, and then when they come back they are all friends together."

Mr. Fairchild listened and pondered. He was as tired as his wife with nothing to do; and moreover deeply mortified, though he said less about it, at not being admitted among those with whom he had no tastes or associations in common, and he consented.

The house was shut up and the Fairchilds were off.

"Who are those Fairchilds," asked somebody in Paris, "that one sees every where, where money can gain admittance?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Miss Rutherford.

"They traveled down the Rhine with us last summer, and were our perfect torment. We could not shake them off."

"What sort of people are they?" was the next question.

"Ignorant past belief: but that would not so much matter if she were not such a spiteful little creature. I declare I heard more gossip and ill-natured stories from her about Americans in Paris than I ever heard in all the rest of my life put together."

"And rich?"

"Yes, I suppose so—for they spent absurdly. They are just those ignorant, vulgar people that one only meets in traveling, and that make us blush for our country and countrymen. Such people should not have passports."

"Fairchild," said Mrs. Castleton. "The name is

familiar to me. Oh, now I remember. But they can't be the same. The Fairchilds I knew were people in humble circumstances. They lived in — street."

"Yes. I dare say they are the very people," replied Miss Rutherford. "He has made money rapidly within a few years."

"But she was the best little creature I ever knew," persisted Mrs. Castleton. "My baby was taken ill while we were in the country boarding at the same house, and this Mrs. Fairchild came to me at once, and helped me get a warm bath, and watched and nursed the child with me as if it had been her own. I remember I was very grateful for her excessive kindness and attention."

"Well, I dare say," replied Miss Rutherford. "But that was when she was poor, and, as you say, humble, Mrs. Castleton. Very probably she may have been kind-hearted originally. She does love her children dearly. She has that merit; but now that she is rich, and wants to be fine and fashionable, and don't know how to manage it; and can't succeed, you never knew any body so spiteful and jealous as she is of all those she feels beyond her reach."

"Pity," said Mrs. Castleton almost sorrowfully. "She was such a good little creature. How prosperity spoils some people."

And so Mrs. Fairchild traveled and came home again.

They had been to Paris, and seen more things and places than they could remember, and did not understand what they could remember, and were afraid of telling what they had seen, lest they should mispronounce names, whose spelling was beyond their most ambitious flights.

They had gone to the ends of the earth to be in society at home. But ignorant they went and ignorant they returned.

"Edward and Fanny shall know every thing," said Mrs. Fairchild, and teachers without end were engaged for the young Fairchilds, who, to their parents' great delight were not only chatting in "unknown tongues," but becoming quite intimate with the little Ashfields and other baby sprigs of nobility.

"Who is that pretty boy dancing with your Helen, Mrs. Bankhead?" asked some one at a child's party.

"Young Fairchild," was the reply.

"Fairchild! What, a son of that overdressed little woman you used to laugh at so at the opera?" said the other.

"The same," replied Mrs. Bankhead laughing.

"And here's an incipient flirtation between your girl and her boy," continued the other archly.

"Well, there's no leveler like Education. The true democrat after all," she pursued.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Bankhead. "Intelligence puts us all on a footing. What other distinction can or should we have?"

"I doubt whether Mrs. Fairchild thinks so," replied her friend.

"Indeed you are mistaken," replied Mrs. Bankhead earnestly. "She would not perhaps express it in those words: but her humble reverence for education is quite touching. They are giving these children every possible advantage, and in a few years, when they are grown up," she continued, laughing, "We mothers will be very glad to admit the young Fairchilds in society, even if they must bring the mother with them."

"I suppose so," said the other. "And old people are inoffensive even if they are ignorant. Old age is in itself a claim to respect."

"True enough," returned Mrs. Bankhead; "and when you see them engrossed and happy in the success of their children, you forgive them a good deal. That is the reward of such people."

"They have fought through a good deal of mortification though to attain it," rejoined the other. "I wonder whether the end is worth it?"

"Ah! that's a question hard to settle," replied Mrs. Bankhead seriously. "Society at large is certainly improved, but I doubt whether individuals are the happier. No doubt the young Fairchilds will be happier for their parents' rise in the world—but I should say the "transition state" had been any thing but a pleasant one to the parents. The children will have the tastes as well as the means for enjoyment; the one Mrs. Fairchild having found it quite as necessary as the other."

"This is the march of intellect, the progress of society, exemplified in the poor Fairchilds," replied the other laughing. "Well, thank Heaven, my mission has not been to rise in the world."

TWILIGHT.—TO MARY.

Oh! how I love this time of ev'n,
When day in tender twilight dies;
And the parting sun, as it falls from heaven,
Leaves all its beauty on the skies.
When all of rash and restless Nature,
Passion—impulse—meekly sleeps,
And loveliness, the soul's sweet teacher,
Seems like religion in its deeps.
And now is trembling through my senses
The melting music of the trees,
And from the near and rose-crowned fences
Comes the balm and fragrant breeze;
And from the bowers, not yet shrouded
In the coming gloom of night,

Breaks the bird-song, clear, unclouded,
In trembling tones of deep delight.
But not for this alone I prize
This witching time of ev'n,
The murmuring breeze, the blushing skies,
And day's last smile on heaven.
But thoughts of thee, and such as these art,
That mingle with these sacred hours,
Give deeper pleasure to my heart
Than song of birds and breath of flowers.
Then welcome the hour when the last smile of day
Just lingers at the portal of ev'n,
When so much of life's tumults are passing away,
And earth seems exalted to heaven.

H. D. S.

THE SAGAMORE OF SACO.

A LEGEND OF MAINE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storms career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land forever. WHITTIER.

NEVER was country more fruitful than our own with rich materials of romantic and tragic interest, to call into exercise the finest talents of the dramatist and novelist. Every cliff and headland has its aboriginal legend; the village, now thrifty and quiet, had its days of slaughter and conflagration, its tale of devoted love or cruel treachery; while the city, now tumultuous with the pressure of commerce, in its "day of small things," had its bombardment and foreign army, and its handful of determined freemen, who achieved prodigies of single handed valor. Now that men are daily learning the worth of humanity, its hopes and its trials coming nearer home to thought and affection; now that the complicated passions of refined and artificial life are becoming less important than the broad, deep, genuine manifestations of the common mind, we may hope for a bolder and more courageous literature: we may hope to see the drama free itself from sensualism and frivolity, and rise to the Shaksperian dignity of true passion; while the romance will learn better its true ground, and will create, rather than portray—delineate, rather than dissect human sentiment and emotion.

The State of Maine is peculiarly rich in its historically romantic associations. Settled as it was prior to the landing of the Pilgrims, first under Raleigh Gilbert, and subsequently by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who, in the colony it is fair, in the absence of testimony, never left the country after 1616, but continued to employ themselves in the fisheries, and in some commerce with the West Indies, up to the time of their final incorporation with the Plymouth settlement. Indeed the correspondence of Sir Richard Vines, governor of the colony under Sir Ferdinando Gorges, with the Governor of Plymouth, leaves no doubt upon this head; and it is a well known fact that the two settlements of De Aulney and De la Tour at the mouths of the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers, even at this early age, were far from being contemptible, both in a commercial and numeric point of view. Added to these was the handful of Indians of Mont Desert, and we might say a colony of Indians on the sea-coast, between the two large rivers just named, the memory of which is traditional, and the vestiges of which are sometimes turned up by the ploughshare. These people probably fell beneath some outbreak of savage

vengeance, which left no name or record of their existence.

Subsequently to these was the dispersion of the Acadians, that terrible and wanton piece of political policy, which resulted in the extinction and denationalizing of a simple and pious people. The fugitive Acadians found their way through a wilderness of forests, suffering and dying as they went, some landing in distant states, (five hundred having been consigned to Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia,) and others, lonely and bereft, found a home with the humble and laborious farmers of this hardy state, whose finest quality is an open-handed hospitality. These intermarrying with our people here, have left traces of their blood and fine moral qualities to enhance the excellence of a pure and healthful population.

Then followed the times of the Revolution, when Maine did her part nobly in the great and perilous work. Our own Knox was commandant of the artillery, and the bosom friend of Washington: our youth sunk into unknown graves in the sacred cause of freedom; and our people, poor as they were, for the resources of the state were then undeveloped, cast their mite of wealth into the national treasury. Northerly and isolated as she is, her cities were burned, and her frontiers jealously watched by an alert and cruel enemy. Here, too, Arnold sowed his last seeds of virtue and patriotism, in his arduous march through the wilderness of Maine to the capital of the Canadas, an exploit which, considering the season, the poverty of numbers and resources, combined with the wild, unknown, and uncleared state of the country, may compete with the most heroic actions of any great leader of any people.

A maritime state, Maine suffers severely from the fluctuations of commerce, but is the first to realize the reactions of prosperity. Her extended seaboard, her vast forests, her immense mineral resources, together with a population hardy, laborious, virtuous, and enterprising; a population less adulterated by foreign admixture than any state in the Union, all point to a coming day of power and prosperity which shall place her foremost in the ranks of the states, in point of wealth, as she is already in that of intelligence.

We have enumerated but a tithe of the intellectual resources of Maine—have given but a blank sheet as it were of the material which will hereafter make

her renowned in story, and must confine ourselves to but a single point of historic and romantic interest, connected with the earlier records of the country. We have alluded to the first governor, Sir Richard Vines, a right worthy and chivalric gentleman, the friend and agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, of Walter Raleigh, and other fine spirits of the day. His residence was at the Pool, as it is now called, or "Winter Harbor," from the fact that the winter of 1616-17 was passed by Vines and his followers at this place. After a residence of eighteen or twenty years, devoted to the interests of the colony, the death of his patron, the transfer of the Maine plantation to the Plymouth proprietors, together with domestic and pecuniary misfortunes, induced Sir Richard Vines to retire to the Island of Barbadoes, where we find him prosperous and respected, and still mindful of the colony for which he had done and suffered so much.

Prior to his departure, and probably not altogether unconnected with it, he had incurred the deadly hatred of John Bonyton, a young man of the colony, who in after years was called, and is still remembered in tradition as the "Sagamore of Saco." The cause of this hatred was in some way connected with the disappearance of Bridget Vines, the daughter of the governor, for whom John Bonyton had conceived a wild and passionate attachment. Years before our story she had been suddenly missing, to the permanent grief and dismay of the family, and the more terrible agony of John Bonyton, who had conceived the idea that Bridget had been sent to a European convent, to save her from his presence. This idea he would never abandon, notwithstanding the most solemn denials of Sir Richard, and the most womanly and sympathizing asseverations of Mistress Vines. The youth listened with compressed lip, his large, remarkable eye fixed with stern and searching scrutiny upon the face of the speaker, and when he was done the reply was always the same, "God knows if this be true; but, true or false, my hand shall be against every man till she be found."

Accordingly we find the youth, who seems to have been possessed of those rare and strong points of character which go to make the hero, in constant collision with the people of the times. Moody and revengeful, he became an alien to his father's house, and with gun and dog passed months in the wildest regions of that wild country. With the savage he slept in his wigwam, he threaded the forest and stood upon the verge of the cataract; or penetrated up to the stormy regions of the White Mountains; and anon, hushed the tumultuous beatings of his heart in accordance with the stroke of his paddle, as he and his red companions glided over that loveliest of lakes, Winnépissogé, or "the smile of the Great Spirit."

There seemed no rest for the unhappy man. Unable to endure the formalities and intermeddlings, which so strongly mark the period, he spent most of his time on the frontiers of the settlement, admitting of little companionship, and yielding less of courtesy. When he appeared in the colony, the women re-

garded his fine person, his smile, at once sorrowful and tender, and his free, noble bearing with admiration, not unmingled with terror; while men, even in that age of manly physique looked upon his frame, lithe yet firm as iron, athletic and yet graceful, with eyes of envious delight. Truth to say, John Bonyton had never impaired a fine development by any useful employment, or any elaborate attempts at book-knowledge. He knew all that was essential for the times, or the mode of life which he had adopted, and further he cared not. His great power consisted in a passionate yet steady will, by which all who came within his sphere found themselves bent to his purposes.

The Pilgrims even, unflinching and uncompromising as they were, felt the spell of his presence, and were content to spurn, to persecute, and set a price upon the head of a man whom they could not control. Yet for all this John Bonyton died quietly in his bed, no one daring to do to him even what the law would justify. He slept in perfect security, for he knew this, and knew, too, that the woods were alive with ardent and devoted adherents, who would have deluged the soil with blood had but a hair of his head been injured. The Sagamore of Saco was no ordinary man; and the men of the times, remarkable as they were, felt this; and hence is it, that even to this day his memory is held in remembrance with an almost superstitious awe, and people point out a barrow where lie the ashes of the "Sagamore," and show the boundaries of his land, and tell marvelous tales of his hardihood and self-possession.

They tell of a time when a price had been set upon his head, how, when the people were assembled in the little church for worship, John Bonyton walked in with gun in hand, and stood through the whole service, erect and stern as a man of iron, and no one dared scarcely look upon him, much less lift a finger against him; and how he waited till all had gone forth, even the oracle of God, pale and trembling, and then departed in silence as he came. Surely there was greatness in this—the greatness of a Napoleon, needing but a field for his exercise.

CHAPTER II.

Methought, within a desert cave,
Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave,
I suddenly awoke.
It seemed of sable night the cell,
Where, save when from the ceiling fell
An oozing drop, her silent spell
No sound had ever broke.—ALLSTON.

Among the great rivers of Maine the Penobscot and Kennebec stand preëminent, on account of their maritime importance, their depth and adaptability to the purposes of internal navigation; but there are others less known, yet no less essential to the wealth of the country, which, encumbered with falls and rapids, spurn alike ship and steamboat, are invaluable for the great purposes of manufacture. The Androscoggin is one of these, a river, winding, capricious and most beautiful; just the one to touch the fancy of the poet, and tempt the cupidity of a

millwright. It abounds with scenery of the most lovely and romantic interest, and falls already in bondage to loom and shuttle. Lewiston Falls, or Pe-jip-scot, as the aborigines called this beautiful place, are, perhaps, among the finest water plunges in the country. It is not merely the beauty of the river itself, a broad and lengthened sheet of liquid in the heart of a fine country, but the whole region is wild and romantic. The sudden bends of the river present headlands of rare boldness, beneath which the river spreads itself into a placid bay, till ready to gather up its skirts again, and thread itself daintily amid the hills. The banks present slopes and savannas warm and sheltered, in which nestle away finely cultivated farms, and from whence arise those rural sounds of flock and herd so grateful to the spirit, and that primitive blast of horn, winding itself into a thousand echoes, the signal of the in-gathering of a household. Cliffs, crowned with fir, overhang the waters; hills, rising hundreds of feet, cast their dense shadows quite across the stream; and even now the "slim canoe" of the Indian may be seen poised below, while some stern relic of the woods looks upward to the ancient hunting sites of his people, and recalls the day when, at the verge of this very fall, a populous village sent up its council smoke day and night, telling of peace and the untested power of his tribe.

But in the times of our story the region stood in its untamed majesty; the whirling mass of waters tumbling and plunging in the midst of an unbroken forest, and the great roar of the cataract booming through the solitude like the unceasing voice of the eternal deep. Men now stand with awe and gaze upon those mysterious falls, vital with traditions terribly beautiful, and again and again ask, "Can they be true? Can it be that beneath these waters, behind that sheet of foam is a room, spacious and vast, and well known, and frequented by the Indian?"

An old man will tell you that one morning as he stood watching the rainbows of the fall, he was surprised at the sudden appearance of an Indian from the very midst of the foam. He accosted him, asked whence he came, and how he escaped the terrible plunge of the descending waves. The Indian, old and white-headed, with the eye of an eagle, and the frame of a Hercules, raised the old man from the ground, shook him fiercely, and then cast him like a reptile to one side. A moment more and the measured stroke of a paddle betrayed the passage of the stout Red Man adown the stream.

Our story must establish the fact in regard to this cave—a fact well known in the earlier records of the country, more than one white man having found himself sufficiently athletic to plunge behind the sheet of water and gain the room.

It was mid-day, and the sun, penetrating the sheet of the fall, cast a not uncheerful light into the cave, the size and gloom of which were still further relieved by a fire burning in the centre, and one or more torches stuck in the fissures of the rocks. Before this fire stood a woman of forty or fifty years of age, gazing intently upon the white, liquid, and tumultuous

covering to the door of her home, and yet the expression of her eye showed that her thoughts were far beyond the place in which she stood.

She was taller than the wont of Indian women, more slender than is customary with them at her period of life, and altogether, presented a keenness and springiness of fibre that reminded one of Arab more than aboriginal blood. Her brow was high, retreating, and narrow, with arched and contracted brows, beneath which fairly burned a pair of intense, restless eyes.

At one side, stretched upon skins, appeared what might have been mistaken for a white veil, except that a draft of air caused a portion of it to rise and fall, showing it to be a mass of human hair. Yet so motionless was the figure, so still a tiny moccasined foot, just perceptible, and so ghastly the hue and abundance of the covering, that all suggested an image of death.

At length the tall woman turned sharply round and addressed the object upon the mats.

"How much longer will you sleep, Skoke? Get up, I tell thee."

At this ungracious speech—for Skoke* means snake—the figure started slightly, but did not obey. After some silence she spoke again, "Wa-ain (white soul) get up and eat, our people will soon be here." Still no motion nor reply. At length the woman, in a sharper accent, resumed,

"Bridget Vines, I bid thee arise!" and she laughed in an under tone.

The figure slowly lifted itself up and looked upon the speaker. "Ascáshe,† I will answer only to my own name."

"As you like," retorted the other. "Skoke is as good a name as Ascáshe." A truism which the other did not seem disposed to question—the one meaning a snake, the other a spider, or "net-weaver."

Contrary to what might have been expected from the color of the hair, the figure from the mat seemed a mere child in aspect, and yet the eye, the mouth, and the grasp of the hand, indicated not only maturity of years, but the presence of deep and intense passions. Her size was that of a girl of thirteen years in our northern climate, yet the fine bust, the distinct and slender waist, and the firm pressure of the arched foot, revealed maturity as well as individualism of character.

Rising from her recumbent posture, she approached the water at the entrance of the cave till the spray mingled with her long, white locks, and the light falling upon her brow, revealed a sharp beautiful outline of face scarcely touched by years, white, even teeth, and eyes of blue, yet so deeply and sadly kindling into intensity, that they grew momentarily darker and darker as you gazed upon them.

"Water, still water, forever water," she mur-

* I do not know how general is the use of this word amongst the Indians. The writer found it in use amongst the Penobscot tribe.

† As-nob-a-cá-she, contracted to Ascáshe, is literally a net-weaver, the name for spider. This term is from Schoolcraft.

mured. Suddenly turning round, she darted away into the recesses of the cave, leaping and flying, as it were, with her long hair tossed to and fro about her person. Presently she emerged, followed by a pet panther, which leaped and bounded in concert with his mistress. Seizing a bow, she sent the arrow away into the black roof of the cavern, waited for its return, and then discharged it again and again, watching its progress with eager and impatient delight. This done, she cast herself again upon the skins, spread her long hair over her form, and lay motionless as marble.

Ascáshe again called, "Why do you not come and eat, Skoke?"

Having no answer, she called out, "Wa-ain, come and eat;" and then tired of this useless teasing, she arose, and shaking the white girl by the arm, cried, "Bridget Vines, I bid you eat."

"I will, Ascáshe," answered the other, taking corn and dried fish, which the other presented.

"The spider caught a bad snake when she wove a net for Bridget Vines," muttered the tall woman. The other covered her face with her hands, and the veins of her forehead swelled above her fingers; yet when she uncovered her eyes they were red, not with tears, but the effort to suppress their flow.

"It is a long, long time, that I have been here, Ascáshe," answered Bridget, sorrowfully.

"Have you never been out since Samoret left you here?" asked the net-weaver; and she fixed her eyes searchingly upon the face of the girl, who never quailed nor changed color beneath her gaze, but replied in the same tone, "How should little Hope escape—where should she go?" Hope being the name by which Mistress Vines had called her child in moments of tenderness, as suggesting a mother's yearning hope that she would at some time be less capricious, for Bridget had always been a wayward, incoherent, and diminutive creature, and treated with great gentleness by the family.

"Do you remember what I once told you?" continued the other. "You had a friend—you have an enemy."

This time Bridget Vines started, and gave utterance to a long, low, plaintive cry, as if her soul wailed, as it fitted from its frail tenement, for she fell back as if dead upon the skins.

The woman muttered, "The white boy and girl should n't have scorned the red woman," and she took her to the verge of the water and awaited her recovery; when she opened her eyes, she continued, "Ascáshe is content—she has been very, very wretched, but so has been her enemy. Look, my hair is black; Wa-ain's is like the white frost."

"I knew it would be so," answered the other, gently, "but it is nothing. Tell me where you have been, Ascáshe, and how came you here? O-ya-ah died the other day." She alluded to an old squaw, who had been her keeper in the cave.

At this moment a shadow darkened the room, another, and another, and three stalwart savages stood before the two women. Each, as he passed, patted

the head of Bridget, who shook them off with moody impatience.

They gathered about the coals in the centre, talking in under tones, while the women prepared some venison which was to furnish forth the repast.

CHAPTER III.

And she who climbed the storm-swept steep,
She who the foaming wave would dare,
So oft love's vigil here to keep,
Stranger, albeit, thou think'st I dote;
I know, I know, she watches there.—HOFFMAN.

That night the men sat long around the fire, and talked of a deadly feud and a deadly prospect of revenge. Ascáshe listened and counseled, and her suggestions were often hailed with intimations of approval—for the woman was possessed of a keen and penetrating mind, heightened by passions at once powerful and malevolent. Had the group observed the white occupant of the skins, they would have seen a pair of dark, bright eyes peering through those snowy locks, and red lips parted, in the eagerness of the intent ear.

"How far distant are they now?" asked the woman.

"A three hours walk down stream," was the answer. "To-morrow they will ascend the falls to surprise our people, and burn the village. To-night, when the moon is down, we are to light a fire at still-water above the falls, and the Terrentines will join us at the signal, leave their canoes in the care of the women, and descend upon our foes. The fire will warn our people how near to approach the falls, for the night will be dark." This was told at intervals, and to the questionings of the woman.

"Where is the Sagamore of Saco," asked Ascáshe.

"John Bonyton heads our foes, but to-night is the last one to the Sagamore."

At this name the white hair stirred violently, and then a low wail escaped from beneath. The group started, and one of the men, with Ascáshe, scanned the face of the girl, who seemed to sleep in perfect unconsciousness; but the panther rolled itself over, stretched out its claws, and threw back his head, showing his long, red tongue, and uttered a yawn so nearly a howl, that the woman declared the sounds must have been the same.

Presently the group disposed themselves to sleep till the moon should set, when they must once more be upon the trail. Previous to this, many were the charges enjoined upon the woman in regard to Bridget.

"Guard her well," said the leader of the band. In a few suns more she will be a great medicine woman, foretelling things that shall come to the tribes."

We must now visit the encampment of John Bonyton, where he and his followers slept, waiting till the first dawn of day should send them on their deadly path. The moon had set; the night was intensely dark, for clouds fitted over the sky, now and then disburdening themselves with gusts of wind, which swayed the old woods to and fro,

while big drops of rain fell amid the leaves and were hushed.

Suddenly a white figure stood over the sleeping chief, so slight, so unearthly in its shroud of wet, white hair, that one might well be pardoned a superstitious tremor. She wrung her hands and wept bitterly as she gazed—then she knelt down and looked more closely; then, with a quick cry, she flung herself into his bosom.

"Oh, John Bonyton, did I not tell you this? Did I not tell you, years ago, that little Hope stood in my path, with hair white as snow?"

The man raised himself up, he gathered the slight figure in his arms—he uncovered a torch and held it to her face.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he cried—and his strength departed, and he was helpless as a child. The years of agony, the lapse of thirty years were concentrated in that fearful moment. Bridget, too, lay motionless and silent, clinging to his neck. Long, long was that hour of suffering to the two. What was life to them! stricken and changed, living and breathing, they only felt that they lived and breathed by the pangs that betrayed the beating pulse. Oh, life! life! thou art a fearful boon, and thy love not the least fearful of thy gifts.

At length Bridget raised herself up, and would have left his arms; but John Bonyton held her fast.

"Nay, Hope, never again. My tender, my beautiful bird, it has fared ill with thee;" and smoothing her white locks, the tears gushed to the eyes of the strong man. Indeed, he, in his full strength and manhood, she, diminutive and bleached by solitude and grief, contrasted so powerfully in his mind, that a paternal tenderness grew upon him, and he kissed her brow reverently, saying,

"How have I searched for thee, my birdie, my child; I have been haunted by the furies, and goaded well nigh to murder—but thou art here—yet not thou. Oh, Hope! Hope!"

The girl listened intent and breathless.

"I knew it would be so, John Bonyton; I knew if parted we could never be the same again—the same cloud returns not to the sky; the same blossom blooms not twice; human faces wear never twice the same look; and, alas! alas! the heart of to-day is not that of to-morrow."

"Say on, Hope—years are annihilated, and we are children again, hoping, loving children."

But the girl only buried her face in his bosom, weeping and sobbing. At this moment a red glare of light shot up into the sky, and Bridget sprang to her feet.

"I had forgotten. Come, John Bonyton, come and see the only work that poor little Hope could do to save thee;" and she darted forward with the eager step which Bonyton so well remembered. As they approached the falls, the light of the burning tree, kindled by the hands of Bridget *below* the falls, flickered and glared upon the waters; the winds had died away; the stars beamed forth, and nothing mingled with the roar of waters, save an occasional

screech of some nocturnal creature prowling for its prey.

Ever and ever poured on the untiring flood, till one wondered it did not pour itself out; and the heart grew oppressed at the vast images crowding into it, swelling and pressing, as did the tumultuous waves over their impediment of granite—water, still water, till the nerves ached from weariness at the perpetual flow, and the mind questioned if the sound itself were not silence, so lonely was the spell—questioned if it were stopped if the heart would not cease to beat, and life become annihilate.

Suddenly the girl stopped with hand pointing to the falls. A black mass gleamed amid the foam—one wild, fearful yell arose, even above the roar of waters, and then the waves flowed on as before.

"Tell me, what is this?" cried John Bonyton, seizing the hand of Bridget, and staying her flight with a strong grasp.

"As she did not know I could plunge under the falls—she did not know the strength of little Hope, when she heard the name of John Bonyton. She then went on to tell how she had escaped the caye—how she had kindled a signal fire *below* the falls in advance of that to be kindled above—and how she had dared, alone, the terrors of the forest, and the black night, that she might once more look upon the face of her lover. When she had finished, she threw her arms tenderly around his neck, she pressed her lips to his, and then, with a gentleness unwonted to her nature, would have disengaged herself from his arms.

"Why do you leave me, Hope—where will you go?" asked the Sagamore.

She looked up with a face so pale, so hopeless, so mournfully tender, as was most affecting to behold. "I will go under the falls, and there sleep—oh! so long will I sleep, John Bonyton."

He folded her like a little child to his bosom. "You must not leave me, Hope—do you not love me?"

She answered only by a low wail, that was more affecting than any words; and when the Sagamore pressed her again to his heart, she answered, calling him John Bonyton, as she used to call him in the days of her childhood.

"Little Hope is a terror to herself, John Bonyton. Her heart is all love—all lost in yours; but she is a child, a child just as she was years ago; but you, you are not the same—more beautiful—greater; poor little Hope grows fearful before you;" and again her voice was lost in tears.

The sun now began to tinge the sky with his ruddy hue; the birds filled the woods with an out-gush of melody; the rainbow, as ever, spanned the abyss of waters, while below, drifting in eddies, were fragments of canoes, and still more ghastly fragments telling of the night's destruction. The stratagem of the girl had been entirely successful—deluded by the false beacon, the unhappy savages had drifted on with the tide, unconscious of danger, till the one terrible pang of danger, and the terrible plunge of death came at the one and same moment.

Upon a headland overlooking the falls stood the

group of the cavern, stirred with feelings to which words give no utterance, and which find expression only in some deadly act. Ascáshe descended stealthily along the bank, watching intently the group upon the opposite shore, in the midst of which floated the white, abundant locks of Bridget Vines, visible at a great distance. She now stood beside the Sagamore, saying,

"Forget poor little Hope, John Bonyton, or only remember that her life was one long, long thought of thee."

"She started—gave one wild look of love and grief at the Sagamore—and then darted down the bank, marking her path with streams of blood, and disappeared under the falls. The aim of the savage had done its work.

"Ascáshe is revenged, John Bonyton," cried a loud voice—and a dozen arrows stopped it in its utterance. Fierce was the pursuit, and desperate the flight of the few surviving foes. The "Sagamore of Saco" never rested day nor night till he and his followers had cut off the last vestige of the Terrantines, and avenged the blood of the unhappy maiden. Then for years did he linger about the falls in the vain hope of seeing once more her wild spectral beauty—but she appeared no more in the flesh; though to this, men not romantic nor visionary declare they have seen a figure, slight and beautiful, clad in robe of skin, with moccasoned feet, and long, white hair, nearly reaching to the ground, hovering sorrowfully around the falls; and this strange figure they believe to be the wraith of the lost Bridget Vines.

THE SACHEM'S HILL.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

'T WAS a green towering hill-top: on its sides June showered her red delicious strawberries, Spotting the mounds, and in the hollows spread Her pink brier roses, and gold johnswort stars. The top was scattered, here and there, with pines, Making soft music in the summer wind, And painting underneath each other's boughs Spaces of auburn from their withered fringe. Below, a scene of rural loveliness Was pictured, vivid with its varied hues; The yellow of the wheat—the fallow's black— The buckwheat's foam-like whiteness, and the green Of pasture-field and meadow, whilst amidst Wound a slim, snake-like streamlet. Here I oft Have come in summer days, and with the shade Cast by one hollowed pine upon my brow, Have couched upon the grass, and let my eye Roam o'er the landscape, from the green hill's foot To where the hazy distance wrapped the scene. Beneath this pine a long and narrow mound Heaves up its grassy shape; the silver tufts Of the wild clover richly spangle it, And breathe such fragrance that each passing wind Is turned into an odor. Underneath A Mohawk Sachem sleeps, whose form had borne A century's burthen. Oft have I the tale Heard from a pioneer, who, with a band Of comrades, broke into the unshorn wilds That shadowed then this region, and awoke The echoes with their axes. By the stream They found this Indian Sachem in a hut Of bark and boughs. One of the pioneers Had lived a captive 'mid the Iroquois. And knew their language, and he told the chief How they had come to mow the woods away, And change the forest earth to meadows green, And the tall trees to dwellings. Rearing up His aged form, the Sachem proud replied, That he had seen a hundred winters pass Over this spot; that here his tribe had died, Parents and children, braves, old men and all, Until he stood a withered tree amidst His prostrate kind; that he had hoped he ne'er

Would see the race, whose skin was like the flower Of the spring dogwood, blasting his old sight; And that beholding them amidst his haunts, He called on Iah-wen-ne-yo to bear off His spirit to the happy hunting-grounds. Shrouding his face within his deer-skin robe, And chanting the low death-song of his tribe, He then with trembling footsteps left the hut And sought the hill-top; here he sat him down With his back placed within this hollowed tree, And fixing his dull eye upon the scene Of woods below him, rocked with guttural chant The livelong day, whilst plyed the pioneers Their axes round him. Sunset came, and still There rocked his form. The twilight glimmered gray. Then kindled to the moon, and still he rocked; Till stretched the pioneers upon the earth Their wearied limbs for sleep. One, wakeful, left His plump moss couch, and strolling near the tree Saw in the pomp of moonlight that old form Still rocking, and, with deep awe at his heart, Hastened to join his comrades. Morn awoke, And the first light discovered to their eyes That weird shape rocking still. The pioneers, With kindly hands, took food and at his side Placed it, and tried to rouse him, but in vain. He fixed his eye still dully down the hill, And when they took their hands from off his frame It still renewed its rocking. Morning went, And noon and sunset. Often had they glanced From their hard toil as passed the hours away Upon that rocking form, and wondered much; And when the sunset vanished they approached Their kindness to renew; but suddenly, As came they near, they saw the rocking cease, And the head drop upon his naked breast. Close came they, and the shorn head lifting up, In the glazed eye and fallen jaw beheld Death's awful presence. With deep sorrowing hearts They scooped a grave amidst the soft black mould, Laid the old Sachem in its narrow depth, Then heaped the sod above, and left him there To hallow the green hill-top with his name

VISIT TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIOUSENET.

CITY of marble! whose lone structures rise
In pomp of sculpture beautifully rare,
On thy still brow a mournful shadow lies,
For round thy haunts no busy feet repair;
No curling smoke ascends from roof-tree fair,
Nor cry of warning time the clock repeats—
No voice of Sabbath-bell doth call to prayer—
There are no children playing in thy streets,
Nor sounds of echoing toil invade thy green retreats.

Rich vines around thy graceful columns wind,
Young buds unfold, the dewy skies to bless,
Yet no fresh wreaths thine inmates wake to bind—
Prune no wild spray, nor pleasant garden dress—
From no luxuriant flower its fragrance press—
The golden sunsets through enwoven trees
Tremble and flash, but they no praise express—
They lift no casement to the balmy breeze,
For fairest scenes of earth have lost their power to please.

A ceaseless tide of emigration flows
On through thy gates, for thou forbiddest none
In thy close-curtained couches to repose,
Or lease thy narrow tenements of stone,
It matters not where first the sunbeam shone
Upon their cradle—'neath the foliage free
Where dark palmettos fleck the torrid zone,
Or 'mid the icebergs of the Arctic sea—
Thou dost no questions ask; all are at home with thee.

One pledge alone they give, before their name
Is with thy peaceful denizens enrolled—
The vow of silence thou from each dost claim,
More strict and stern than Sparta's rule of old,
Bidding no secrets of thy realm be told,
Nor slightest whisper from its precincts spread—
Sealing each whitened lip with signet cold,
To stamp the oath of fealty, ere they tread
Thy never-echoing halls, oh city of the dead!

'Mid scenes like thine, fond memories find their home,
For sweet it was to me, in childhood's hours,
'Neath every village church-yard's shade to roam,
Where humblest mounds were decked with grassy
flowers,

And I have roamed where dear Mount Auburn towers,
Where Laurel-Hill a cordial welcome gave
To the rich tracery of its hallowed bowers,
And where, by quiet Lehigh's crystal wave,
The meek Moravian smooths his turf-embroidered grave:

Where too, in Scotia, o'er the Bridge of Sighs,
The Clyde's Necropolis uprears its head,
Or that old abbey's sacred turrets rise
Whose crypts contain proud Albion's noblest dead,—
And where, by leafy canopy o'erspread,
The lyre of Gray its pensive descant made—
And where, beside the dancing city's tread,
Famed Père La Chaise all gorgeously displayed
Its meretricious robes, with chaplets overlaid.

But thou, oh Greenwood! sweetest art to me,
Enriched with tints of ocean, earth and sky,
Solemn and sweet, to meditation free,
Most like a mother, who with pleading eye
Dost turn to Him who for the lost did die—
And with thy many children at thy breast,
Invoke His aid, with low and prayerful sigh,
To bless the lowly pillow of their rest,
And shield them, when the tomb no longer guards its guest.

Calm, holy shades! we come to you for health,—
Sickness is with the living—wo and pain—
And dire diseases thronging on, by stealth
From the worn heart its vital flood to drain,
Or smite with sudden shaft the reeling brain,
Till lingering on, with nameless ills distressed,
We find the healer's vaunted armor vain,
The undrawn spear-point in our bleeding breast,—
Fain would we hide with you, and win the boon of rest.

Sorrow is with the living! Youth doth fade—
And Joy unclasp its tendrils green, to die—
The mocking tares our harvest-hopes invade,
On wrecking blasts our garnered treasures fly,
Our idols shame the soul's idolatry,
Unkindness gnaws the bosom's secret core,
Long-trusted friendship turns an altered eye
When, helpless, we its sympathies implore—
Oh! take us to your arms, that we may weep no more.

THE HALL OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

This is the sacred fane wherein assembled
The fearless champions on the side of Right;
Men, at whose declaration empires trembled,
Moved by the truth's immortal might.

Here stood the patriot band—one union folding
The Eastern, Northern, Southern sage and seer,
Within that living bond which truth upholding,
Proclaims each man his fellow's peer.

Here rose the anthem, which all nations hearing,
In loud response the echoes backward hurled;
Reverberating still the ceaseless cheering,
Our continent repeats it to the world.

This is the hallowed spot where first, unfurling,
Fair Freedom spread her blazing scroll of light;
Here, from oppression's throne the tyrant hurling,
She stood supreme in majesty and might!

THE LAST OF THE BOURBONS.

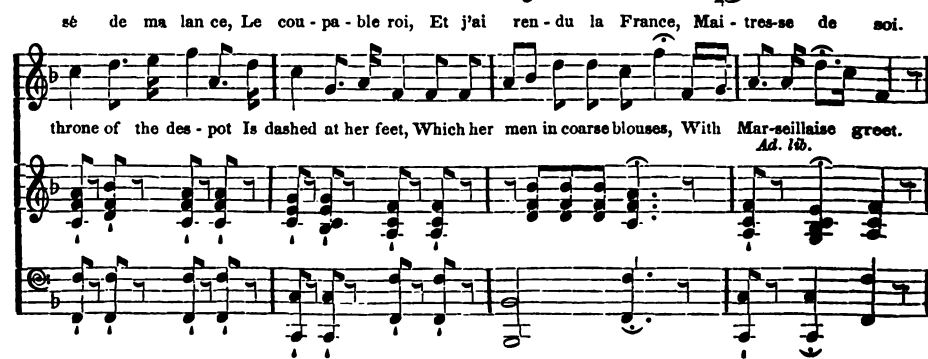
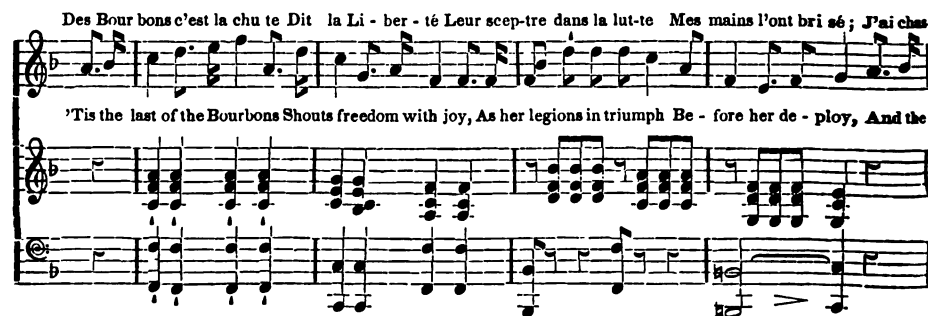
A FRENCH PATRIOTIC SONG,

WRITTEN BY ALEXANDRE PANTOLÉON,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO THE NATIONAL GUARD OF FRANCE, BY

J. C. N. G.

Presented by George Willig, No. 171 Chesnut Street, Philad'a.—Copyright secured.



Vi - ve, vi - ve, vi - ve la Li-ber-té! Vi - ve, vi - ve, vi - ve la Li-ber-té!

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! for Li-ber-ty! Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! for Li - ber - ty!

Tempo. CHORUS.

ff

A - bas les ty - rans! A - bas les ty - rans! Vi - ve, vi - ve, vi - ve la Li-ber-té!

Ty-rants shall no more our coun - try con-trol! Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! for Li - ber - ty!

ff

II.

Oh thou spirit of lightning
That movest the French
From the hands of the tyrant,
The sceptre to wrench.
Thou no more wilt be cheated
But keep under arms
Till the sway thou upholdest
Is free from alarms!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

III.

Tis too late for an Infant
To govern a land
Which a tyrant long practiced
Has failed to command.
For the men of fair Gallia
At home will be free,
And extend independence
To lands o'er the sea!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

II.

J'entends gronder la foudre
Des braves Français
Ils ont réduit en poudre
Le siège des forfaits.
Leurs éclairs épouvantent
Les rois étrangers
Dont les glaives tourmentent
Des coeurs opprimés.
Vive, vive, &c.

III.

Désormais soyez sages
Restez tous armés
Protégeant vos suffrages
Et vos droits sacrés.
Comblez l'espoir unique
De France! en avant!
Vive la République!
A bas les tyrans!
Vive, vive, &c.

TO AN ISLE OF THE SEA.*

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

BRIGHT Isle of the Ocean, and gem of the sea,
Thou art stately and fair as an island can be,
With thy cliffs tow'ring upward, thy valleys outspread,
And thy fir-crested hills, where the mountain deer tread,
So crowned with rich verdure, so kissed by each ray
Of the day-god that mounts on and upward his way,
While thy wild rushing torrent, thy streams in their flow,
Reflect the high archway of heaven below,
Whose clear azure curtains, so cloudless and bright,
Are here ever tinged with the red gold at night;
Then with one burst of glory the sun sinks to rest,
And the stars they shine out on the land that is blest.

Thy foliage is fadeless, no chilling winds blow,
No frost has embraced thee, no mantle of snow;
Then hail to each sunbeam whose swift airy flight
Speeds on for thy valleys each hill-top and height!
To clothe them in glory then die 'mid the roar
Of the sea-waves which echo far up from the shore!
They will rest for a day, as if bound by a spell,
They will noiselessly fall where the beautiful dwell,
They will beam on thy summits so lofty and lone,
Where nature hath sway and her emerald throne,
Then each pearly dew-drop descending at even,
At morn they will bear to the portals of Heaven.

Thou art rich in the spoils of the deep sounding sea,
Thou art blest in thy clime, (of all climates for me,)
Thou hast wealth on thy bosom, where orange-flowers
bloom,
And thy groves with their golden-hued fruit bending low,
In thy broad-leaved banana, thy fig and the lime,
And grandeur and beauty, in palm-tree and vine.
Thou hast wreaths on thy brow, and gay flowers ever
bloom,
Wafting upward and onward a deathless perfume,
While round thee the sea-birds first circle, then rise,
Then sink to the wave and then glance tow'rd the skies!

* Santa Cruz.

While their bright plumage glows 'neath the sun's burn-
ing light,
And their screams echo back in a song of Delight.
Thou hast hearts that are noble, and doubtless are brave,
Thou hast altars to bow at, for worship and praise,
Thou hast light when night's curtains around thee are
driven
From the Cross which beams out in the far southern
heaven,
Yet one spot of darkness remains on thy breast,
As a cloud in the depth of a calm sky at rest.

Like a queen that is crowned, or a king on his throne,
In grandeur thou sittest majestic and lone,
And the power of thy beauty is breathed on each gale,
As it sweeps o'er thy hills or descends to the vale;
And homage is offered most boundless and free,
Oh, Isle of the Ocean, in gladness to thee,
So circled with waters, so dashed by the spray
Of the waves which leap upward then stop in their way.

And lo! thou art loved by a child of the West,
For the beauty and bloom of thy tropical breast,
Yet dearer by far is that land where the skies
Though colder bends o'er it and bleak winds arise,
Where the broad chart of Nature is boldly unfurled,
And a light from the free beameth out o'er the world.

Yes, dearer that land where the eagle on high
Spreads his wings to the wind as he cleaves the cold sky,
Where mountain, and torrent, and forest and vale,
Are swept by the path of the storm-ridden gale,
And each rock is an altar, each heart is a shrine,
Where Freedom is worshiped in Liberty clime,
And her banners float out on the breath of the gale,
Bright symbols of glory which proudly we hail,
And her bulwarks are reared where the heart of the
brave
Refused to be subject, and scorned to be slave.

SONNET:—TO ARABELLA,

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

THERE is a pathos in those azure eyes,
Touching, and beautiful, and strange, fair child!
When the fringed lids upturn, such radiance mild
Beams out as in some brimming lakelet lies,
Which undisturbed reflects the cloudless skies:
No tokens glitter there of passion wild,
That into ecstasy with time shall rise;

But in the deep of those clear orbs are signs—
Which Poesy's prophetic eye divines—
Of woman's love, enduring, undefiled!
If, like the lake at rest, through life we see
Thy face reflect the heaven that in it shines,
No idol to thy worshipers thou'lt be,
For he will worship HEAVEN, who worships thee.

PROTESTATION.

No, I will not forget thee. Hearts may break
Around us, as old lifeless trees are snapt
By the swift breath of whirlwinds as they wake

Their path amid the forest. Lightning-wrapt,
(For love is fire from Heaven,) we calmly stand—
Heart pressed to answering heart—hand linked with hand.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Endymion. By Henry B. Hirst. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

It was Goethe, we believe, who objected to some poet, that he put too much water in his ink. This objection would apply to the uncounted host of our amateur versifiers, and poets by the grace of verbiage. If an idea, or part of an idea, chances to stray into the brain of an American gentleman, he quickly apparels it in an old coat from his wardrobe of worn phrases, and rushes off in mad haste to the first magazine or newspaper, in order that the public may enjoy its delectable beauty at once. We have on hand enough MSS. of this kind, which we never intend to print, to freight the navy of Great Britain. But mediocrity and stupidity are not the only sinners in respect to this habit of writing carelessly. Hasty composition is an epidemic among many of our writers, whose powers, if disciplined by study, and directed to a definite object, would enable them to produce beautiful and permanent works. So general is the mental malady to which we have alluded, that it affects the judgments of criticism, and if a collection of lines, going under the name of a poem, contains fine passages, or felicitous flashes of thought, it commonly passes muster as satisfying the requirements of the critical code. Careless writers, therefore, are sustained by indulgent critics, and between both good literature is apt to be strangled in its birth.

Now it is due to Mr. Hirst to say that his poem belongs not to the class we have described. It is no transcript of chance conceptions, expressed in loose language, and recklessly huddled together, without coherence and without artistic form, but a true and consistent creation, with a central principle of vitality and a definite shape. He has, in short, produced an original poem on a classic subject, written in a style of classic grace, sweetness and simplicity, rejecting all superfluous ornament and sentimental prettinesses, and conveying one clear and strong impression throughout all its variety of incident, character and description. It is no conglomeration of parts, but an organic whole. This merit alone should give him a high rank among the leading poets of the country, for it evidences that he has a clear notion of what the word poem means.

We have neither time nor space to analyze the poem, and indicate its merits as a work of art. It displays throughout great force and delicacy of conception, a fine sense of harmony, and a power and decision of expression which neither overloads nor falls short of the thought. In tone it is half way between Shelley and Keats, neither so ideal as the one nor so sensuous as the other. Keat's *Endymion* is so thick with fancies, and verbal daintinesses, and sweet sensations, that with all its wonderful affluence of beautiful things it lacks unity of impression. The mind of the poet is so possessed by his subject that, in an artistic sense, he becomes its victim, and wanders in metaphor, and revels in separate images, and gets entangled in a throng of thoughts, until, at the end, we have a sense of a beautiful confusion of "flowers of all hues, and weeds of glorious feature," and applaud the fertility at the expense of the force of his mind. The truth is that will is an important element of genius, and without it the spontaneous productions of the mind must lack the highest quality of poetic art. True intellectual creation is an *effort* of the imagination, not its result, and without force of will to guide it, it does not obey its own laws, and gives little impression of

real power. Art is not the prize of luck or the effect of chance, but of conscious combination of vital elements. Mr. Hirst, though he does give evidence of Keats' fluency of fancy and expression, has really produced a finer work of art. We think it is so important that a poem, to be altogether worthy of the name, should be deeply meditated and carefully finished, that we hazard this last opinion at the expense of being berated by all the undeveloped geniuses of the land, as having no true sense of the richness of Keats' mind, or the great capacity implied, rather than fully expressed, in his *Endymion*.

Mere extracts alone can give no fair impression of the beauty of Mr. Hirst's poem as a whole, but we cannot leave it without quoting a few passages illustrative of the author's power of spiritualizing the voluptuous, and the grace, harmony and expressiveness of his verse:

And still the moon arose, serenely hovering,
Dove-like, above the horizon. Like a queen
She walked in light between
The stars—her lovely handmaids—softly covering
Valley and wold, and mountain-side and plain
With streams of lucid rain.

She saw not Eros, who on rosy pinion
Hung in the willow's shadow—did not feel
His subtle searching steel
Piercing her very soul, though his dominion
Her breast had grown: and what to her was heaven
If from *Endymion* riven?

Nothing; for love flowed in her, like a river,
Flooding the banks of wisdom; and her soul,
Losing its self-control,
Waved with a vague, uncertain, tremulous quiver;
And like a lily in the storm, at last
She sunk 'neath passion's blast.

Flowing the fragrance rose—as though each blossom
Breathed out its very life—swell over swell,
Like mist along the dell,
 wooing his wondering heart from out his bosom—
His heart, which like a lark seemed slowly winging
Its way toward heaven, singing.

Dian looked on; she saw her spells completing,
And signing, bade the sweetest nightingale
That ever in Carian vale
Sang to her charms, rise, and with softest greeting
Woo from its mortal dreams and thoughts of clay
Endymion's soul away.

From the conclusion of the poem we take a few stanzas, describing the struggle of Dian with her passion, when *Endymion* asserts his love for Chromia:

The goddess gasped for breath, with bosom swelling;
Her lips unclosed, while her large, luminous eyes
Blazing like Stygian skies,
With passion, on the audacious youth were dwelling;
She raised her angry hand, that seemed to clasp
Jove's thunder in its grasp.

And then she stood in silence, fixed and breathless;
But presently the threatening arm slid down;
The fierce, destroying frown
Departed from her eyes, which took a deathless
Expression of despair, like Niobe's—
Her dead ones at her knees.

Slowly her agony passed, and an Elysian,
Majestic fervor lit her lofty eyes,
Now dwelling on the skies:
Meanwhile, *Endymion* stood, cheek, brow and vision,
Radiant with resignation, stern and cold,
In conscious virtue bold,

In conclusion, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Hirst on his success in producing a poem conceived with so much

force and refinement of imagination, and finished with such consummate art, as the present. It is a valuable addition to the permanent poetical literature of the country.

Memoir of William Ellery Channing. With Extracts from His Correspondence and Manuscripts. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 3 vols. 12mo.

This long expected work has at last been published, and we think it will realize the high expectations raised by its announcement two or three years ago. It is mostly composed of extracts from the letters, journals, and unpublished sermons of Dr. Channing, and is edited by his nephew, Wm. H. Channing, who has also supplied a memoir. It conveys a full view of Dr. Channing's interior life from childhood to old age, and apart from its great value and interest, contains, in the exhibition of the steps of his intellectual and spiritual growth, as perfect a specimen of psychological autobiography as we have in literature. Such a work subjects its author to the severest tests which can be applied to a human mind in this life, and we have risen from its perusal with a new idea of the humility, sincerity, and saintliness of Dr. Channing's character. In him self-distrust was admirably blended with a sublime conception of the capacity of man, and a sublime confidence in human nature. He was not an egotist, as passages in his writings may seem to indicate, for he was more severe upon himself than upon others, and numberless remarks in the present volumes show how sharp was the scrutiny to which he subjected the most elusive appearances of pride and vanity. But with his high and living sense of the source and destiny of every human mind, and his almost morbid consciousness of the deformity of moral evil, he revered in himself and in others the presence of a spirit which connected humanity with its Maker, and by unfolding the greatness of the spiritual capacities of men, he hoped to elevate them above the degradation of sensuality and sin. He was not a teacher of spiritual pride, conceit and self-worship, but of those vital principles of love and reverence which elevate man only by directing his aspirations to God.

The present volumes give a full length portrait of Dr. Channing in all the relations of life, and some of the minor details regarding his opinions and idiosyncrasies are among the most interesting portions of the book. We are glad to perceive that he early appreciated Wordsworth. The Excursion he eagerly read on its first appearance, and while so many of the Pharisees of taste were scoffing at it, he manfully expressed his sense of its excellence. This poem he recurred to oftener than to any other, and next to Shakespeare, Wordsworth seems to have been the poet he read with the most thoughtful delight. When he went to Europe, in 1822, he had an interview with Wordsworth, and of the impression he himself made on the poet there can be no more pertinent illustration, than the fact that, twenty years afterward, Wordsworth mentioned to an American gentleman that one observation of Channing, respecting the connection of Christianity with progress, had stamped itself ineffaceably upon his mind. Coleridge he appears to have profoundly impressed. In a letter to Washington Allston, Coleridge says of him—"His affection for the good as the good, and his earnestness for the true as the true—with that harmonious subordination of the latter to the former, without encroachment on the absolute worth of either—present in him a character which in my heart's heart I believe to be the very rarest on earth. . . . Mr. Channing is a philosopher in both the possible renderings of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love. . . . I am confident that the few differences of opinion between him and myself not only

are, but would by him be found to be apparent, not real—the same truth seen in different relations. Perhaps I have been more absorbed in the depth of the mystery of the spiritual life, he more engrossed by the loveliness of its manifestations."

In nothing is Dr. Channing's humility better seen than in his relations to literature. He became an author almost unconsciously. All his intellectual convictions were a indissolubly woven into the texture of his life, so vitalized by his heart and imagination, that writing with him was never an end but a means. Literary fame followed him, he did not follow it. When, however, he found that his reputation not only rung through his own country but was reverberated from Europe, he appears to have feared that it might corrupt his motives for composition. He studiously avoided reading all eulogistic notices of his works a character, though they were interesting to him as indications of the influence his cherished opinions were exerting. The article in the Westminster Review, which exceeded all others in praise, he never read. Dr. Dewey's criticism in the Christian Examiner he only knew as far as related to its objections, and his only disappointment was in finding them so few. Brougham's criticism on his style provoked in him no retort. Hazlitt's coarse attack on him in the Edinburgh Review he considered as an offset to the undue praise he had received from other quarters. "The author of the article," he says, in one of his letters, "is now dead; and as I did not feel a moment's anger toward him during his life, I have no reproach for him now. He was a man of fine powers, and wanted nothing but pure and fixed principles to make him one of the lights of the age."

It would be impossible in our limits to convey an adequate impression of the beauty, value, or interest of the present volumes. They are full of matter. The letters are admirable specimens of epistolary composition, considered as the spontaneous expression of a grave, high and warm nature, to the friends of his heart and mind. They are exceedingly original of their kind, and while they bear no resemblance to those of Cowper, Burns, Byron, or Mackintosh, they are on that very account a positive addition to the literature of epistolary composition. Few biographies have been published within a century calculated to make so deep an impression as this of Dr. Channing, and few could have admitted the reader to so close a communion with the subject, without sacrificing that delicacy in the treatment of frailties due to the character of the departed.

Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 2 vols. 12mo.

The present work is to some extent an attempt "to head" Mr. Headley. For our part, we profess to have as much patience as any of the descendants of Job, but we must acknowledge that we have broken down in every effort to master the merits of the quarrel between the publishers of the present volumes and the Author of *Napoleon and his Marshals*. Accordingly we can give no opinion on that matter. In respect to the value of the volumes under consideration, as compared with a similar work by Mr. Headley, there can be little hesitation of judgment. It is idle to say, as some have said, that a work which has run through fifteen editions, as Mr. Headley's has done, is a mere humbug. On the contrary, it is a book evincing a mind as shrewd as it is strong, aiming, it is true, rather at popularity than excellence, but obtaining the former by possessing the sagacity to perceive that accounts of battles, to be generally apprehended, must be addressed to the eye and blood rather than to the understanding; and this power

of producing vivid pictures of events Mr. Headley has in large measure. Hence the success of his book, in spite of its exaggerations of statement, sentiment and language.

The present work evinces a merit of another kind. It is a keen, accurate, well-written production, devoid of all tumult in its style and all exaggeration in its matter, and giving close and consistent expositions of the characters, and a clear narrative of the lives, of Napoleon and his Marshals. It is evidently the work of a person who understands military operations, and conveys a large amount of knowledge which we have seen in no other single production on the subject of the wars springing out of the French Revolution. The portraits of fifteen of the marshals, in military costume, are very well executed.

The portion of the work devoted to Napoleon, about one third of the whole, is very able. Its defect consists in the leniency of its judgment on that gigantic public criminal. Napoleon was a grand example of a great man, who demonstrated, on a wide theatre of action, what can be done in this world by a colossal intellect and an iron will without any moral sense. In his disregard of humanity, and his reliance on falsehood and force, he was the architect at once of his fortune and his ruin. No man can be greatly and wisely politic who is incapable of grasping those universal sentiments which underlie all superficial selfishness in mankind, and of discerning the action of the moral laws of the universe. Without this, events cannot be read in their principles. The only defect in Napoleon's mind was a lack of moral insight, the quality of perceiving the moral character and relations of objects, and, wanting this, he must necessarily have been in the long run unsuccessful. It is curious that of all the great men which the Revolution called forth, Lafayette was almost the only one who never violated his conscience, and the only one who came out well in the end. Intellectually he was below a hundred of his contemporaries, but his instinctive sense of right pushed him blindly in the right direction, when all the sagacity and insight of the masters in intrigue and comprehensive falsehood signally failed.

Romance of the History of Louisiana. A Series of Lectures.
By Charles Gayarre. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
1 vol. 12mo.

The romantic element in historical events is that which takes the strongest hold upon the imagination and sensibility; and it puts a certain degree of life into the fleshless forms of even the commonplace historian. The incidents of a nation's annals cannot be narrated in a style sufficiently dry and prosaic to prevent the soul of poetry from finding some expression, however short of the truth. It seems to us that there is much error in the common notions regarding matters of fact. Starting from the unquestionable axiom that historians should deal with facts and principles, not with fictions and sentimentalities, most people have illogically concluded that those histories are the worthiest of belief which address the understanding alone, and studiously avoid all the arts of representation. Now this is false in two respects—such histories not only giving imperfect and partial views of facts, but disabling the memory from retaining even them. Facts and events, whether we regard them singly or in their relations, can be perceived and remembered only as they are presented to the whole nature. They must be realized as well as generalized. The sensibility and imagination, as well as the understanding are to be addressed. As far as possible they should be made as real to the mind as any event which experience has stamped on the memory. History thus written, is written close to the truth of things, and conveys real knowledge. Far from departing from facts, or exaggerating them, it is the only

kind of history which thoroughly comprehends them. We should never forget that the events which have occurred in the world, are expressions of the nature of man under a variety of circumstances and conditions, and that these events must be interpreted in the light of that common humanity which binds all men together. History, therefore, differs from true poetry, not so much in intensity and fullness of representation; not so much in the force, vividness and distinctness with which things are brought home to the heart and brain, as in difference of object. The historian and the poet are both bound to deal with human nature, but one gives us its actual development, the other its possible; one shows us what man has done, the other what man can do. The annalist who does not enable us to see mankind in real events, is as unnatural as the poetaster who substitutes monstrosities for men in fictitious events.

We accordingly welcome with peculiar heartiness all attempts at realizing history, by evolving its romantic element, and thus demonstrating to the languid and lazy readers of ninepenny nonsense, that the actual heroes and heroines of the world have surpassed in romantic daring the fictitious ones who swell and swagger in most novels and poems. Mr. Gayarre's work is more interesting, both as regards its characters and incidents, than *Jane Eyre* or James's "last," for, in truth, it requires a mind of large scope to imagine great things as many men, in every country, have really performed. The *History of Louisiana* affords a rich field to the poet and romancer, who is content simply to reproduce in their original life some of its actual scenes and characters; and Mr. Gayarre has, to a considerable extent, succeeded in this difficult and delicate task. The work evinces a mind full of the subject; and if defective at all, the defect is rather in style than matter. The author evidently had two temptations to hasty composition—a copious vocabulary and complete familiarity with his subject. There is an occasional impetuosity and recklessness in his manner, and a general habit of tossing off his sentences with an air of disdainful indifference, which characterizes a large class of amateur southern writers. Such a style is often rapid from heedlessness rather than force, and animated from caprice rather than fire. The timid correctness of an elegant diction is not more remote from beauty than the defiant carelessness of a reckless one is from power; and to avoid Mr. Prettyman, it is by no means necessary to "fraternize" with Sir Foreible Feeble. Mr. Gayarre has produced so pleasant a book, and gives evidence of an ability to do so much toward familiarizing American history to the hearts and imaginations of the people, that we trust he will not only give us more books, but subject their style to a more scrupulous examination than he has the present.

Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language.
By Joseph E. Worcester. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

The present century has been distinguished above all others in the history of English lexicography, for the number and excellence of its dictionaries. It is a matter of pride to Americans that so far the United States are in advance of England, in regard to the sagacity and labor devoted to the English language. Of those who have done most in this department, the pre-eminence belongs to Dr. Webster and Dr. Worcester. Each has published a Dictionary of great value; and that of the latter is now before us. It bears on every page marks of the most gigantic labor, and must have been the result of many long years of thought and investigation. Its arrangement is admirable, and its definitions clear, concise, critical, and ever to the

purpose. The introduction, devoted to the principles of pronunciation, orthography, English Grammar, the origin, formation, and etymology of the English language; and the History of English Lexicography is laden with important information, drawn from a wide variety of sources. Dr. Worcester has also, in the appendix, enlarged and improved Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Names, and added the pronunciation of modern geographical names. Taken as a whole, we think the dictionary one which not even the warmest admirers of Dr. Webster can speak of without respect. The advantage which Dr. Worcester's dictionary holds over Dr. Webster's may be compressed in one word—objectiveness. The English language, as a whole, is seen through a more transparent medium in the former than in the latter. Dr. Webster, with all his great merits as a lexicographer, loved to meddle with the language too much. Dr. Worcester is content to take it as it is, without any intrusion of his own idiosyncracies. We think that both dictionaries are honorable to the country, and that each has its peculiar excellencies. Perhaps the student of lexicography could spare neither.

The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha. From the Spanish of Cervantes. With Illustrations by Schoff. Boston: Charles H. Peirce. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a very handsome edition of one of the most wonderful creations of the human intellect, elegantly illustrated with appropriate engravings. It is to a certain extent a family edition, omitting only those portions of the original which would shock the modesty of modern times. We know that there is a great opposition among men of letters to the practice of meddling with a work of genius, and suppressing any portion of it. To a considerable extent we sympathize with this feeling. But when the question lies between a purified edition and the withdrawal of the book from popular circulation, we go for the former. Don Quixote is a pertinent instance. It is not now a book generally read by many classes of people, especially young women, and the younger branches of a family. The reason consists in the coarseness of particular passages and sentences. Strike these out, and there remains a body of humor, pathos, wisdom, humanity, expressed in characters and incidents of engrossing interest, which none can read without benefit and pleasure. The present volume, which might be read by the fireside of any family, is so rich in all the treasures of its author's beautiful and beneficent genius, that we heartily wish it an extensive circulation. It is got up with great care by one who evidently understands Cervantes; and the unity of the work, with all its beautiful episodes, is not broken by the omissions.

Wurthuring Heights. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This novel is said to be by the author of *Jane Eyre*, and was eagerly caught at by a famished public, on the strength of the report. It afforded, however, but little nutriment, and has universally disappointed expectation. There is an old saying that those who eat toasted cheese at night will dream of Lucifer. The author of *Wurthuring Heights* has evidently eat toasted cheese. How a human being could have attempted such a book as the present without committing suicide before he had finished a dozen chapters, is a mystery. It is a compound of vulgar depravity and unnatural horrors, such as we might suppose a person, inspired by a mixture of brandy and gunpowder, might write for the edification of fifth-rate blackguards. Were Mr. Quilp alive we should be inclined to believe that the work had been dictated by him to Lawyer Brass, and published by the interesting sister of that legal gentleman.

A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Public Services of James Kent, late Chancellor of the State of New York. By John Duer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This discourse was originally delivered before the Judiciary and Bar of the city and State of New York. In a style of unpretending simplicity it gives a full length portrait of the great chancellor, doing complete justice to his life, works, and avoiding all the vague commendation and meaningless generalities of commonplace eulogy. One charm of the discourse comes from its being the testimony of a surviving friend to the intellectual and moral worth of a great man, without being marred by the exaggeration of personal attachment. Judge Kent's mind and character needed but justice, and could dispense with charity, even when friendship was to indicate the grasp of the one and the excellence of the other.

Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into the Eastern States. By Rev. A. Stevens, A. M. Boston: Charles H. Peirce. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Stevens takes a high rank among the leading minds of his denomination. The present work shows that he combines the power of patient research with the ability to express its results in a lucid, animated, and elegant style. His biographies of the Methodist preachers have the interest of a story. Indeed, out of the Catholic Church, there is no religious chivalry whose characters and actions partake so much of heroism, and of that fine enthusiasm which almost loses its own identity in the objects it contemplates, as the Methodist priests.

The Inundation; or Pardon and Peace. A Christmas Story. By Mrs. Gore. With Illustrations by Cruikshank. Boston: C. H. Peirce. 1 vol. 18mo.

This is a delightful little story, interesting from its incidents and characters, and conveying excellent morality and humanity in a pleasing dress. The illustrations are those of the London edition, and are admirably executed. Cruikshank's mode of making a face expressive of character by caricaturing it, is well exhibited in his work in the present volume.

The Book of Visions, being a Transcript of the Record of the Secret Thoughts of a Variety of Individuals while attending Church.

The design of this little work is original and commendable. It is written to do good, and we trust may answer the expectations of its author. It enters the bosoms of members of the cabinet, members of congress, bankers, lawyers, editors, &c., and reports the secret meditations of those who affect to be worshipers. It is published by J. W. Moore of this city.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

TOILETTE DE VILLE.—Dress of Nankin silk, ornamented in the front of the skirt with bias trimming of the same stuff, fastened by silk buttons; corset plain, with a rounded point, ornamented at the skirt; sleeves half long, with bias trimming; under sleeves of puffed muslin; capote of white crape, ornamented with two plumes falling upon the side.

SUR LE COTE.—Dress of blue glacé taffetas, trimmed with two puffs alike, disposed (en tablier); corset plain, low in the neck, and trimmed with puffs from the shoulder to the point, and down the side seam; sleeves short, and puffed; stomacher of plaited muslin, (under sleeves of puffed muslin); cap of lace, lower part puffed, without trimming, ornamented with two long lappets, fastened with some bows of yellow ribbon.



Engraved by J. H. Johnson

Engraved by J. H. Johnson

*your obedient servant,
Maria Brooks.*



near the time of the second captivity, is very confused, and more than one young prince resembling Sardijs, might have reigned and died without a record. So much of the main story however as relates to human life is based upon sacred or profane history; and we have sufficient authority for the legend of an angel's passion for one of the fair daughters of our own world. It was a custom in the early ages to style heroes, to raise to the rank of demigods, men who were distinguished for great abilities, qualities or actions. Above such men the angels who are supposed to have visited the earth were but one grade exalted, and they were capable of participating in human pains and pleasures. Zophiël is described as one of those who fell with Lucifer, not from ambition or turbulence, but from friendship and excessive admiration of the chief disturber of the tranquillity of heaven: as he declares, when thwarted by his betrayer, in the fourth canto:

Though the first seraph formed, how could I tell
The ways of guile? What marvels I believed
When cold ambition mimicked love so well
That half the sons of heaven looked on deceived!

During the whole interview in which this stanza occurs, the deceiver of men and angels exhibits his alledged power of inflicting pain. He says to Zophiël, after arresting his course:

"Sublime Intelligence,
Once chosen for my friend and worthy me:
Not so wouldst thou have labored to be hence,
Had my emprise been crowned with victory.
When I was bright in heaven, thy seraph eyes
Sought only mine. But he who every power
Beside, while hope allured him, could despise,
Changed and forsook me, in misfortune's hour."

To which Zophiël replies:

"Changed, and forsook thee? this from thee to me?
Once noble spirit! Oh! had not too much
My o'er fond heart adored thy fallacy,
I had not, now, been here to bear thy keen reproach;
Forsook thee in misfortune? at thy side
I closer sought as peril thickened round,
Watched o'er thee fallen: the light of heaven denied,
But proved my love more fervent and profound.
Prone as thou wert, had I been mortal-born,
And owned as many lives as leaves there be,
From all Hyrcania by his tempest torn
I had lost, one by one, and given the last for thee.
Oh! had thy plighted pact of faith been kept,
Still unaccomplished were the curse of sin;
Mid all the woes thy ruined followers wept,
Had friendship lingered, hell could not have been."

Phraëriion, another fallen angel, but of a nature gentler than that of Zophiël, is thus introduced:

Harmless Phraëriion, formed to dwell on high,
Retained the looks that had been his above;
And his harmonious lip, and sweet, blue eye,
Soothed the fallen seraph's heart, and changed his
scorn to love;
No soul-creative in this being born,
Its restless, daring, fond aspirations hid:
Within the vortex of rebellion drawn,
He joined the shining ranks as others did.
Success but little had advanced; defeat
He thought so little, scarce to him were worse;
And, as he held in heaven inferior seat,
Less was his bliss, and lighter was his curse.
He formed no plans for happiness: content
To curl the tendrils, fold the bud; his pain
So light, he scarcely felt his banishment.
Zophiël, perchance, had held him in disdain;
But, formed for friendship, from his o'erfraught soul
"T was such relief his burning thoughts to pour
In other ears, that oft the strong control
Of pride he felt them burst, and could restrain no more.

Zophiël was soft, but yet all flame; by turns
Love, grief, remorse, shame, pity, jealousy,
Each boundless in his breast, impels or burns:
His joy was bliss, his pain was agony.

Such are the principal preter-human characters in the poem. Egla, the heroine, is a Hebræss of perfect beauty, who lives with her parents not far from the city of Ecbatana, and has been saved, by stratagem, from a general massacre of captives, under a former king of Medea. Being brought before the reigning monarch to answer for the supposed murder of Meles, she exclaims,

Sad from my birth, nay, born upon that day
When perished all my race, my infant ears
Were opened first with groans; and the first ray
I saw, came dimly through my mother's tears.

Zophiël is described throughout the poem as burning with the admiration of virtue, yet frequently betrayed into crime by the pursuit of pleasure. Straying accidentally to the grove of Egla, he is struck with her beauty, and finds consolation in her presence. He appears, however, at an unfortunate moment, for the fair Judean has just yielded to the entreaties of her mother and assented to proposals offered by Meles, a noble of the country; but Zophiël causes his rival to expire suddenly on entering the bridal apartment, and his previous life at Babylon, as revealed in the fifth canto, shows that he was not undeserving of his doom. Despite her extreme sensibility, Egla is highly endowed with "conscience and caution;" and she regards the advances of Zophiël with distrust and apprehension. Meles being missed, she is brought to court to answer for his murder. Her sole fear is for her parents, who are the only Hebrews in the kingdom, and are suffered to live but through the clemency of Sardijs, a young prince who has lately come to the throne, and who, like many oriental monarchs, reserves to himself the privilege of decreeing death. The king is convinced of her innocence, and, struck with her extraordinary beauty and character, resolves suddenly to make her his queen. We know of nothing in its way finer than the description which follows, of her introduction, in the simple costume of her country, to a gorgeous banquet hall in which he sits with his assembled chiefs:

With unassured yet graceful step advancing,
The light vermilion of her cheek more warm
For doubtful modesty; while all were glancing
Over the strange attire that well became such form
To lend her space the admiring hand gave way;
The sandals on her silvery feet were blue;
Of saffron tint her robe, as when young day
Spreads softly o'er the heavens, and tints the trembling dew.
Light was that robe as mist; and not a gem
Or ornament impeded its wavy fold,
Long and profuse; save that, above its hem,
"T was brodered with pomegranate-wreath, in gold.
And, by a silken cincture, broad and blue,
In shapely guise about the waste confined,
Blent with the curls that, of a lighter hue,
Half floated, waving in their length behind;
The other half, in braided tresses twined,
Was decked with rose of pearls, and sapphires azure too.
Arranged with curious skill to imitate
The sweet acacia's blossoms; just as live
And droop those tender flowers in natural state;
And so the trembling gems seemed sensitive,
And pendent, sometimes touch her neck; and there
Seemed shrinking from its softness as alive.
And round her arms, flour-white and round and fair,
Slight bandelets were twined of colors five,

Like little rainbows seemly on those arms;
 None of that court had seen the like before,
 Soft, fragrant, bright—so much like heaven her charms,
 It scarce could seem idolatry to adore.
 He who beheld her hand forgot her face;
 Yet in that face was all beside forgot;
 And he who, as she went, beheld her pace,
 And locks profuse, had said, "nay, turn thee not."

Idaspes, the Medean vizier, or prime minister, has reflected on the maiden's story, and is alarmed for the safety of his youthful sovereign, who consents to some delay and experiment, but will not be dissuaded from his design until five inmates of his palace have fallen dead in the captive's apartment. The last of these is Altheëtor, a favorite of the king, (whose Greek name is intended to express his qualities,) and the circumstances of his death, and the consequent grief of Eglia and despair of Zophiël, are painted with a beauty, power and passion scarcely surpassed.

Touching his golden harp to prelude sweet,
 Entered the youth, so pensive, pale, and fair;
 Advanced respectful to the virgin's feet,
 And, lowly bending down, made tuneful parliance there.
 Like perfume, soft his gentle accents rose,
 And sweetly thrilled the gilded roof along;
 His warm, devoted soul no terror knows,
 And truth and love lend fervor to his song.
 She hides her face upon her couch, that there
 She may not see him die. No groan—she springs
 Frantic between a hope-beam and despair,
 And twines her long hair round him as he sings.
 Then thus: "O! being, who unseen but near,
 Art hovering now, behold and pity me!
 For love, hope, beauty, music—all that's dear,
 Look, look on me, and spare my agony!
 Spirit! in mercy make not me the cause,
 The hateful cause, of this kind being's death!
 In pity kill me first! He lives—he draws—
 Thou wilt not blast?—he draws his harmless breath!"

Still lives Altheëtor; still unguarded strays
 One hand o'er his fallen lyre; but all his soul
 Is lost—given up. He fain would turn to gaze,
 But cannot turn, so twined. Now all that stole
 Through every vein, and thrilled each separate nerve,
 Himself could not have told—all wound and clasped
 In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
 To save him? "What a sea of sweets!" he gasped,
 But 't was delight: sound, fragrance, all were breathing;
 Still swelled the transport: "Let me look and thank!"
 He sighed (celestial smiles his lips unwreathing.)
 "I die—but ask no more," he said, and sank;
 Still by her arms supported—lower—lower—
 As by soft sleep oppressed; so calm, so fair,
 He rested on the purple tapestried floor,
 It seemed an angel lay reposing there.

And Zophiël exclaims,

"He died of love, or the o'er-perfect joy
 Of being pitied—prayed for—pressed by thee.
 O! for the fate of that devoted boy
 I'd sell my birthright to eternity.
 I'm not the cause of this thy last distress.
 Nay! look upon thy spirit ere he flies!
 Look on me once, and learn to hate me less!"
 He said; and tears fell fast from his immortal eyes.

Beloved and admired at first, Eglia becomes an object of hatred and fear; for Zophiël being invisible to others her story is discredited, and she is suspected of murdering by some baleful art all who have died in her presence. She is, however, sent safely to her home, and lives, as usual, in retirement with her parents. The visits of Zophiël are now unimpeded. He instructs the young Jewess in music and poetry; his admiration and affection grow with the hours; and he exerts his immortal energies to preserve her from the least pain or sorrow, but selfishly confines her as much as possible to solitude,

and permits for her only such amusements as he himself can minister. Her confidence in him increases, and in her gentle society he almost forgets his fall and banishment.

But the difference in their natures causes him continual anxiety; knowing her mortality, he is always in fear that death or sudden blight will deprive him of her; and he consults with Phraërión on the best means of saving her from the perils of human existence. One evening,

Round Phraërión, nearer drawn,
 One beauteous arm he flung: "First to my love!
 We'll see her safe; then to our task till dawn."
 Well pleased, Phraërión answered that embrace;
 All balmy he with thousand breathing sweets,
 From thousand dewy flowers. "But to what place,"
 He said, "will Zophiël go? who danger greets
 As if 't were peace. The palace of the gnome,
 Tahathyam, for our purpose most were meet;
 But then, the wave, so cold and fierce, the gloom,
 The whirlpools, rocks, that guard that deep retreat!
 Yet there are fountains, which no sunny ray
 E'er danced upon, and drops come there at last,
 Which, for whole ages, filtering all the way,
 Through all the veins of earth, in winding maze have
 past.
 These take from mortal beauty every stain,
 And smooth the unseemly lines of age and pain,
 With every wondrous efficacy rife;
 Nay, once a spirit whispered of a draught,
 Of which a drop, by any mortal quaffed,
 Would save, for terms of years, his feeble, flickering
 life."

Tahathyam is the son of a fallen angel, and lives concealed in the bosom of the earth, guarding in his possession a vase of the elixir of life, bequeathed to him by a father whom he is not permitted to see. The visit of Zophiël and Phraërión to this beautiful but unhappy creature will remind the reader of the splendid creations of Dante.

The soft flower-spirit shuddered, looked on high,
 And from his bolder brother would have fled;
 But then the anger kindling in that eye
 He could not bear. So to fair Eglia's bed
 Followed and looked; then shuddering all with dread,
 To wondrous realms, unknown to men, he led;
 Continuing long in sunset course his flight,
 Until for flowery Sicily he bent;
 Then, where Italia smiled upon the night,
 Between their nearest shores chose midway his
 descent.
 The sea was calm, and the reflected moon
 Still trembled on its surface; not a breath
 Curled the broad mirror. Night had passed her noon;
 How soft the air! how cold the depths beneath!
 The spirits hover o'er that surface smooth,
 Zophiël's white arm around Phraërión's twined,
 In fond caresses, his tender cares to soothe,
 While either's nearer wing the other's crossed behind
 Well pleased, Phraërión half forgot his dread,
 And first, with foot as white as lotus leaf,
 The sleepy surface of the waves essayed;
 But then his smile of love gave place to drops of grief.
 How could he for that fluid, dense and chill,
 Change the sweet floods of air they floated on?
 E'en at the touch his shrinking fibres thrill;
 But ardent Zophiël, panting, hurries on,
 And (catching his mild brother's tears, with lip
 That whispered courage 'twixt each glowing kiss,)
 Persuades to plunge: limbs, wings, and locks they dip;
 Whate'er the other's pains, the lover felt but bliss.
 Quickly he draws Phraërión on, his toil
 Even lighter than he hoped: some power benign
 Seems to restrain the surges, while they boil
 'Mid crags and caverns, as of his design
 Respectful. That black, bitter element,
 As if obedient to his wish, gave way;
 So, comforting Phraërión, on he went,
 And a high, craggy arch they reach at dawn of day,
 Upon the upper world; and forced them through
 That arch, the thick, cold floods, with such a roar,
 That the bold sprite recoiled, and would view
 The cave before he ventured to explore.

Then, fearful lest his frightened guide might part
And not be missed amid such strife and din,
He strained him closer to his burning heart,
And, trusting to his strength, rushed fiercely in.

On, on, for many a weary mile they fare;
Till thinner grew the floods, long, dark and dense,
From nearness to earth's core; and now, a glare
Of grateful light relieved their piercing sense;
As when, above, the sun his genial streams
Of warmth and light darts mingling with the waves,
Whole fathoms down; while, amorous of his beams,
Each scaly, monstrous thing leaps from its slimy caves.
And now, Phraëriion, with a tender cry,
Far sweeter than the land-bird's note, afar
Heard through the azure arches of the sky,
By the long-baffled, storm-worn mariner:
"Hold, Zophiël! rest thee now—our task is done,
Tahathyam's realms alone can give this light!
O! though it is not the life-awakening sun,
How sweet to see it break upon such fearful night!"

Clear grew the wave, and thin; a substance white,
The wide-expanding cavern floors and flanks;
Could one have looked from high how fair the sight!
Like these, the dolphin, on Bahaman banks,
Cleaves the warm fluid, in his rainbow tints,
While even his shadow on the sands below
Is seen; as through the wave he glides, and glints,
Where lies the polished shell, and branching corals
grow.

No massive gate impedes; the wave, in vain,
Might strive against the air to break or fall;
And, at the portal of that strange domain,
A clear, bright curtain seemed, or crystal wall.
The spirits pass its bounds, but would not far
Tread its slant pavement, like unbidden guest;
The while, on either side, a bower of spar
Gave invitation for a moment's rest.
And, deep in either bower, a little throne
Looked so fantastic, it were hard to know
If busy nature fashioned it alone,
Or found some curious artist here below.

Soon spoke Phraëriion: "Come, Tahathyam, come,
Thou know'st me well! I saw thee once to love;
And bring a guest to view thy sparkling dome
Who comes full fraught with tidings from above."
Those gentle tones, angelically clear,
Past from his lips, in mazy depths retreating,
(As if that bower had been the cavern's ear),
Full many a studia far; and kept repeating,
As through the perforated rock they pass,
Echo to echo guiding them; their tone
* (As just from the sweet spirit's lip) at last
Tahathyam heard: where, on a glittering throne he
solitary sat.

Sending through the rock an answering strain, to
give the spirits welcome, the gnome prepares to
meet them at his palace-door:

He sat upon a car, (and the large pearl,
Once cradled in it, glimmered now without,)
Bound midway on two serpents' backs, that curl
In silent swiftness as he glides about.
A shell, 't was first in liquid amber wet,
Then ere the fragrant cement hardened round,
All o'er with large and precious stones 't was set
By skillful Tsavaven, or made or found.
The reins seemed pliant crystal (but their strength
Had matched his earthly mother's silken band)
And, flecked with rubies, flowed in ample length,
Like sparkles o'er Tahathyam's beauteous hand.
The reptiles, in their fearful beauty, drew,
As if from love, like steeds of Araby;
Like blood of lady's lip their scarlet hue;
Their scales so bright and sleek, 't was pleasure but to see.
With open mouths, as proud to show the bit,
They raise their heads, and arch their necks—(with eye
As bright as if with meteor fire 't were lit.)
And dart their barbed tongues, 'twixt fangs of ivory.
These, when the quick advancing sprites they saw
Furl their swift wings, and tread with angel grace
The smooth, fair pavement, checked their speed in awe,
And glided far aside as if to give them space.

The errand of the angels is made known to the
sovereign of this interior and resplendent world, and
upon conditions the precious elixir is promised; but

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first Zophiël and Phraëriion are ushered through sparry
portals to a banquet.

High towered the palace and its massive pile,
Made dubious if of nature or of art,
So wild and so uncouth; yet, all the while,
Shaped to strange grace in every varying part.
And groves adorned it, green in hue, and bright,
As icicles about a laurel-tree;
And danced about their twigs a wondrous light;
Whence came that light so far beneath the sea?
Zophiël looked up to know, and to his view
The vault scarce seemed less vast than that of day;
No rocky roof was seen; a tender blue
Appeared, as of the sky, and clouds about it play:
And, in the midst, an orb looked as 't were meant
To shame the sun, it mimicked him so well.
But ah! no quickening, grateful warmth it sent;
Cold as the rock beneath, the paly radiance fell.
Within, from thousand lamps the lustre strays.
Reflected back from gems about the wall;
And from twelve dolphin shapes a fountain plays,
Just in the centre of a spacious hall;
But whether in the sunbeam formed to sport,
These shapes once lived in supleness and pride,
And then, to decorate this wondrous court,
Were stolen from the waves and petrified;
Or, moulded by some imitative gnome,
And scaled all o'er with gems, they were but stone.
Casting their showers and rainbows 'neath the dome,
To man or angel's eye might not be known.
No snowy fleece in these sad realms was found,
Nor silken ball by maiden loved so well;
But ranged in lightest garniture around,
In seemly folds, a shining tapestry fell.
And fibres of asbestos, bleached in fire,
And all with pearls and sparkling gems o'erflecked,
Of that strange court composed the rich attire,
And such the cold, fair form of sad Tahathyam decked.

Gifted with every pleasing endowment, in posses-
sion of an elixir of which a drop perpetuates life
and youth, surrounded by friends of his own choice,
who are all anxious to please and amuse him, the
gnome feels himself inferior in happiness to the
lowest of mortals. His sphere is confined, his high
powers useless, for he is without the "last, best gift
of God to man," and there is no object on which he
can exercise his benevolence. The feast is described
with the terse beauty which marks all the canto, and
at its close—

The banquet-cups, of many a hue and shape,
Bossed o'er with gems, were beautiful to view;
But, for the madness of the vaunted grape,
Their only draught was a pure limpid dew,
The spirits while they sat in social guise,
Pledging each goblet with an answering kiss,
Marked many a gnome conceal his bursting sighs;
And thought death happier than a life like this.
But they had music; at one ample side
Of the vast arena of that sparkling hall,
Fringed round with gems, that all the rest outvied,
In form of canopy, was seen to fall
The stony tapestry, over what, at first,
An altar to some deity appeared;
But it had cost full many a year to adjust
The limpid crystal tubes that 'neath upreared
Their different lucid lengths; and so complete
Their wondrous 'rangement, that a tuneless gnome
Drew from them sounds more varied, clear, and sweet,
Than ever yet had rung in any earthly dome.
Loud, shrilly, liquid, soft; at that quick touch
Such modulation wooed his angel ears
That Zophiël wondered, started from his couch
And thought upon the music of the spheres.

But Zophiël lingers with ill-dissembled impatience.
and Tahathyam leads the way to where the elixir of
life is to be surrendered.

Soon through the rock they wind; the draught divine
Was hidden by a veil the king alone might lift.
Cephroniel's son, with half-averted face
And faltering hand, that curtain drew, and showed,
Of solid diamond formed, a lucid vase;
And warm within the pure elixir glowed;

A A

Bright red, like flame and blood, (could they so meet,)
 Ascending, sparkling, dancing, whirling, ever
 In quick perpetual movement; and of heat
 So high, the rock was warm beneath their feet,
 (Yet heat in its intenseness hurtful never,)
 Even to the entrance of the long arcade
 Which led to that deep shrine, in the rock's breast
 As far as if the half-angel were afraid
 To know the secret he himself possessed.
 Tahathyam filled a slip of spar, with dread,
 As if stood by and frowned some power divine;
 Then trembling, as he turned to Zophiël, said,
 "But for one service shalt thou call it thine:
 Bring me a wife; as I have named the way;
 (I will not risk destruction save for love!)
 Fair-haired and beautiful like my mother; say—
 Plight me this pact; so shalt thou bear above,
 For thine own purpose, what has here been kept
 Since bloomed the second age, to angels dear.
 Bursting from earth's dark womb, the fierce wave swept
 O'er every form that lived and loved, while here,
 Deep hidden here, I still lived on and wept."

Great pains have evidently been taken to have every thing throughout the work in keeping. Most of the names have been selected for their particular meaning. Tahathyam and his retinue appear to have been settled in their submarine dominion before the great deluge that changed the face of the earth, as is intimated in the lines last quoted; and as the accounts of that judgment, and of the visits and communications of angels connected with it, are chiefly in Hebrew, they have names from that language. It would have been better perhaps not to have called the persons of the third canto "gnomes," as at this word one is reminded of all the varieties of the Rosicrucian system, of which Pope has so well availed himself in the Rape of the Lock, which sprightly production has been said to be derived, though remotely, from Jewish legends of fallen angels. Tahathyam can be called gnome only on account of the retreat to which his erring father has consigned him.

The spirits leave the cavern, and Zophiël exults a moment, as if restored to perfect happiness. But there is no way of bearing his prize to the earth except through the most dangerous depths of the sea.

Zophiël, with toil severe,
But bliss in view, through the thrice murky night,
Sped swiftly on. A treasure now more dear
He had to guard, than boldest hope had dared
To breathe for years; but rougher grew the way;
And soft Phraëriön, shrinking back and scared
At every whirling depth, wept for his flowers and day.
Shivered, and pained, and shrieking, as the waves
Wildly impel them 'gainst the jutting rocks;
Not all the care and strength of Zophiël saves
His tender guide from half the wilder shocks
He bore. The calm, which favored their descent,
And bade them look upon their task as o'er,
Was past; and now the inmost earth seemed rent
With such fierce storms as never raged before.
Of a long mortal life had the whole pain
Essenced in one consummate pang, been borne,
Known, and survived, it still would be in vain
To try to paint the pains felt by these sprites forlorn.
The precious drop closed in its hollow spar,
Between his lips Zophiël in triumph bore.
Now, earth and sea seem shaken! Dashed afar
He feels it part;—'t is dropt;—the waters roar,
He sees it in a subtle vortex whirling,
Formed by a cavern vast, that 'neath the sea,
Sucks the fierce torrent in.

The furious storm has been raised by the power of his betrayer and persecutor, and in gloomy desperation Zophiël rises with the frail Phraëriön to the upper air:

Black clouds, in mass deform,
Were frowning; yet a moment's calm was there,
As it had stopped to breathe awhile the storm.

Their white feet pressed the desert sod; they shook
From their bright locks the briny drops; nor stayed
Zophiël on ill, present or past, to look.

But his flight toward Medea is stayed by a renewal of the tempest—

Loud and more loud the blast; in mingled gyre,
Flew leaves and stones; and with a deafening crash
Fell the uprooted trees; heaven seemed on fire—
Not, as 't is wont, with intermitting flash,
But, like an ocean all of liquid flame,
The whole broad arch gave one continuous glare,
While through the red light from their prowling came
The frightened beasts, and ran, but could not find a lair.

At length comes a shock, as if the earth crashed
against some other planet, and they are thrown
amazed and prostrate upon the heath. Zophiël,

in a mood
Too fierce for fear, uprose; yet ere for flight
Served his torn wings, a form before him stood
In gloomy majesty. Like starless night,
A sable mantle fell in cloudy fold
From its stupendous breast; and as it trod
The pale and lurid light at distance rolled
Before its princely feet, receding on the sod.

The interview between the bland spirit and the prime cause of his guilt is full of the energy of passion, and the rhetoric of the conversation has a masculine beauty of which Mrs. Brooks alone of all the poets of her sex is capable.

Zophiël returns to Medea and the drama draws to a close, which is painted with consummate art. Egla wanders alone at twilight in the shadowy vistas of a grove, wondering and sighing at the continued absence of the enamored angel, who approaches unseen while she sings a strain that he had taught her.

His wings were folded o'er his eyes; severe
As was the pain he'd borne from wave and wind,
The dubious warning of that being drear,
Who met him in the lightning, to his mind
Was torture worse; a dark presentiment
Came o'er his soul with paralyzing chill,
As when Fate vaguely whispers her intent
To poison mortal joy with sense of coming ill.
He searched about the grove with all the care
Of trembling jealousy, as if to trace
By track or wounded flower some rival there;
And scarcely dared to look upon the face
Of her he loved, lest it some tale might tell
To make the only hope that soothed him vain:
He hears her notes in numbers die and swell,
But almost fears to listen to the strain
Himself had taught her, lest some hated name
Had been with that dear gentle air enwreathed,
While he was far: she sighed—he nearer came,
Oh, transport! Zophiël was the name she breathed.

He saw her—but

Paused, ere he would advance, for very bliss.
The joy of a whole mortal life he felt
In that one moment. Now, too long unseen,
He fain had shown his beauteous form, and knelt
But while he still delayed, a mortal rushed between.

This scene is in the sixth canto. In the fifth, which is occupied almost entirely by mortals, and bears a closer relation than the others to the chief works in narrative and dramatic poetry, are related the adventures of Zameia, which, with the story of her death, following the last extract, would make a fine tragedy. Her misfortunes are simply told by an aged attendant who had fled with her in pursuit of Meles, whom she had seen and loved in Babylon. At the feast of Venus Mylitta,

Full in the midst, and taller than the rest,
Zameia stood distinct, and not a sigh
Disturbed the gem that sparkled on her breast;
Her oval cheek was heightened to a dye

That shamed the mellow vermeil of the wreath
Which in her jetty locks became her well,
And mingled fragrance with her sweeter breath,
The while her haughty lips more beautifully swell
With consciousness of every charm's excess;
While with becoming scorn she turned her face
From every eye that darted its caress,
As if some god alone might hope for her embrace.

Again she is discovered, sleeping, by the rocky margin of a river:

Pallid and worn, but beautiful and young,
Though marked her charms by wildest passion's trace;
Her long round arms, over a fragment flung,
From pillow all too rude protect a face,
Whose dark and high arched brows gave to the thought
To deem what radiance once they towered above;
But all its proudly beauteous outline taught
That anger there had shared the throne of love.

It was Zameia that rushed between Zophiël and Eglâ, and that now with quivering lip, disordered hair, and eye gleaming with frenzy, seized her arm, reproached her with the murder of Meles, and attempted to kill her. But as her dagger touches the white robe of the maiden her arm is arrested by some unseen power, and she falls dead at Eglâ's feet. Reproached by her own handmaid and by the aged attendant of the princess, Eglâ feels all the horrors of despair, and, beset with evil influences, she seeks to end her own life, but is prevented by the timely appearance of Raphael, in the character of a traveler's guide, leading Helon, a young man of her own nation and kindred who has been living unknown at Babylon, protected by the same angel, and destined to be her husband; and to the mere idea of whose existence, imparted to her in a mysterious and vague manner by Raphael, she has remained faithful from her childhood.

Zophiël, who by the power of Lucifer has been detained struggling in the grove, is suffered once more to enter the presence of the object of his affection. He sees her supported in the arms of Helon, whom he makes one futile effort to destroy, and then is banished forever. The emissaries of his immortal enemy pursue the baffled seraph to his place of exile, and by their derision endeavor to augment his misery,

And when they fled he hid him in a cave
Strewn with the bones of some sad wretch who there,
Apart from men, had sought a desert grave,
And yielded to the demon of despair.
There beauteous Zophiël, shrinking from the day,
Envyng the wretch that so his life had ended,
Wailed his eternity;

But, at last, is visited by Raphael, who gives him hopes of restoration to his original rank in heaven.

The concluding canto is entitled "The Bridal of Helon," and in the following lines it contains much of the author's philosophy of life:

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!
But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.
And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream—
So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert fled,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, has shed,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despondent,
Of what it would, descends and sips the bitter draught.

On consulting "Zophiël," it will readily be seen that the passages here extracted have not been chosen for their superior poetical merit. It has simply been attempted by quotations and a running commentary to convey a just impression of the scope and character of the work. There is not perhaps in the English language a poem containing a greater variety of thought, description and incident, and though the author did not possess in an eminent degree the constructive faculty, there are few narratives that are conducted with more regard to unities, or with more simplicity and perspicuity.

Though characterized by force and even freedom of expression, it does not contain an impure or irreligious sentiment. Every page is full of passion, but passion subdued and chastened by refinement and delicacy. Several of the characters are original and splendid creations. Zophiël seems to us the finest fallen angel that has come from the hand of a poet. Milton's outcasts from heaven are utterly depraved and abraded of their glory; but Zophiël has traces of his original virtue and beauty, and a lingering hope of restoration to the presence of the Divinity. Deceived by the specious fallacies of an immortal like himself, and his superior in rank, he encounters the blackest perfidy in him for whom so much had been forfeited, and the blight of every prospect that had lured his fancy or ambition. Eglâ, though one of the most important characters in the poem, is much less interesting. She is represented as heroically consistent, except when given over for a moment to the malice of infernal emissaries. In her immediate reception of Helon as a husband, she is constant to a long cherished idea, and fulfills the design of her guardian spirit, or it would excite some wonder that Zophiël was worsted in such competition. It will be perceived upon a careful examination that the work is in admirable keeping, and that the entire conduct of its several persons bears a just relation to their characters and position.

Mrs. Brooks returned to the United States, and her son being now a student in the military academy, she took up her residence in the vicinity of West Point, where, with occasional intermissions in which she visited her plantation in Cuba or traveled in the United States, she remained until 1839. Her marked individuality, the variety, beauty and occasional splendor of her conversation, made her house a favorite resort of the officers of the academy, and of the most accomplished persons who frequented that romantic neighborhood, by many of whom she will long be remembered with mingled affection and admiration.

In 1834 she caused to be published in Boston an edition of "Zophiël," for the benefit of the Polish exiles who were thronging to this country after their then recent struggle for freedom. There were at that time too few readers among us of sufficiently cultivated and independent taste to appreciate a work of art which time or accident had not commended to the popular applause, and "Zophiël" scarcely anywhere excited any interest or attracted any attention. At the end of a month but about twenty copies

had been sold, and, in a moment of disappointment, Mrs. Brooks caused the remainder of the impression to be withdrawn from the market. The poem has therefore been little read in this country, and even the title of it would have remained unknown to the common reader of elegant literature but for occasional allusions to it by Southey and other foreign critics.*

In the summer of 1843, while Mrs. Brooks was residing at Fort Columbus, in the bay of New York, —a military post at which her son, Captain Horace Brooks, was stationed several years—she had printed for private circulation the remarkable little work to which allusion has already been made, entitled "Idomen, or the Vale of the Yumuri." It is in the style of a romance, but contains little that is fictitious except the names of the characters. The account which Idomen gives of her own history is literally true, except in relation to an excursion to Niagara, which occurred in a different period of the author's life. It is impossible to read these interesting "confessions" without feeling a profound interest in the character which they illustrate; a character of singular strength, dignity and delicacy, subjected to the severest tests, and exposed to the most curious and easy analysis. "To see the inmost soul of one who bore all the impulse and torture of self-murder without perishing, is what can seldom be done: very few have memories strong enough to retain a distinct impression of past suffering, and few, though possessed of such memories, have the power of so describing their sensations as to make them apparent to another." "Idomen" will possess an interest and value as a psychological study, independent of that which belongs to it as a record of the experience of so eminent a poet.

Mrs. Brooks was anxious to have published an edition of all her writings, including "Idomen," before leaving New York, and she authorized me to offer gratuitously her copyrights to an eminent publishing house for that purpose. In the existing condition of the copyright laws, which should have been entitled acts for the discouragement of a native literature, she was not surprised that the offer was declined, though indignant that the reason assigned should have been that they were "of too elevated a character to sell." Writing to me soon afterward she observed, "I do not think any thing from my humble imagination can be 'too elevated,' or elevated enough, for the public as it really is in these North American States. . . . In the words of poor Spurzheim, (uttered to me a short time before his death, in Boston,) I solace myself by saying, 'Stu-

pidity! stupidity! the knowledge of that alone has saved me from misanthropy.'"

In December, 1843, Mrs. Brooks sailed the last time from her native country for the Island of Cuba. There, on her coffee estate, Hermita, she renewed for a while her literary labors. The small stone building, smoothly plastered, with a flight of steps leading to its entrance, in which she wrote some of the cantos of "Zophiël," is described by a recent traveler* as surrounded by alleys of "palms, cocoas, and oranges, interspersed with the tamarind, the pomegranate, the mango, and the rose-apple, with a back ground of coffee and plantains covering every portion of the soil with their luxuriant verdure. I have often passed it," he observes, "in the still night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the leaves of the cocoa and palm threw fringe-like shadows on the walls and the floor, and the elfin lamps of the coccollos swept through the windows and door, casting their lurid, mysterious light on every object, while the air was laden with mingled perfume from the coffee and orange, and the tube-rose and night-blooming ceres, and have thought that no fitter birth-place could be found for the images she has created."

Her habits of composition were peculiar. With an almost unconquerable aversion to the use of the pen, especially in her later years, it was her custom to finish her shorter pieces, and entire cantos of longer poems, before committing a word of them to paper. She had long meditated, and had partly composed, an epic under the title of "Beatriz, the Beloved of Columbus," and when transmitting to me the MS. of "The Departed," in August, 1844, she remarked: "When I have written out my 'Vistas del Inferno' and one other short poem, I hope to begin the penning of the epic I have so often spoken of; but when or whether it will ever be finished, Heaven alone can tell." I have not learned whether this poem was written, but when I heard her repeat passages of it, I thought it would be a nobler work than "Zophiël."

Mrs. Brooks died at Patricio, in Cuba, near the close of December, 1844.

I have no room for particular criticism of her minor poems. They will soon I trust be given to the public in a suitable edition, when it will be discovered that they are heart-voices, distinguished for the same fearlessness of thought and expression which is illustrated by the work which has been considered in this brief review.

The accompanying portrait is from a picture by Mr. Alexander, of Boston, and though the engraver has very well preserved the details and general effect of the painting, it does little justice to the fine intellectual expression of the subject. It was a fancy of Mr. Southey's that induced her to wear in her hair the passion-flower, which that poet deemed the fittest emblem of her nature.

* Maria del Occidente—otherwise, we believe, Mrs. Brooks—is styled in "The Doctor," &c. "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." And without taking into account *quodam ardentiora* scattered here and there throughout her singular poem, there is undoubtedly ground for the first clause, and, with the more accurate substitution of "fanciful" for "imaginative" for the whole of the eulogy. It is altogether an extraordinary performance.—*London Quarterly Review*.

* The author of "Notes on Cuba." Boston, 1844.

THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812—15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

CHAPTER I.

The Departure of the Privateer.

It was a dark and cloudy afternoon near the close of the war of 1812—15. A little vessel was scudding seaward before a strong sou'wester, which lashed the bright waters of the Delaware till its breast seemed a mimic ocean, heaving and swelling with tiny waves. As the sky and sea grew darker and darker in the gathering shades of twilight, the little bark rose upon the heavy swell of the ocean, and meeting Cape May on its lee-beam, shot out upon the broad waste of waters, alone in its daring course, seeming like the fearless bird which spreads its long wings amid the fury of the storm and the darkness of the cloud.

Upon the deck, near the helm, stood the captain, whom we introduce to our readers as George Greene, captain of the American privateer, *Raker*. He was a weather-bronzed, red-cheeked, sturdy-built personage, with a dark-blue eye, the same in color as the great sea over which it was roving with an earnest and careful glance, rather as if in search of a strange sail, than in apprehension of the approaching storm. His countenance denoted firmness and resolution, which he truly possessed in an extraordinary degree, and his whole appearance was that of a hardy sailor accustomed to buffet with the storm and laugh at the fiercest wave.

It was evident that a bad night was before them, and there were some on board the little privateer who thought they had better have remained inside the light-house of Cape May, than ventured out upon the sea. The heavy masses of black clouds which were piled on the edge of the distant horizon seemed gradually gathering nearer and nearer, as if to surround and engulf the gallant vessel, which sped onward fearlessly and proudly, as if conscious of its power to survive the tempest, and bide the storm.

Captain Greene's eye was at length attracted by the threatening aspect of the sky, and seizing his speaking-trumpet he gave the orders of preparation, which were the more promptly executed inasmuch as they had been anxiously awaited.

"Lay aloft there, lads, and in with the fore to'gallant-sail and royal—down with the main gaff top-sail!—bear a hand, lads, a norther on the Banks is no plaything! Clear away both cables, and see them bent to the anchors—let 's have *allanug*—lower the flag from the gaff-peak, and send up the storm-pennant, there—now we are ready."

A thunder-storm at sea is perhaps the sublimest

sight in nature, especially when attended with the darkness and mystery of night. The struggling vessel plunges onward into the deep blackness, like a blind and unbridled war-horse. All is dark—fearfully dark. Stand with me, dear reader, here in the bow of the ship! make fast to that halliard, and share with me in the glorious feelings engendered by the storm which is now rioting over the waters and rending the sky. We hear the fierce roar of the contending surges, yet we see them not. We hear the quivering sails and strained sheets, creaking and fluttering like imprisoned spirits, above and around us, but all is solemnly invisible; now, see in the distant horizon the faint premonitory flush of light, preceding the vivid lightning flash—now, for a moment, every thing—sky—water—sheet—shroud and spar are glowing with a brilliancy that exceedeth the brightness of day—the sky is a broad canopy of golden radiance, and the waves are crested with a red and fiery surge, that reminds you of your conception of the "lake of burning fire and brimstone." We feel the dread—the vast sublimity of the breathless moment, and while the mighty thoughts and tumultuous conceptions are striving for form and order of utterance within our throbbing breasts—again all is dark—sadly, solemnly dark. Is not the scene—is not the hour, truly sublime?

There was one at least on board the little *Raker*, who felt as we should have felt, dear reader—a sense of exultation, mingled with awe. It is upon the ocean that man learns his own weakness, and his own strength—he feels the light vessel trembling beneath him, as if it feared dissolution—he hears the strained sheets moaning in almost conscious agony—he sees the great waves dashing from stem to stern in relentless glee, and he feels that he is a sport and a plaything in the grasp of a mightier power; he learns his own insignificance. Yet the firm deck remains—the taut sheets and twisted halliards give not away; and he learns a proud reliance on his own skill and might, when he finds that with but a narrow hold between him and death, he can outride the storm, and o'ermaster the wave.

Such were the thoughts which filled the mind of Henry Morris, as he stood by the side of Captain Greene on the quarter-deck of the *Raker*; as he stood with his left arm resting on the main-boom, and his gracefully turned little tarpaulin thrown back from a broad, high forehead, surrounded by dark and clustering curls, and with his black, brilliant eyes lighted up with the enthusiasm of thought, he presented a splendid specimen of an American sailor. The epau-

lette upon his shoulder denoted that he was an officer; he was indeed second in command in the privateer. He was a native of New Jersey, and his father had been in Revolutionary days one of the "Jarsey Blues," as brave and gallant men as fought in that glorious struggle.

"Well, Harry," said Captain Greene, "it's a dirty night, but I'll turn in a spell, and leave you in command."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Captain Greene threw out a huge quid of tobacco which had rested for some time in his mouth, walked the deck a few times fore and aft, gaped as if his jaws were about to separate forever, and then disappeared through the cabin-door.

Henry Morris, though an universal favorite with the crew and officers under his command, was yet a strict disciplinarian, and being left in command of the deck at once went the rounds of the watch, to see that all were on the look out. The night had far advanced before he saw any remissness; at length, however, he discovered a brawny tar stowed away in a coil of rope, snoring in melodious unison with the noise of the wind and wave; his mouth was open, developing an amazing circumference. Morris looked at him for some time, when, with a smile, he addressed a sailor near him.

"I say, Jack Marlinspike!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Jack, get some oakum."

Jack speedily brought a fist-full.

"Now, Jack, some *slush*."

Jack dipped the oakum in the slush-bucket which hung against the main-mast.

"Now, Jack, a little tar."

The mixture was immediately dropped into the tar-bucket.

"Now, Jack, stow it away in Pratt's mouth—don't wake him up—it is a delicate undertaking, but he sleeps soundly."

"Lord! a stroke of lightning would n't wake him—ha! ha! he'll dream he is eating his breakfast!"

With a broad grin upon his weather-beaten face, Marlinspike proceeded to obey orders. He placed the execrable compound carefully in Pratt's mouth, and plugged it down, as he called it, with the end of his jack-knife, then surveying his work with a complacent laugh, he touched his hat, and withdrew a few paces to bide the event.

Pratt breathed hard, but slept on, though the melody of his snoring was sadly impaired in the clearness of its utterance.

Morris gazed at him quietly, and then sung out,

"Pratt—Pratt—what are you lying there wheezing like a porpoise for? Get up, man, your watch is not out."

The sailor opened his eyes with a ludicrous expression of fright, as he became immediately conscious of a peculiar feeling of difficulty in breathing—thrusting his huge hand into his mouth, he hauled away upon its contents, and at length found room for utterance.

"By heaven, just tell me who did that 'ar nasty trick—that's all."

At this moment he caught sight of Marlinspike, who was looking at him with a grin extending from ear to ear. Without further remark, Pratt let the substance which he had held in his hand fly at Marlinspike's head; that individual, however, dodged very successfully, and it disappeared to leeward.

Pratt was about to follow up his first discharge with an assault from a pair of giant fists, but the voice of his commander restrained him.

"Ah, Pratt! somebody has been fooling you—you must look out for the future."

Pratt immediately knew from the peculiar tone of the voice which accompanied this remark who was the real author of the joke, and turned to his duty with the usual philosophy of a sailor, at the same time filling his mouth with nearly a whole hand of tobacco, to take the taste out, as he said. He did not soon sleep upon his watch again.

As the reader will perceive, Lieut. Morris was decidedly fond of a joke, as, indeed, is every sailor.

The storm still raged onward as day broke over the waters; the little Raker was surrounded by immense waves which heaved their foaming spray over the vessel from stem to stern.

Yet all on board were in good spirits; all had confidence in the well-trying strength of their bark, and the joke and jest went round as gayly and carelessly as if the wind were only blowing a good stiff way.

"Here, you snow-ball," cried Jack Marlinspike to the black cook, who had just emptied his washings overboard, and was tumbling back to his galley as well as the uneasy motion of the vessel would allow; "here, snow-ball."

"Well, massa—what want?"

"Haint we all told you that you must n't empty nothing over to windward but hot water and ashes—all else must go to leeward?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Well, recollect it now; go and empty your ash-pot, so you'll learn how."

"Yes, massa."

"Cuffy soon appeared with his pot, which he capsized as directed, and got his eyes full of the dust.

"O, Lord! O, Lord! I see um now; I guess you wont catch dis child that way agin."

"Well, well, Cuffy! we must all learn by experience."

"Gorry, massa, guess I wont try de hot water!"

"Well, I would n't, Cuff. Now hurry up the pork—you've learnt something this morning."

Such was the spirit of the Raker's crew, as they once more stretched out upon the broad ocean. It was their third privateering trip, and they felt confident of success, as they had been unusually fortunate in their previous trips. The crew consisted of but twenty men, but all were brave and powerful fellows, and all actuated by a true love of country, as well as prompted by a desire for gain. A long thirty-two lay amidships, carefully covered with canvas, which also concealed a formidable pile of balls. Altogether, the Raker, though evidently built

entirely for speed, seemed also a vessel well able to enter into an engagement with any vessel of its size and complement.

As the middle day approached the clouds arose and scudded away to leeward like great flocks of wild geese, and the bright sun once more shone upon the waters, seeming to hang a string of pearls about the dark crest of each subsiding wave. All sail was set aboard the Raker, which stretched out toward mid ocean, with the stars and stripes flying at her peak, the free ocean beneath, and her band of gallant hearts upon her decks, ready for the battle or the breeze.

CHAPTER II.

The Merchant Brig.

Two weeks later than the period at which we left the Raker, a handsome merchant vessel, with all sail set, was gliding down the English channel, bound for the East Indies. The gentle breeze of a lovely autumnal morning scarcely sufficed to fill the sails, and the vessel made but little progress till outside the Lizard, when a freer wind struck it, and it swept oceanward with a gallant pace, dashing aside the waters, and careering gracefully as a swan upon the wave. Its armament was of little weight, and it seemed evident that its voyage, as far as any design of the owners was concerned, was to be a peaceful one. England at that time had become the undisputed mistress of the ocean; and even the few splendid victories obtained by the gallant little American navy, had failed as yet to inspire in the bosoms of her sailors, any feeling like that of fear or of caution; and Captain Horton, of the merchantman Betsy Allen, smoked his pipe, and drank his glass as unconcernedly as if there were no such thing as an American privateer upon the ocean.

The passengers in the vessel, which was a small brig of not more than a hundred and forty tons, were an honest merchant of London, Thomas Williams by name, and his daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen. Mr. Williams had failed in business, but through the influence of friends had obtained an appointment from the East India Company, and was now on his way to take his station. He was a blunt and somewhat unpolished man, but kind in heart as he was frank in speech.

Julia Williams was a fair specimen of English beauty; she was tall, yet so well developed, that she did not appear slight or angular, and withal so gracefully rounded was every limb, that any less degree of fullness would have detracted from her beauty. She was full of ardor and enterprise, not easily appalled by danger, and properly confident in her own resources, yet there was no unfeminine expression of boldness in her countenance, for nothing could be softer, purer, or more delicate, than the outlines of her charming features. There were times when, roused by intense emotion, she seemed queen-like in her haughty step and majestic beauty, yet in her calmer mind, her retiring and modest demeanor per-

took more of a womanly dependence than of the severity of command.

Julia was seated on the deck beside her father, in the grateful shade of the main-mast, gazing upon the green shores which they had just passed, now fast fading in the distance, while the chalky cliffs which circle the whole coast of England, began to stand out in bold relief upon the shore.

"Good-bye to dear England, father!" said the beautiful girl; "shall we ever see it again?"

"You may, dear Julia, probably I never shall."

"Well, let us hope that we may."

"Yes, we will hope, it will be a proud day for me, if it ever come, when I go back to London and pay my creditors every cent I owe them, when no man shall have reason to curse me for the injury I have done him, however unintentional."

"No man will do so now, dear father, no one but knows you did all you could to avert the calamity, and when it came, surrendered all your property to meet the demands of your creditors. You did all that an honest man should do, father; and you can have no reason to reproach yourself."

"True, girl, true! I do not; yet I hate to think that I, whose name was once as good as the bank, should now owe, when I cannot pay—that's all; a bad feeling, but a few years in India may make all right again."

"O, yes! but, father, it is time for you to take your morning glass. You know you won't feel well if you forget it."

"Never fear my forgetting that; my stomach always tell me, and I know by that when it is 11 o'clock, A. M., as well as by my time-piece."

"Well, John, bring Mr. Williams his morning glass."

Julia spoke to their servant, a worthy, clever fellow, who had long lived in their family, and would not leave it now. He had never been upon the ocean before, and already began to be sea-sick. He however managed to reach the cabin-door, and after a long time returned with the glass, which he got to his master's hand, spilling half its contents on the way.

"There, master, I haint been drinking none on 't, but this plaguey ship is so dommed uneasy, I can't walk steady, and I feels very sick, I does; I think I be's going to die."

"You are only a little sea-sick, John."

"Not so dommed little, either."

"You are not yet used to your new situation, John; in a few days you'll be quite a sailor."

"Will I though? Well, the way I feels now, I'd just as lief die as not—oh!—ugh"—and John rushed to the gunwale.

"Heave yo!" sung out a jolly tar; "pitch your cargo overboard You'll sail better if you lighten ship."

"Dom this ere sailing—ugh—I will die."

Thus resolving, John laid himself down by the galley, and closed his eyes with a heroic determination.

Such an event, as might be expected, was a great

joke to the crew—a land-lubber at sea being with sailors always a fair butt, and poor John's misery was aggravated by their, as it seemed to him, unfeeling remarks, yet he was so far gone that he could only faintly "dom them." His master, who knew that he would soon be well, made no attempt to relieve him; and John was for some time unmolested in his vigorous attempt to die.

He was aroused at length by the same tar who had first noticed his sickness,

"I say, lubber, are you sick?"

"Yes, dom sick."

"Well, I expect you've got to die, there's only one thing that'll save you—get up and follow me to the cock-pit."

John attempted to rise, but now really unwell, he was not able to stir. His kind physician calling a brother tar to his aid, they assisted John below.

"There, now, you lubber, I'm going to cure you, if you'll only foller directions."

John merely grunted.

"Here's some raw pork, and some grog, though it's a pity to waste grog on such a lubber—now, you must eat as if you'd never ate before, if you don't, you are a goner."

John very faintly uttered, that he could n't "eat a dom bit."

"Then you'll die, and the fishes will eat you."

John shuddered, "Well, I'll try."

So saying, he downed one of the pieces of pork, which as speedily came up again.

"Now drink, and be quick about it, or I shall drink it for you."

With much exertion they made John eat and drink heartily, after which they left him to sleep awhile.

The following morning John appeared on deck again, exceedingly pale to be sure, but entirely recovered from his sea-sickness, and with a feeling of fervent gratitude toward the sailor, who, as he fancied, had saved his valuable life.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the peaceful monotony of life aboard the little craft for the following ten days: before a good breeze they had made much way in their voyage, and all on board were pleased with prosperous wind and calm sea and sky.

On the morning of the following day, however, the cry from the mast-head of "sail ho!" aroused all on board to a feeling of interest.

"Where away?"

"Right over the lee-bow."

"What do you make of her?"

"Square to'sails, queer rig—flag, can't see it."

"O! captain," said Julia, "can't you go near enough to speak it?"

"Of course I *could*, 'cause it's right on the lee, but whether I'd better or not is quite another thing."

"The captain knows best, my dear," said the merchant.

"Certainly, but I should so like to see some other faces besides those which are about us every day."

"If you are tired already, my pretty lady," said Captain Horton, "I wonder what you'll be before we get to the Indies."

"Heigh-ho," sighed the fair lady.

"Mast-head there," shouted Captain Horton.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What do you make of her *now*?"

"Nothing yet, sir; we are overhauling her fast though."

In a short time the top-sails of the strange vessel became visible from the deck.

"Ah! she's hove in sight, has she?" said Captain Horton. "I'll see what I can make of her," and seizing his glass he ascended the fore-ratlins, nearly to the cross-trees, and after a long and steady survey of the approaching vessel, in which survey he also included the whole horizon, he descended with a thoughtful countenance, muttering to himself, "I was a little afraid of it."

"Well captain," inquired Julia, "is it an English vessel?"

"May be 't is—can't tell where 't was built."

"Can't you see the flag?"

"Can't make it out yet."

"Captain Horton," exclaimed the merchant, who had been watching his countenance from the moment he had descended the ratlins, "you *do* know something about that vessel, I am sure."

Captain Horton interrupted him by an earnest glance toward Julia, which the fair girl herself noticed.

"O! be not afraid to say any thing before me, captain. I am not easily frightened, and if you have to fight I will help you."

The bright eyes of the girl as she spoke grew brighter, and her little hand was clenched as if it held a sword.

Casting a glance of admiration toward the beautiful girl, Captain Horton leisurely filled his pipe from his waistcoat pocket, and replied as he lit it—

"Well, I'm inclined to think it's what we call a pirate, my fair lady."

"A pirate," sung out John, "a pirate, boo-hoo! oh dear! we shall all be ravaged and cooked, and eaten. O dear! why did n't I marry Susan Thompson, and go to keeping an inn—boo-hoo!"

"John," said his master, "be still, or if you must cry, go below."

The servant made a manly effort, and managed to repress his ejaculations, but could not keep back the large tears which followed each other down his cheeks in rapid succession.

"Can't you run from her, captain?" asked the merchant.

"Have you no guns aboard?" inquired Julia.

"I see you are for fighting the rascals, Miss Julia, and I own that would be the pleasantest course for me; but you see, we can't do it. The company don't allow their vessels enough fire-arms to beat off a brig half their own size—there's no way but to run for it, and these rascals always have a swift craft—generally a Baltimore clipper, which is just the fastest and prettiest vessel in the world, if those pesky Yankees do build them—but the Betsy Allen aint a slow craft, and we'll do the best we can to show 'em a clean pair of heels."

"You are to windward of them, captain," said Julia.

"Yes, that's true; but these clippers sail right in the teeth of the wind; see, now, how they've neared us—ahoy!—all hands ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"'Bout ship, my boys—let go the jibs—lively, boys; now the fore peak-halyards. There she is—that throws the strange sail right astern; and a stern chase is a long chase."

Three or four hours of painful anxiety succeeded, when it became evident even to the unpracticed eyes of Julia and her father, that the strange vessel was slowly but surely overhauling them. Yet the brave girl showed none of the usual weakness of her sex, and even encouraged her father, who, though himself a brave man, yet trembled as he thought of the probable fate of his daughter. As for poor John, that unfortunate individual was so completely beside himself, that he wandered from one part of the vessel to the other, asking each sailor successively what his opinion of the chances of escape might be, and what treatment they might expect from the pirates after they were taken. As may be imagined, he received little consolation from the hardy tars, who, although themselves well aware of their probable fate, yet had been too long schooled in danger to show fear before the peril was immediately around them, and were each pursuing the duties of their several stations, very much as if only threatened with the usual dangers of the voyage. The unmanly fears of John even induced them to play upon his anxiety, and magnify his terror."

"Why, John," said his old friend, who had so scientifically cured him of his sea-sickness, and toward whom John evinced a kind of filial reverence, placing peculiar reliance upon every thing said by the worthy tar, "why, John, they will make us all walk the plank."

"Will they—O, dear me! and what is that, does it hurt a fellow?"

"O, no! he dies easy."

"Dies! oh, lud!"

"Why, yes! you know what walking the plank is, do n't yer?"

"No I don't. O, dear!"

"Well, they run a plank over the side of the ship, and ask you very politely to walk out to the end of it."

"O, lud! and do n't they let a body hold on?"

"And then when you get to the end of it, why, John, it naturally follers that it tips up, and lets you into the sea."

"And don't they help you out?"

"No, no, John! I aint joking now, by my honor; that's the end of a man, and that's where we shall go to if they get hold of us."

"O, dear me! what did I come to sea for? Well, but s'posin you wont go out on the plank, would'n't it do just to tell 'em you'd rather not, perlitely, you know—perlitiness goes a great way."

"They just blow your brains out with a pistol, that's all."

"O, lud!"

"Yes, John, that's the way they use folks."

"The bloody villains! and have we all got to walk the plank? Oh! dear Miss Julia, and all?"

"No, no, John, not her; poor girl, it would be better if she had—and the kind-hearted tar brushed away a tear with his tawny hand."

"What! do n't they kill the women, then?"

"No, no, John, they lets them live."

A sudden light shone in the eyes of John; it was the first happy expression that had flitted across his countenance since the strange sail had been discovered, and the fearful word, pirate, had fallen upon his ears.

"I have it—I have it!"

"What, John?"

But John danced off, leaving the sailor to wonder at the sudden metamorphosis in the feelings of the cockney.

"Well, that's a queer son of a lubber; I wonder what he's after now."

John, in the meantime, approached Julia, and in a very mysterious manner desired a few moments private conversation with her.

"Why, John, what can you want?" She had been no woman, if, however, her curiosity to learn the motive of so strange a request from her servant had not induced her to listen to him.

"Miss Julia," commenced John, "I've discovered a way in which we can all be saved alive by these bloody pirates, after they catch us; by all, I mean you and your father, and I, and the captain, if he's a mind to."

"Well, what is it, John?"

"I'll tell you, Miss Julia. Dick Halyard says they only kill the men—they makes all them walk the plank, which is—"

"I know what it is," said Julia, with a slight shudder.

"Well, they saves all the women, out o' respect for the weaker sex. Now, Miss Julia."

"Why, John!"

"But I know it's so, 'cause Dick Halyard told me all about about it; now you see if you'll only let me take one of your dresses—I wont hurt it none; and then your father can take another, and we'll get clear of the bloody villains—wont it be great?"

Julia could not repress a laugh even in the midst of the melancholy thoughts which involuntarily arose in her mind during the elucidation of John's plan of escape; she could not, however, explain the difficulties in the way of its successful issue to the self-satisfied expounder, and finding no other more convenient way of closing the conversation, she told him he should have a woman's dress, with all the necessary accompaniments.

John was delighted.

"You'll tell your father, Miss Julia, wont you? O, Lud! we'll cheat the bloody fellows yet; I'll go and curl my hair."

Julia returned to her father's side, and silently

watched the strange sail, which was evidently drawing nearer, as her dark hull had shown itself above the waters.

"We have but one chance of escape left," exclaimed Captain Horton; "if we can elude them during the night, all will be well; if to-morrow's sun find us in sight, we shall inevitably fall into their hands."

Night gradually settled over the deep, and when the twilight had passed, and all was dark, the lights of the pirate brig were some five miles to leeward. Her blood-red flag had been run up to the fore-peak, as if in mockery of the prey the pirates felt sure could

not escape them—and the booming noise of a heavy gun had reached the ears of the fugitives, as if it signal their predestined doom. Yet the calm, round moon looked down upon the gloomy waters with the same serene countenance that had gazed into their bosom for thousands of years, and trod upward on her starry pathway with the same queenly pace; yet perchance, in her own domains contention and strife, animosity and bloodshed were rife; perchance the sound of tumultuous war, even then, was echoing among her mountains, and staining her stream with gore.

[To be continued.]

THE SOUL'S DREAM.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

LIKE an army with its banners, onward marched the mighty sun,
To his home in triumph hastening, when the hard-fought field was won;
While the thronging clouds hung proudly o'er the victor's bright array,
Gold and red and purple pennons, welcoming the host of day.

Gazing on the glowing pageant, slowly fading from the air,
Closed my mind its heavy eyelids, nodding o'er the world of care;
And the soaring thoughts came fluttering downward to their tranquil nest,
Folded up their wearied pinions, sinking one by one to rest.

Till a deep, o'ermastering slumber seemed to wrap my very soul,
And a gracious dream from Heaven, treading lightly, to me stole:
Downward from its plumes ethereal, on my thirsting bosom flowed
Dews which to the land of spirits all their mystic virtue owed.

And when touched that potent essence, Time divided as a cloud,
From the Past, the Present, Future rolled aside oblivion's shroud;
And Life's hills and vales far-stretching full before my vision lay,
Seeming but an isle of shadow in Eternity's broad day.

On the Past I bent my glances, saw the gentle, guileless child
Face to face with God conversing, and the awful Presence smiled—
Smiled a glory on the forehead of the simple-hearted one,
And the radiance, back reflected, cast a splendor round the throne.

Saw the boy, by Heaven instructed through earth's mute, symbolic forms.
Drinking wisdom with his senses, which the higher nature warms;

Saw that purer knowledge mingled with the worldly base alloy,
And the passions' foul impression stamped upon his face of joy.

O, I cried to God in anguish, is this boasted wisdom vain,
For which I, by night and sunshine, tax my overworn brain;
Till, alas! grown too familiar with the thoughts that haunt at Heaven,
I would further pierce the mystery than to mortal eyes is given?

Is the learning of our childhood, is the pure and easy lore
Speaking in a heart unsullied, better than the vain store
Heaped, like ice, to chill and harden every faculty of mind,
By the hand of haughty Science, sometimes wandering, sometimes blind?

But no answer reached my senses; for my feeble vision was lost,
When the Future came in darkness, like a rushing armed host;
Shouting cries of fear and danger, shouting words of hope and cheer,
Racking me with threat and promise, ever coming, never here.

Then my spirit stretched its vision, prying in the doubtful gloom,
Half a glimpse to me was given o'er Time's boundary-stone—the tomb.
With a shriek, like that which rises from a sinking, night-wrecked bark,
Burst my soul the bounds of slumber, and the world and I were dark!

While the dull and leaden Present on my pained spirit pressed,
Till the soaring thoughts rose upward, bounding from their earthly rest;
Shaking down the golden dew-drops from their pinions proud and strong,
And the cares of life fell from me, fading in the realm of Song.

THE MAID OF BOGOTA.

A TALE FROM COLOMBIAN HISTORY.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

WHENEVER the several nations of the earth which have achieved their deliverance from misrule and tyranny shall point, as they each may, to the fair women who have taken active part in the cause of liberty, and by their smiles and services have contributed in no measured degree to the great objects of national defence and deliverance, it will be with a becoming and just pride only that the Colombians shall point to their virgin martyr, commonly known among them as La Pola, the Maid of Bogota. With the history of their struggle for freedom her story will always be intimately associated; her tragical fate, due solely to the cause of her country, being linked with all the touching interest of the most romantic adventure. Her spirit seemed to be woven of the finest materials. She was gentle, exquisitely sensitive, and capable of the most true and tender attachments. Her mind was one of rarest endowments, touched to the finest issues of eloquence, and gifted with all the powers of the improvisatrice, while her courage and patriotism seem to have been cast in those heroic moulds of antiquity from which came the Cornelias and Deborahs of famous memory. Well had it been for her country had the glorious model which she bestowed upon her people been held in becoming homage by the race with which her destiny was cast—a race masculine only in exterior, and wanting wholly in that necessary strength of soul which, rising to the due appreciation of the blessings of national freedom, is equally prepared to make, for its attainment, every necessary sacrifice of self; and yet our heroine was but a child in years—a lovely, tender, feeble creature, scarcely fifteen years of age. But the soul grows rapidly to maturity in some countries, and in the case of women, it is always great in its youth, if greatness is ever destined to be its possession.

Doña Apolenaria Zalabariata—better known by the name of La Pola—was a young girl, the daughter of a good family of Bogota, who was distinguished at an early period, as well for her great gifts of beauty as of intellect. She was but a child when Bolivar first commenced his struggles with the Spanish authorities, with the ostensible object of freeing his country from their oppressive tyrannies. It is not within our province to discuss the merits of his pretensions as a deliverer, or of his courage and military skill as a hero. The judgment of the world and of time has fairly set at rest those specious and hypocritical claims, which, for a season, presumed to place him on the pedestal with our Washington. We now know that he was not only a very selfish, but a very ordinary man—not ordinary, perhaps, in the sense of intellect, for that would be impossible in the case of one who was so long able to maintain his

eminent position, and to succeed in his capricious progresses, in spite of inferior means, and a singular deficiency of the heroic faculty. But his ambition was the vulgar ambition, and, if possible, something still inferior. It contemplated his personal wants alone; it lacked all the elevation of purpose which is the great essential of patriotism, and was wholly wanting in that magnanimity of soul which delights in the sacrifice of self, whenever such sacrifice promises the safety of the single great purpose which it professes to desire. But we are not now to consider Bolivar, the deliverer, as one whose place in the pantheon has already been determined by the unerring judgment of posterity. We are to behold him only with those eyes in which he was seen by the devoted followers to whom he brought, or appeared to bring, the deliverance for which they yearned. It is with the eyes of the passionate young girl, La Pola, the beautiful and gifted child, whose dream of country perpetually craved the republican condition of ancient Rome, in the days of its simplicity and virtue; it is with her fancy and admiration that we are to crown the *ideal* Bolivar, till we acknowledge him, as he appears to her, the Washington of the Colombians, eager only to emulate the patriotism, and to achieve like success with his great model of the northern confederacy. Her feelings and opinions, with regard to the Liberator, were those of her family. Her father was a resident of Bogota, a man of large possessions and considerable intellectual acquirements. He gradually passed from a secret admiration of Bolivar to a warm sympathy with his progress, and an active support—so far as he dared, living in a city under immediate and despotic Spanish rule—of all his objects. He followed with eager eyes the fortunes of the chief, as they fluctuated between defeat and victory in other provinces, waiting anxiously the moment when the success and policy of the struggle should bring deliverance, in turn, to the gates of Bogota. Without taking up arms himself, he contributed secretly from his own resources to supplying the coffers of Bolivar with treasure, even when his operations were remote—and his daughter was the agent through whose unsuspected ministry the money was conveyed to the several emissaries who were commissioned to receive it. The duty was equally delicate and dangerous, requiring great prudence and circumspection; and the skill, address and courage with which the child succeeded in the execution of her trusts, would furnish a frequent lesson for older heads and the sterner and the bolder sex.

La Pola was but fourteen years old when she obtained her first glimpse of the great man in whose cause she had already been employed, and of whose deeds and distinctions she had heard so much. By

the language of the Spanish tyranny, which swayed with iron authority over her native city, she heard him denounced and execrated as a rebel and marauder, for whom an ignominious death was already decreed by the despotic viceroy. This language, from such lips, was of itself calculated to raise its object favorably in her enthusiastic sight. By the patriots, whom she had been accustomed to love and venerate, she heard the same name breathed always in whispers of hope and affection, and fondly commended, with tearful blessings, to the watchful care of Heaven. She was now to behold with her own eyes this individual thus equally distinguished by hate and homage in her hearing. Bolivar apprised his friends in Bogota that he should visit them in secret. That province, ruled with a fearfully strong hand by Zamano, the viceroy, had not yet ventured to declare itself for the republic. It was necessary to operate with caution; and it was no small peril which Bolivar necessarily incurred in penetrating to its capital, and laying his snares, and fomenting insurrection beneath the very hearth-stones of the tyrant. It was to La Pola's hands that the messenger of the Liberator confided the missives that communicated this important intelligence to her father. She little knew the contents of the billet which she carried him in safety, nor did he confide them to the child. He himself did not dream the precocious extent of that enthusiasm which she felt almost equally in the common cause, and in the person of its great advocate and champion. Her father simply praised her care and diligence, rewarded her with his fondest caresses, and then proceeded with all quiet despatch to make his preparations for the secret reception of the deliverer. It was at midnight, and while a thunder-storm was raging, that he entered the city, making his way, agreeably to previous arrangement, and under select guidance, into the inner apartments of the house of Zalabariata. A meeting of the conspirators—for such they were—of head men among the patriots of Bogota, had been contemplated for his reception. Several of them were accordingly in attendance when he came. These were persons whose sentiments were well known to be friendly to the cause of liberty, who had suffered by the hands, or were pursued by the suspicions of Zamano, and who, it was naturally supposed, would be eagerly alive to every opportunity of shaking off the rule of the oppressor. But patriotism, as a philosophic sentiment, to be indulged after a good dinner, and discussed phlegmatically, if not classically, over sherry and cigars, is a very different sort of thing from patriotism as a principle of action, to be prosecuted as a duty, at every peril, instantly and always, to the death, if need be. Our patriots at Bogota were but too frequently of the contemplative, the philosophical order. Patriotism with them was rather a subject for eloquence than use. They could recall those Utopian histories of Greece and Rome which furnish us with ideals rather than facts, and sigh for names like those of Cato, and Brutus, and Aristides. But more than this did not seem to enter their imaginations as at all necessary to assert the character

which it pleased them to profess, or maintain the reputation which they had prospectively acquired for the very commendable virtue which constituted their ordinary theme. Bolivar found them cold. Accustomed to overthrow and usurpation, they were now slow to venture property and life upon the predictions and promises of one who, however perfect in their estimation as a patriot, had yet suffered from most capricious fortunes. His past history, indeed, except for its patriotism, offered but very doubtful guarantees in favor of the enterprise to which they were invoked. Bolivar was artful and ingenious. He had considerable powers of eloquence—was specious and persuasive; had an oily and bewitching tongue, like Balial; and if not altogether capable of making the worse appear the better cause, could at least so shape the aspects of evil fortune, that, to the unsuspicious nature, they would seem to be the very results aimed at by the most deliberate arrangements and resolve. But Bolivar, on this occasion, was something more than ingenious and persuasive, he was warmly earnest, and passionately eloquent. In truth, he was excited much beyond his wont. He was stung to indignation by a sense of disappointment. He had calculated largely on this meeting, and it promised now to be a failure. He had anticipated the eager enthusiasm of a host of brave and noble spirits ready to fling out the banner of freedom to the winds, and cast the scabbard from the sword forever. Instead of this, he found but a little knot of cold, irresolute men, thinking only of the perils of life which they should incur, and the forfeiture and loss of property which might accrue from any hazardous experiments. Bolivar spoke to them in language less artificial and much more impassioned than was his wont. He was a man of impulse rather than of thought or principle, and, once aroused, the intense fire of a southern sun seemed to burn fiercely in all his words and actions. His speech was heard by other ears than those to which it was addressed. The shrewd mind of La Pola readily conjectured that the meeting at her father's house, at midnight, and under peculiar circumstances, contemplated some extraordinary object. She was aware that a tall, mysterious stranger had passed through the court, under the immediate conduct of her father himself. Her instinct divined in this stranger the person of the deliverer, and her heart would not suffer her to lose the words, or if possible to obtain, to forego the sight of the great object of its patriotic worship. Beside, she had a right to know and to see. She was of the party, and had done them service. She was yet to do them more. Concealed in an adjoining apartment—a sort of oratory, connected by a gallery with the chamber in which the conspirators were assembled—she was able to hear the earnest arguments and passionate remonstrances of the Liberator. They confirmed all her previous admiration of his genius and character. She felt with indignation the humiliating position which the men of Bogota held in his eyes. She heard their pleas and scruples, and listened with a bitter scorn to the thousand suggestions of prudence, the thousand calculations

of doubt and caution with which timidity seeks to avoid precipitating a crisis. She could listen and endure no longer. The spirit of the improvisatrice was upon her. Was it also that of fate and a higher Providence? She seized the guitar, of which she was the perfect mistress, and sung even as her soul counseled and the exigency of the event demanded. Our translation of her lyrical overflow is necessarily a cold and feeble one.

It was a dream of freedom—
A mocking dream, though bright—
That showed the men of Bogota
All arming for the fight;
All eager for the hour that wakes
The thunders of redeeming war,
And rushing forth with glittering steel,
To join the bands of Bolivar.

My soul, I said, it cannot be
That Bogota shall be denied
Her Ariasendi, too—her chief
To pluck her honor up, and pride;
The wild Llanero boasts his braves
That, stung with patriot wrath and shame,
Rushed redly to the realm of graves,
And rose, through blood and death, to fame.

How glads mine ear with other sounds,
Of freemen worthy these, that tell!
Ribas, who felt Caracas' wounds,
And for her hope and triumph fell;
And that young hero, well beloved,
Giraldat, still a name for song;
Piar, Marino, dying soon,
But, for the future, living long.

Oh! could we stir with other names,
The cold, deaf hearts that hear us now,
How would it bring a thousand shames,
In fire, to each Bogotian's brow!
How clap in pride Grenada's hands;
How glows Venezuela's heart;
And how, through Cartagena's lands,
A thousand chiefs and hero's start.

Paez, Sodeno, lo! they rush,
Each with his wild and Cosack rout;
A moment feels the fearful hush,
A moment hears the fearful shout!
They heed no lack of arts and arms,
But all their country's perils feel,
And sworn for freedom, bravely break,
The glittering legions of Castile.

I see the gallant Roxas grasp
The towering banner of her sway;
And Monagas, with fearful clasp,
Plucks down the chief that stops the way;
The reckless Urdaneta rides,
Where rives the earth the iron hail;
Nor long the Spanish foeman bides,
The stroke of old Zaraza's flail.

Oh, generous heroes! how ye rise!
How glow your states with equal fires!
'Tis there Valencia's banner flies,
And there Cumana's soul aspires;
There, on each hand, from east to west,
From Oronook to Panama,
Each province bares its noble breast,
Each hero—save in Bogota!

At the first sudden gush of the music from within, the father of the damsel started to his feet, and with confusion in his countenance, was about to leave the apartment. But Bolivar arrested his footsteps, and in a whisper, commanded him to be silent and remain. The conspirators, startled, if not alarmed, were compelled to listen. Bolivar did so with a pleased attention. He was passionately fond of music, and this was of a sort at once to appeal to his objects and his tastes. His eye kindled as the song proceeded. His heart rose with an exulting sentiment. The moment, indeed, embodied one of his greatest triumphs—the tribute of a pure, unsophisticated soul, inspired by Heaven with the happiest and highest endowments, and by earth with the noblest sentiments of pride and country. When the music ceased, Zalabarista was about to apologize, and to explain, but Bolivar again gently and affectionately arrested his utterance.

"Fear nothing," said he. "Indeed, why should you fear? I am in the greater danger here, if there be danger for any; and I would as soon place my life in the keeping of that noble damsel, as in the arms of my mother. Let her remain, my friend; let her hear and see all; and above all, do not attempt to apologize for her. She is my ally. Would that she could make these *men* of Bogota feel with herself—feel as she makes even me to feel."

The eloquence of the Liberator received a new impulse from that of the improvisatrice. He renewed his arguments and entreaties in a different spirit. He denounced, in yet bolder language than before, that wretched pusillanimity which quite as much, he asserted, as the tyranny of the Spaniard, was the cause under which the liberties of the country groaned and suffered.

"And now, I ask," he continued, passionately, "men of Bogota, if ye really purpose to deny yourselves all share in the glory and peril of the effort which is for your own emancipation? Are your brethren of the other provinces to maintain the conflict in your behalf, while, with folded hands, you submit, doing nothing for yourselves? Will you not lift the banner also? Will you not draw sword in your own honor, and the defence of your fire-sides and families. Talk not to me of secret contributions. It is your manhood, not your money, that is needful for success. And can you withhold yourselves while you profess to hunger after that liberty for which other men are free to peril all—manhood, money, life, hope, every thing but honor and the sense of freedom. But why speak of peril in this. Peril is every where. It is the inevitable child of life, natural to all conditions—to repose as well as action, to the obscurity which never goes abroad, as well as to that adventure which forever seeks the field. You incur no more peril in openly braving your tyrant, all together as one man, than you do thus tamely sitting beneath his footstool, and trembling forever lest his capricious will may slay as it enslaves. Be you but true to yourselves—openly true—and the danger disappears as the night-mists that speed from before the rising sun. There is little that deserves the name of peril in the issue which lies before us.

We are more than a match, united, and filled with the proper spirit, for all the forces that Spain can send against us. It is in our coldness that she warms—in our want of unity that she finds strength. But even were we not superior to her in numbers—even were the chances all wholly and decidedly against us—I still cannot see how it is that you hesitate to draw the sword in so sacred a strife—a strife which consecrates the effort, and claims Heaven's sanction for success. Are your souls so subdued by servitude; are you so accustomed to bonds and tortures, that these no longer irk and vex your daily consciousness? Are you so wedded to inaction that you cease to feel? Is it the frequency of the punishment that has made you callous to the ignominy and the pain? Certainly your viceroy gives you frequent occasion to grow reconciled to any degree of hurt and degradation. Daily you behold, and I hear, of the exactions of this tyrant—of the cruelties and the murders to which he accustoms you in Bogota. Hundreds of your friends and kinsmen, even now, lie rotting in the common prisons, denied equally your sympathies and every show of justice, perishing, daily, under the most cruel privations. Hundreds have perished by this and other modes of torture, and the gallows and garote seem never to be unoccupied. Was it not the bleaching skeleton of the venerable Hermano, whom I well knew for his wisdom and patriotism, which I beheld, even as I entered, hanging in chains over the gateway of your city? Was he not the victim of his wealth and love of country? Who among you is secure? He dared but to deliver himself as a man, and as he was suffered to stand alone, he was destroyed. Had you, when he spoke, but prepared yourselves to act, flung out the banner of resistance to the winds, and bared the sword for the last noble struggle, Hermano had not perished, nor were the glorious work only now to be begun. But which of you, involved in the same peril with Hermano, will find the friend, in the moment of his need, to take the first step for his rescue? Each of you, in turn, having wealth to tempt the spoiler, will be sure to need such friendship. It seems you do not look for it among one another—where, then, do you propose to find it? Will you seek for it among the Cartagenians—among the other provinces—to Bolivar *without*? Vain expectation, if you are unwilling to peril any thing for yourselves *within*! In a tyranny so suspicious and so reckless as is yours, you must momentarily tremble lest ye suffer at the hands of your despot. True manhood rather prefers any peril which puts an end to this state of anxiety and fear. Thus to tremble with apprehension ever, is ever to be dying. It is a life of death only which ye live—and any death or peril that comes quickly at the summons, is to be preferred before it. If, then, ye have hearts to feel, or hopes to warm ye—a pride to suffer consciousness of shame, or an ambition that longs for better things—affections for which to covet life, or the courage with which to assert and to defend your affections, ye cannot, ye will not hesitate to determine, with souls of freemen, upon what is needful to be done. Ye have but one choice as men;

and the question which is left for ye to resolve, is that which determines, not your possessions, not even your lives, but simply your rank and stature in the world of humanity and man."

The Liberator paused, not so much through his own or the exhaustion of the subject, as that his hearers should in turn be heard. But with this latter object his forbearance was profitless. There were those among them, indeed, who had their answers to his exhortations, but these were not of a character to promise boldly for their patriotism or courage. Their professions, indeed, were ample, but were confined to unmeaning generalities. "Now is the time, now!" was the response of Bolivar to all that was said. But they faltered and hung back at every utterance of his spasmodically uttered "now! now!" He scanned their faces eagerly, with a hope that gradually yielded to despondency. Their features were blank and inexpressive, as their answers had been meaningless or evasive. Several of them were of that class of quiet citizens, unaccustomed to any enterprises but those of trade, who are always slow to peril wealth by a direct issue with their despotism. They felt the truth of Bolivar's assertions. They knew that their treasures were only so many baits and lures to the cupidity and exactions of the royal emissaries, but they still relied on their habitual caution and docility to keep terms with the tyranny which they yet trembled. When, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, Bolivar depicted the bloody struggles which must precede their deliverance, they began indeed to wonder among themselves how they ever came to fall into that mischievous philosophy of patriotism which had involved them with such a restless rebel as Bolivar! Others of the company were ancient hidalgos, who had been men of spirit in their day, but who had survived the season of enterprise, which is that period only when the heart swells and overflows with full tides of warm and impetuous blood.

"Your error," said he, in a whisper to Señor Don Joachim de Zalabariata, "was in not bringing young men into your counsels."

"We shall have them hereafter," was the reply, also in a whisper.

"We shall see," muttered the Liberator, who continued, though in silence, to scan the assembly with inquisitive eyes, and an excitement of soul, which increased duly with his efforts to subdue it. He had found some allies in the circle. Some few generous spirits, who, responding to his desires, were anxious to be up and doing. But it was only too apparent that the main body of the company had been rather disquieted than warmed. In this condition of hopelessness and speechless indecision, the emotions of the Liberator became scarcely controllable. His whole frame trembled with the anxiety and indignation of his spirit. He paced the room hurriedly, passing from group to group, appealing to individuals now, where hitherto he had spoken collectively, and suggesting detailed arguments in behalf of hopes and objects, which it does not need that we should incorporate with our narrative. But when he found how

feeble was the influence which he exercised, and how cold was the echo to his appeal, he became impatient, and no longer strove to modify the expression of that scorn and indignation which he had for some time felt. The explosion followed in no measured language.

"Men of Bogota, you are not worthy to be free. Your chains are merited. You deserve your insecurities, and may embrace, even as ye please, the fates which lie before you. Acquiesce in the tyranny which offends no longer, but be sure that acquiescence never yet has disarmed the despot when his rapacity needs a victim. Your lives and possessions—which ye dare not peril in the cause of freedom—lie equally at his mercy. He will not pause, as you do, to use them at his pleasure. To save them from him there was but one way—to employ them against him. There is no security against power but in power; and to check the insolence of foreign strength you must oppose to it your own. This ye have not soul to do, and I leave you to the destiny you have chosen. This day, this night, it was yours to resolve. I have periled all to move you to the proper resolution. You have denied me, and I leave you. Tomorrow—unless indeed I am betrayed to-night"—looking with a sarcastic smile around him as he spoke—"I shall unfurl the banner of the republic even within your own province, in behalf of Bogota, and seek, even against your own desires, to bestow upon you those blessings of liberty which ye have not the soul to conquer for yourselves."

Hardly had these words been spoken, when the guitar again sounded from within. Every ear was instantly hushed as the strain ascended—a strain, more ambitious than the preceding, of melancholy and indignant apostrophe. The improvisatrice was no longer able to control the passionate inspiration which took its tone from the stern eloquence of the Liberator. She caught from him the burning sentiment of scorn which it was no longer his policy to repress, and gave it additional effect in the polished sarcasm of her song. Our translation will poorly suffice to convey a proper notion of the strain.

Then be it so, if serves ye will be,
When manhood's soul had broken every chain,
'T were scarce a blessing now to make ye free,
For such condition tutored long in vain;
Yet may we weep the fortunes of our land,
Though woman's tears were never known to take
One link away from that oppressive band,
Ye have not soul, not soul enough to break!

Oh! there were hearts of might in other days,
Brave chiefs, whose memory still is dear to fame;
Alas for ours!—the gallant deeds we praise
But show more deeply red our cheeks of shame:
As from the midnight gloom the weary eye,
With sense that cannot the bright dawn forget,
Looks sadly hopeless, from the vacant sky,
To that where late the glorious day-star set!

Yet all 's not midnight dark, if in your land
There be some gallant hearts to brave the strife;
One single generous blow from Freedom's hand
May speak again our sunniest hopes to life;

If but one blessed drop in living veins
Be worthy those who teach us from the dead,
Vengeance and weapons both are in your chains,
Hurled fearlessly upon your despot's head!

Yet, if no memory of the living past
Can wake ye now to brave the indignant strife,
'T were nothing wise, at least, that we should last
When death itself might wear a look of life!
Ay, when the oppressive arm is lifted high,
And scourge and torture still conduct to graves,
To strike, though hopeless still—to strike and die!
They live not, worthy freedom, who are slaves!

As the song proceeded, Bolivar stood forward as one wrapt in ecstasy. The exultation brightened in his eye, and his manner was that of a soul in the realization of its highest triumph. Not so the Bogotans by whom he was surrounded. They felt the terrible sarcasm which the damsel's song conveyed—a sarcasm immortalized to all the future, in the undying depths of a song to be remembered. They felt the humiliation of such a record, and hung their heads in shame. At the close of the ballad, Bolivar exclaimed to Joachim de Zalabariata, the father:

"Bring the child before us. She is worthy to be a prime minister. A prime minister? No! the hero of the forlorn hope! a spirit to raise a fallen standard from the dust, and to tear down and trample that of the enemy. Bring her forth, Joachim. Had you *men* of Bogota but a tithe of a heart so precious! Nay, could her heart be divided amongst them—it might serve a thousand—there were no viceroy of Spain within your city now!"

And when the father brought her forth from the little cabinet, that girl, flashing with inspiration—pale and red by turns—slightly made, but graceful—very lovely to look upon—wrapt in loose white garments, with her long hair, dark and flowing, unconfined, and so long that it was easy for her to walk upon it*—the admiration of the Liberator was insuppressible.

"Bless you forever," he cried, "my fair Priestess of Freedom! You, at least, have a free soul, and one that is certainly inspired by the great divinity of earth. You shall be mine ally, though I find none other in all Bogota sufficiently courageous. In you, my child, in you and yours, there is still a redeeming spirit which shall save your city utterly from shame!"

While he spoke, the emotions of the maiden were of a sort readily to show how easily she should be quickened with the inspiration of lyric song. The color came and went upon her soft white cheeks. The tears rose, big and bright, upon her eyelashes—heavy drops, incapable of suppression, that swelled one after the other, trembled and fell, while the light blazed, even more brightly from the shower, in the dark and dilating orbs which harbored such capacious fountains. She had no words at first, but, trembling like a leaf, sunk upon a cushion at the feet of her father, as Bolivar, with a kiss upon her forehead, released her from his clasp. Her courage came back to her a moment after. She was a thing of impulse, whose movements were as prompt and unexpected

* A frequent case among the maids of South America.

as the inspiration by which she sung. Bolivar had scarcely turned from her, as if to relieve her tremor, when she recovered all her strength and courage. Suddenly rising from the cushion, she seized the hand of her father, and with an action equally passionate and dignified, she led him to the Liberator, to whom, speaking for the first time in that presence, she thus addressed herself:

"He is yours—he has always been ready with his life and money. Believe me, for I know it. Nay, more! doubt not that there are hundreds in Bogota—though they be not here—who, like him, will be ready whenever they hear the summons of your trumpet. Nor will the women of Bogota be wanting. There will be many of them who will take the weapons of those who use them not, and do as brave deeds for their country as did the dames of Magdalena when they slew four hundred Spaniards.*

"Ah! I remember! A most glorious achievement, and worthy to be writ in characters of gold. It was at Mompox where they rose upon the garrison of Morillo. Girl, you are worthy to have been the chief of those women of Magdalena. You will be chief yet of the women of Bogota. I take your assurance with regard to them; but for the men, it were better that thou peril nothing even in thy speech."

The last sarcasm of the Liberator might have been spared. That which his eloquence had failed to effect was suddenly accomplished by this child of beauty. Her inspiration and presence were electrical. The old forgot their caution and their years. The young, who needed but a leader, had suddenly found a genius. There was now no lack of the necessary enthusiasm. There were no more scruples. Hesitation yielded to resolve. The required pledges were given—given more abundantly than required; and raising the slight form of the damsel to his own height, Bolivar again pressed his lips upon her forehead, gazing at her with a respectful delight, while he bestowed upon her the name of the Guardian Angel of Bogota. With a heart bounding and beating with the most enthusiastic emotions—too full for further utterance, La Pola disappeared from that imposing presence, which her coming had filled with a new life and impulse.

It was nearly dawn when the Liberator left the city. That night the bleaching skeleton of the venerable patriot Hermano was taken down from the gibbet where it had hung so long, by hands that left the revolutionary banner waving proudly in its place. This was an event to startle the viceroy. It

* This terrible slaughter took place on the night of the 16th June, 1816, under the advice, and with the participation of the women of Mompox, a beautiful city on an island in the River Magdalena. The event has enlisted the muse of many a native patriot and poet, who grew wild when they recalled the courage of

"Those dames of Magdalena,
Who, in one fearful night,
Slew full four hundred tyrants,
Nor shrunk from blood in fright."

Such women deserve the apostrophe of Macbeth to his wife:

"Bring forth men children only."

was followed by other events. In a few days more and the sounds of insurrection were heard throughout the province—the city still moving secretly—sending forth supplies and intelligence by stealth, but unable to raise the standard of rebellion, while Zamano, the viceroy, doubtful of its loyalty, remained in possession of its strong places with an overawing force. Bolivar himself, under these circumstances, was unwilling that the patriots should throw aside the mask. Throughout the province, however, the rising was general. They responded eagerly to the call of the Liberator, and it was easy to foresee that their cause must ultimately prevail. The people in conflict proved themselves equal to their rulers. The Spaniards had been neither moderate when strong, nor were they prudent now when the conflict found them weak. Still, the successes were various. The Spaniards had a foothold from which it was not easy to expel them, and were in possession of resources, in arms and material, derived from the mother country, with which the republicans found it no easy matter to contend. But they did contend, and this, with the right upon their side, was the great guaranty for success. What the Colombians wanted in the materials of warfare, was more than supplied by their energy and patriotism; and however slow in attaining their desired object, it was yet evident to all, except their enemies, that the issue was certainly in their own hands.

For two years that the war had been carried on, the casual observer could, perhaps, see but little change in the respective relations of the combatants. The Spaniards still continued to maintain their foothold wherever the risings of the patriots had been premature or partial. But the resources of the former were hourly undergoing diminution, and the great lessening of the productions of the country, incident to its insurrectionary condition, had subtracted largely from the temptations to the further prosecution of the war. The hopes of the patriots naturally rose with the depression of their enemies, and their increasing numbers and improving skill in the use of their weapons, not a little contributed to their endurance and activity. But for this history we must look to other volumes. The question for us is confined to an individual. How, in all this time, had La Pola redeemed her pledge to the Liberator—how had she whom he had described as the "guardian genius of Bogota," adhered to the enthusiastic faith which she had voluntarily pledged to him in behalf of herself and people?

Now, it may be supposed that a woman's promise, to participate in the business of an insurrection, is not a thing upon which much stress is to be laid. We are apt to assume for the sex a too humble capacity for high performances, and a too small sympathy with the interests and affairs of public life. In both respects we are mistaken. A proper education for the sex would result in showing their ability to share with man in all his toils, and to sympathize with him in all the legitimate concerns of manhood. But what, demands the cavalier, can be expected of a child of fifteen; and should her promises be held

against her for rigid fulfillment and performance? It might be enough to answer that we are writing a sober history. There is the record. The fact is as we give it. But a girl of fifteen, in the warm latitudes of South America, is quite as mature as the northern maiden of twenty-five; with an ardor in her nature that seems to wing the operations of the mind, making that intuitive with her, which, in the person of a colder climate is the result only of long calculation and deliberate thought. She is sometimes a mother at twelve, and, as in the case of La Pola, a heroine at fifteen. We freely admit that Bolívar, though greatly interested in the improvisatrice, was chiefly grateful to her for the timely rebuke which she administered, through her peculiar faculty of lyric song, to the unpatriotic inactivity of her countrymen. As a matter of course, he might still expect that the same muse would take fire under similar provocation hereafter. But he certainly never calculated on other and more decided services at her hands. He misunderstood the being whom he had somewhat contributed to inspire. He did not appreciate her ambition, or comprehend her resources. From the moment of his meeting with her she became a woman. She was already a politician as she was a poet. Intrigue is natural to the genius of the sex, and the faculty is enlivened by the possession of a warm imagination. La Pola put all her faculties in requisition. Her soul was now addressed to the achievement of some plan of co-operation with the republican chief, and she succeeded where wiser persons must have failed in compassing the desirable facilities. Living in Bogotá—the stronghold of the enemy—she exercised a policy and address which disarmed suspicion. Her father and his family were to be saved and shielded, while they remained under the power of the viceroy, Zamano, a military despot who had already acquired a reputation for cruelty scarcely inferior to that of the worst of the Roman emperors in the latter days of the empire. The wealth of her father, partly known, made him a desirable victim. Her beauty, her spirit, the charm of her song and conversation, were exercised, as well to secure favor for him, as to procure the needed intelligence and assistance for the Liberator. She managed the twofold object with admirable success—disarming suspicion, and under cover of the confidence which she inspired, succeeding in effecting constant communication with the patriots, by which she put into their possession all the plans of the Spaniards. Her rare talents and beauty were the chief sources of her success. She subdued her passionate and intense nature—her wild impulse and eager heart—employing them only to impart to her fancy a more impressive and spiritual existence. She clothed her genius in the brightest and gayest colors, sporting above the precipice of feeling, and making of it a background and a relief to heighten the charm of her seemingly willful fancy. Song came at her summons, and disarmed the serious questioner. In the eyes of her country's enemies she was only the improvisatrice—a rarely gifted creature, living in the clouds, and totally regardless of the things of earth. She could

thus beguile from the young officers of the Spanish army, without provoking the slightest apprehension of any sinister object, the secret plan and purpose—the new supply—the contemplated enterprise—in short, a thousand things which, as an inspired idiot, might be yielded to her with indifference, which, in the case of one solicitous to know, would be guarded with the most jealous vigilance. She was the princess of the tertulia—that mode of evening entertainment so common, yet so precious, among the Spaniards. At these parties she ministered with a grace and influence which made the house of her father a place of general resort. The Spanish gallants thronged about her person, watchful of her every motion, and yielding always to the exquisite compass, and delightful spirituality of her song. At worst, they suspected her of no greater offence than of being totally heartless with all her charms, and of aiming at no treachery more dangerous than that of making conquests, only to deride them. It was the popular qualification of all her beauties and accomplishments that she was a coquette, at once so cold, and so insatiate. Perhaps, the woman politician never so thoroughly conceals her game as when she masks it with the art which men are most apt to describe as the prevailing passion of her sex.

By these arts, La Pola fulfilled most amply her pledges to the Liberator. She was, indeed, his most admirable ally in Bogotá. She soon became thoroughly conversant with all the facts in the condition of the Spanish army—the strength of the several armaments, their disposition and destination—the operations in prospect, and the opinions and merits of the officers—all of whom she knew, and from whom she obtained no small knowledge of the worth and value of their absent comrades. These particulars, all regularly transmitted to Bolívar, were quite as much the secret of his success, as his own genius and the valor of his troops. The constant disappointment and defeat of the royalist arms, in the operations which were conducted in the Province of Bogotá, attested the closeness and correctness of her knowledge, and its vast importance to the cause of the patriots.

Unfortunately, however, one of her communications was intercepted, and the cowardly bearer, intimidated by the terrors of impending death, was persuaded to betray his employer. He revealed all that he knew of her practices, and one of his statements, namely, that she usually drew from her shoe the paper which she gave him, served to fix conclusively upon her the proofs of her offence. She was arrested in the midst of an admiring throng, presiding with her usual grace at the tertulia, to which her wit and music furnished the eminent attractions. Forced to submit, her shoes were taken from her feet in the presence of the crowd, and in one of them, between the sole and the lining, was a memorandum designed for Bolívar, containing the details, in anticipation, of one of the intended movements of the viceroy. She was not confounded, nor did she sink beneath this discovery. Her soul seemed to rise rather into an unusual degree of serenity and strength. She en-

couraged her friends with smiles and the sweetest seeming indifference, though she well knew that her doom was certainly at hand. She had her consolations even under this conviction. Her father was in safety in the camp of Bolivar. With her counsel and assistance he would save much of his property from the wreck of confiscation. The plot had ripened in her hands almost to maturity, and before very long Bogota itself would speak for liberty in a formidable *pronunciamento*. And this was mostly her work! What more was done, by her agency and influence, may be readily conjectured from what has been already written. Enough, that she herself felt that in leaving life she left it when there was little more left for her to do.

La Pola was hurried from the tertulia before a military court—martial law then prevailing in the capital—with a rapidity corresponding with the supposed enormity of her offences. It was her chief pang that she was not hurried there alone. We have not hitherto mentioned that she had a lover, one Juan de Sylva Gomero, to whom she was affianced—a worthy and noble youth, who entertained for her the most passionate attachment. It is a somewhat curious fact, that she kept him wholly from any knowledge of her political alliances; and never was man more indignant than he when she was arrested, or more confounded when the proofs of her guilt were drawn from her person. His offence consisted in his resistance to the authorities who seized her. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that he knew or participated at all in her intimacy with the patriots and Bolivar. He was tried along with her, and both condemned—for at this time condemnation and trial were words of synonymous import—to be shot. A respite of twelve hours from execution was granted them for the purposes of confession. Zamano, the viceroy, anxious for other victims, spared no means to procure a full revelation of all the secrets of our heroine. The priest who waited upon her was the one who attended on the viceroy himself. He held out lures of pardon in both lives, here and hereafter, upon the one condition only of a full declaration of her secrets and accomplices. Well might the leading people of Bogota tremble all the while. But she was firm in her refusal. Neither promises of present mercy, nor threats of the future, could extort from her a single fact in relation to her proceedings. Her lover, naturally desirous of life, particularly in the possession of so much to make it precious, joined in the entreaties of the priest; but she answered him with a mournful severity that smote him like a sharp weapon,

"Gomero! did I love you for this? Beware, lest I hate you ere I die! Is life so dear to you that you would dishonor both of us to live? Is there no consolation in the thought that we shall die together?"

"But we shall be spared—we shall be saved," was the reply of the lover.

"Believe it not—it is false! Zamano spares none. Our lives are forfeit, and all that we could say would be unavailing to avert your fate or mine. Let us not lessen the value of this sacrifice on the altars of our

country, by any unworthy fears. If you have ever loved me, be firm. I am a woman, but I am strong. Be not less ready for the death-shot than is she whom you have chosen for your wife."

Other arts were employed by the despot for the attainment of his desires. Some of the native citizens of Bogota, who had been content to become the creatures of the viceroy, were employed to work upon her fears and affections, by alarming her with regard to persons of the city whom she greatly esteemed and valued, and whom Zamano suspected. But their endeavors were met wholly with scorn. When they entreated her, among other things, "to give peace to our country," the phrase seemed to awaken all her indignation.

"Peace! peace to our country!" she exclaimed. "What peace! the peace of death, and shame, and the grave, forever!" And her soul again found relief only in its wild lyrical overflows.

What, peace for our country! when ye've made her a grave,

A den for the tyrant, a cell for the slave;
A pestilent plague-spot, accursing and curst,
As vile as the vilest, and worse than the worst.

The chain may be broken, the tyranny o'er,
But the sweet charms that blessed her ye may not restore:
Not your blood, though poured forth from life's ruddiest vein,

Shall free her from sorrows, or cleanse her from stain!

'Tis the grief that ye may not remove the disgrace,
That brands with the blackness of hell all your race;
'Tis the sorrow that nothing may cleanse ye of shame,
That has wrought us to madness, and filled us with flame.

Years may pass, but the memory deep in our souls,
Shall make the tale darker as Time onward rolls;
And the future that grows from our ruin shall know
Its own, and its country's and liberty's foe.

And still in the prayer at its altars shall rise,
Appeal for the vengeance of earth and of skies;
Men shall pray that the curse of all time may pursue,
And plead for the curse of eternity too!

Nor wantonly vengeful in spirit their prayer,
Since the weal of the whole world forbids them to spare;
What hope would there be for mankind if our race,
Through the rule of the brutal, is robbed by the base?

What hope for the future—what hope for the free?
And where would the promise of liberty be,
If Time had no terror, no doom for the slave,
Who would stab his own mother, and shout o'er her grave!

Such a response as this effectually silenced all those cunning agents of the viceroy who urged their arguments in behalf of their country. Nothing, it was seen, could be done with a spirit so inflexible; and in his fury Zamano ordered the couple forth to instant execution. Bogota was in mourning. Its people covered their heads, a few only excepted, and refused to be seen or comforted. The priests who attended the victims received no satisfaction as concerned the secrets of the patriots; and they retired in chagrin, and without granting absolution to either victim. The firing party made ready. Then it was,

for the first time, that the spirit of this noble maiden seemed to shrink from the approach of death.

"Butcher!" she exclaimed, to the viceroy, who stood in his balcony, overlooking the scene of execution. "Butcher! you have then the heart to kill a woman!"

These were the only words of weakness. She recovered herself instantly, and, preparing for her fate, without looking for any effect from her words, she proceeded to cover her face with the *saya*, or veil, which she wore. Drawing it aside for the purpose, the words "*Vive la Patria!*" embroidered in letters of gold, were discovered on the *braguina*. As the signal for execution was given, a distant hum, as of the clamors of an approaching army, was heard fitfully to rise upon the air.

"It is he! He comes! It is Bolivar! It is the Liberator!" was her cry, in a tone of hope and triumph, which found its echo in the bosom of hundreds who dared not give their hearts a voice. It was, indeed, the Liberator. Bolivar was at hand, pressing onward with all speed to the work of deliverance; but he came too late for the rescue of the beautiful and gifted *da sel* to whom he owed so much. The fatal bullets of the executioners penetrated her heart ere the cry of her exultation had subsided from the ear. Thus perished a woman worthy to be remembered with the purest and proudest who have done honor to nature and the sex; one who, with all the feelings and sensibilities of the woman, possessed all the pride and patriotism, the courage, the sagacity and the daring of the man.

TO THE EAGLE.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

IMPERIAL bird! that soarest to the sky—
Cleaving through clouds and storms thine upward way—
Or, fixing steadfastly that dauntless eye,
Dost face the great, effulgent god of day!
Proud monarch of the feathery tribes of air!
My soul exulting marks thy bold career,
Up, through the azure fields, to regions fair,
Where, bathed in light, thy pinions disappear.

Thou, with the gods, upon Olympus dwelt,
The emblem, and the favorite bird of Jove—
And godlike power in thy broad wings hast felt
Since first they spread o'er land and sea to rove:
From Ida's top the Thunderer's piercing sight
Flashed on the hosts which Ilium did defy;
So from thy eyrie on the beetling height
Shoot down the lightning-glances of thine eye!

From his Olympian throne Jove stooped to earth
For ends inglorious in the god of gods!
Leaving the beauty of celestial birth,
To rob Humanity's less fair abodes:
Oh, passion more rapacious than divine,
That stole the peace of innocence away!
So, when descend those tireless wings of thine,
They stoop to make defenselessness their prey.

Lo! where thou comest from the realms afar!
Thy strong wings whir like some huge bellows' breath—
Swift falls thy fiery eyeball, like a star,
And dark thy shadow as the pall of death!
But thou hast marked a tall and reverend tree,
And now thy talons clinch yon leafless limb;
Before thee stretch the sandy shore and sea,
And sails, like ghosts, move in the distance dim.

Fair is the scene! Yet thy voracious eye
Drinks not its beauty; but with bloody glare
Watches the wild-fowl idly floating by,
Or snow-white sea-gull winnowing the air:

Oh, pitiless is thine unerring beak!
Quick, as the wings of thought, thy pinions fall—
Then bear their victim to the mountain-peak
Where clamorous eaglets flutter at thy call.

Seaward again thou turn'st to chase the storm,
Where winds and waters furiously roar!
Above the doomed ship thy boding form
Is coming Fate's dark shadow cast before!
The billows that engulf man's sturdy frame
As sport to thy careering pinions seem;
And though to silence sinks the sailor's name,
His end is told in thy relentless scream!

Where the great cataract sends up to heaven
Its sprayey incense in perpetual cloud,
Thy wings in twain the sacred bow have riven,
And onward sailed irreverently proud!
Unflinching bird! No frigid clime congeals
The servid blood that riots in thy veins;
No torrid sun thine upborne nature feels—
The North, the South, alike are thy domains.

Emblem of all that can endure, or dare,
Art thou, bold eagle, in thy hardihood!
Emblem of Freedom, when thou cleav'st the air—
Emblem of Tyranny, when bathed in blood!
Thou wert the genius of Rome's sanguine wars—
Heroes have fought and freely bled for thee;
And here, above our glorious "stripes and stars,"
We hail thy signal wings of LIBERTY!

The poet sees in thee a type sublime
Of his far-reaching, high-aspiring Art!
His fancy seeks with thee each starry clime,
And thou art on the signet of his heart.
Be still the symbol of a spirit free,
Imperial bird! to unborn ages given—
And to my soul, that it may soar like thee,
Steadfastly looking in the eye of HEAVEN.

FIEL A LA MUERTE, OR TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS QUINZE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," ETC.

(Continued from page 12.)

PART II.

THE castle of St. Renan, like the dwellings of many of the nobles of Bretagne and Gascony, was a superb old pile of solid masonry towering above the huge cliffs which guard the whole of that iron coast with its gigantic masses of rude masonry. So close did it stand to the verge of these precipitous crags on its seaward face, that whenever the wind from the westward blew angrily and in earnest, the spray of the tremendous billows which rolled in from the wide Atlantic, and burst in thunder at the foot of those stern ramparts, was dashed so high by the collision that it would often fall in salt, bitter rain, upon the esplanade above, and dim the diamond-paned casements with its cold mists.

For leagues on either side, as the spectator stood upon the terrace above and gazed out on the expanse of the everlasting ocean, nothing was to be seen but the salient angles or deep recesses formed by the dark, gray cliffs, unrelieved by any spot of verdure, or even by that line of silver sand at their base, which often intervenes between the rocks of an iron coast and the sea. Here, however, there was no such intermediate step visible; the black face of the rocks sunk sheer and abrupt into the water, which, by its dark green hue indicated to the practiced eye, that it was deep and scarcely fathomable to the very shore.

In places, indéed, where huge caverns opening in front to the vast ocean, which had probably hollowed them out of the earth-fast rock in the course of succeeding ages, yawned in the mimicry of Gothic arches, the entering tide would rush, as it were, into the bowels of the land, roaring and groaning in those strange subterranean dungeons like some strong prisoner, Typhon, Enceladus, or Ephialtes, in his immortal agony. One of these singular vaults opened right in the base of the rock on the summit of which stood the castle of St. Renan, and into this the billows rushed with rapidity so tumultuous and terrible that the fishers of that stormy coast avowed that a vortex was created in the bay by their influx or return seaward, which could be perceived sensibly at a league's distance; and that to be caught in it, unless the wind blew strong and steadily off land, was sure destruction. However that might be, it is certain that this great subterranean tunnel extended far beneath the rocks into the interior of the land, for at the distance of nearly two miles from the castle, directly eastward, in the bottom of a dark, wooded glen, which runs

for many miles nearly parallel to the coast, there is a deep, rocky well, or natural cavity, of a form nearly circular, which, when the tide is up, is filled to overflowing with bitter sea-water, on which the bubbles and foam-flakes show the obstacles against which it must have striven in its landward journey. At low water, on the contrary, "the Devil's Drinking Cup," for so it is named by the superstitious peasantry of the neighborhood, presents nothing to the eye but a deep, black abyss, which the country folks, of course, assert to be bottomless. But, in truth, its depth is immense, as can easily be perceived, if you cast a stone into it, by the length of time during which it may be heard thundering from side to side, until the reverberated roar of its descent appears to die away, not because it has ceased, but because the sound is too distant to be conveyed to human ears.

On this side of the castle every thing differs much as it is possible to conceive from the view of the seaward, which is grim and desolate as any ocean scenery the world over. Few sails are ever seen on those dangerous coasts; all vessels bound to the mouth of the Garonne, or southward to the shores of Spain, giving as wide a berth as possible to the frightful reefs and inaccessible crags, which to their other terrors add that, from the extraordinary prevalence of the west wind on that part of the coast of being, during at least three parts of the year, the lee shore.

Inland, however, instead of the bleak and bare surface of the ever stormy sea, indented into by rolling ridges and dark tempestuous hollows, all was varied and smiling, and gratifying to every sense given by nature for his good to man. Immediately from the brink of the cliffs the land sloped downwards southwardly and to the eastward, so that it was bathed during all the day, except a few late evening hours, in the fullest radiance of the sunbeams. On this immense sloping descent the eye could range from the castle battlements, for miles and miles, and the rich green campaign was lost in the blue haze of distance. And it was green and gay over the whole of that vast expanse, here with the dense and unpruned foliage of immemorial forests, well stocked with every species of game, from the gaunt wolf and the tusky boar, to the fleet roebuck and the timid hare; here with the trim and smiling verdure of rich orchards, in which nestled around their old, gray shrines the humble hamlets of the happy peasantry; and every where with the l interesting curves,

and sinuous irregular lines of the old hawthorn hedges, thick set with pollard trees and hedgerow timber, which make the whole country, when viewed from a height, resemble a continuous tract of intermingled glades and copices, and which have procured for an adjoining district, the well known, and in after days, far celebrated name of the Bocage.

Immediately around the castle, on the edge as it were of this beautiful and almost boundless slope, there lay a large and well-kept garden in the old French style, laid out in a succession of terraces, bordered by balustrades of marble, adorned at frequent intervals by urns and statues, and rendered accessible each from the next below by flights of ornamented steps of regular and easy elevation; pleached bowery walks, and high clipped hedges of holly, yew and hornbeam, were the usual decorations of such a garden, and here they abounded to an extent that would have gladdened the heart of an admirer of the tastes and habits of the olden time. In addition to these, however, there were a profusion of flowers of the choicest kinds known or cultivated in those days—roses and lilies without number, and honeysuckles and the sweet-scented clematis, climbing in bountiful luxuriance over the numberless seats and bowers which every where tempted to repose.

Below this beautiful garden a wide expanse of smooth, green turf, dotted here and there with majestic trees, and at rarer intervals diversified with tall groves and verdant coppices, covered the whole descent of the first hill to the dim wooded dell which has been mentioned as containing the singular cavity known throughout the country as the "Devil's Drinking Cup." This dell, which was the limit of Count de St. Renan's demesnes in that direction, was divided from the park by a ragged paling many feet in height, and of considerable strength, framed of rough timber from the woods, the space within being appropriated to a singular and choice breed of deer, imported from the East by one of the former counts, who, being of an adventurous and roving disposition, had sojourned for some time in the French settlements of Hindostan. Beyond this dell again, which was defended on the outer side by a strong and lofty wall of brick, all over-run with luxuriant ivy, the ground rose in a small rounded knoll, or hillock of small extent, richly wooded, and crowned by the gray turrets and steep flagged roofs of the old château d'Argenson.

This building, however, was as much inferior in size and stateliness to the grand feudal fortalice of St. Renan, as the little round-topped hill on which it stood, so slightly elevated above the face of the surrounding country as to detract nothing, at least in appearance, from its general slope to the south-eastward, was lower than the great rock-bound ridge from which it overlooked the territories, all of which had in distant times obeyed the rule of its almost princely dwellers.

The sun of a lovely evening in the latter part of July had already sunk so far down in the west that only half of its great golden disc was visible above the well-defined, dark outline of the seaward crags, which,

relieved by the glowing radiance of the whole western sky, stood out massive and solid like a huge purple wall, and seemed so close at hand that the spectator could almost persuade himself that he had but to stretch out his arm, in order to touch the great barrier, which was in truth several miles distant.

Over the crest, and through the gaps of this continuous line of highland, the long level rays streamed down in the slope in one vast flood of golden glory, which was checkered only by the interminable length of shadows which were projected from every single tree, or scattered clump, from every petty elevation of the soil, down the soft glimmering declivity.

Three years had elapsed since the frightful fate of the unhappy Lord of Kerguelen, and the various incidents, which in some sort took their origin from the nature of his crime and its consequence, affecting in the highest degree the happiness of the families of St. Renan and D'Argenson.

Three years had elapsed—three years! That is a little space in the annals of the world, in the life of nations, nay, in the narrow records of humanity. Three years of careless happiness, three years of indolent and tranquil ease, unmarked by any great event, pass over our heads unnoted, and, save in the gray hairs which they scatter, leave no memorial of their transit, more than the sunshine of a happy summer day. They are, they are gone, they are forgotten.

Even three years of gloom and sorrow, of that deep anguish which at the time the sufferer believes to be indelible and everlasting, lag on their weary, desolate course, and when they too are over-passed, and he looks back upon their transit, which seemed so painfully protracted, and, lo! all is changed, and *their* flight also is now but as an ended minute.

And yet what strange and sudden changes altering the affairs of men, changing the hearts of mortals, yea, revolutionizing their whole intellects, and overturning their very natures—more than the devastating earthquake or the destroying lava transforms the face of the everlasting earth—have not been wrought, and again well nigh forgotten within that little period.

Three years had passed, I say, over the head of Raoul de Douarnex—the three most marked and memorable years in the life of every young man—and from the ingenuous and promising stripling, he had now become in all respects a man, and a bold and enterprising man, moreover, who had seen much and struggled much, and suffered somewhat—without which there is no gain of his wisdom here below—in his transit, even thus far, over the billows and among the reefs and quicksands of the world.

His father had kept his promise to that loved son in all things, nor had the Sieur d'Argenson failed of his plighted faith. The autumn of that year, the spring of which saw Kerguelen die in unutterable agony, saw Raoul de Douarnex the contracted and affianced husband of the lovely and beloved Melanie.

All that was wanted now to render them actually man and wife, to create between them that bond which, alone of mortal ties, man cannot sunder, was the ministration of the church's holiest rite, and that,

in wise consideration of their tender years, was postponed until the termination of the third summer.

During the interval it was decided that Raoul, as was the custom of the world in those days, especially among the nobility, and most especially among the nobility of France, should bear arms in active service, and see something of the world abroad, before settling down into the easier duties of domestic life. The family of St. Renan, since the days of that ancestor who has been already mentioned as having sojourned in Pondicherry, had never ceased to maintain some relations with the East Indian possessions of France, and a relation of the house in no very remote degree was at this time military governor of the French East Indies, which were then, previous to the unexampled growth of the British empire in the East, important, flourishing, and full of future promise.

Thither, then, it was determined that Raoul should go in search of adventures, if not of fortune, in the spring following the signature of his marriage contract with the young demoiselle d'Argenson. And, consequently, after a winter passed in quiet domestic happiness on the noble estates, whereon the gentry of Brittany were wont to reside in almost patriarchal state—a winter, every day of which the young lovers spent in company, and at every eve of which they separated more in love than they were at meeting in the morning—Raoul set sail in a fine frigate, carrying several companies of the line, invested with the rank of ensign, and proud to bear the colors of his king, for the shores of the still half fabulous oriental world.

Three years had passed, and the boy had returned a man, the ensign had returned a colonel, so rapid was the promotion of the nobility of the sword in the French army, under the ancient regime; and—greatest change of all, ay, and saddest—the Viscount of Douarnes had returned Count de St. Renan. An infectious fever, ere he had been one year absent from the land of his birth, had cut off his noble father in the very pride and maturity of his intellectual manhood; nor had his mother lingered long behind him whom she had ever loved so fondly. A low, slow fever, caught from that beloved patient whom she had so affectionately nurtured, was as fatal to her, though not so suddenly, as it had proved to her good lord; and when their son returned to France full of honors achieved, and gay anticipations for the future, he found himself an orphan, the lord in lonely and unwilling state of the superb demesnes which had so long called his family their owners.

There never in the world was a kinder heart than that which beat in the breast of the young soldier, and never was a family more strictly bound together by all the kindly influences which breed love and confidence, and domestic happiness among all the members of it, than that of St. Renan. There had been nothing austere or rigid in the bringing up of the gallant boy; the father who had at one hour been the tutor and the monitor, was at the next the comrade and the playmate, and at all times the true and trusted friend, while the mother had been ever the idolized and adored protectress, and the confidante

of all the innocent schemes and artless joys of boyhood.

Bitter, then, was the blow stricken to the very heart of the young soldier, when the first tidings which he received, on landing in his loved France, was the intelligence that those—all those, with but one exception—whom he most tenderly and truly loved, all those to whom he looked up with affectionate trust for advice and guidance, all those on whom he relied for support in his first trials of young manhood, were cold and silent in the all absorbing tomb.

To him there was no hot, feverish ambition prompting him to grasp joyously the absolute command of his great heritage. In his heart there was none of that fierce yet sordid avarice which finds compensation for the loss of the scarce-lamented dead in the severance of the dearest natural bonds, in the possession of wealth, or the promise of power. Nor was this all, for, in truth, so well had Raoul de Douarnes been brought up, and so completely had wisdom grown up with his growth, that when, at the age of nineteen years, he found himself endowed with the rank and revenues of one of the highest and wealthiest peers of France, and in all but mere name his own master—for the Abbé de Chastellar, his mother's brother, who had been appointed his guardian by his father's will, scarcely attempted to exercise even a nominal jurisdiction over him—he felt himself more than ever at a loss, deprived as he was, when he most needed it, of his best natural counsellor; and instead of rejoicing, was more than half inclined to lament over the almost absolute self-control with which he found himself invested.

Young hearts are naturally true themselves, and prone to put trust in others; and it is rarely, except in a few dark and morose and gloomy natures, which are exceptions to the rule and standard of human nature, that man learns to be distrustful and suspicious of his kind, even after experience of fickleness and falsehood may have in some sort justified suspicions, until his head has grown gray.

And this in an eminent degree was the case with Raoul de St. Renan, for henceforth he must be called by the title which his altered state had conferred upon him.

His natural disposition was as trustful and unsuspicious as it was artless and ingenuous; and from his early youth all the lessons which had been taught him by his parents tended to preserve in him unblemished and unbroken that bright gem, which once shattered never can be restored, confidence in the truth, the probity, the goodness of mankind.

Some ruder schooling he had met in the course of his service in the eastern world—he had already learned that men, and—harder knowledge yet to gain—women also, can feign friendship, ay, and love, where neither have the least root in the heart, for purposes the vilest, ends the most sordid. He had learned that bosom friends can be secret foes; that false loves can betray; and yet he was not disenchanted with humanity, he had not even dreamed of doubting, because he had fallen among worldly-minded flatterers and fickle-hearted coquettes, that

absolute friendship and unchangeable love may exist, even in this evil world, stainless and incorruptible among all the changes and chances of this mortal life.

If he had been deceived, he had attributed the failure of his hopes hitherto to the right cause—the fallacy of his own judgment, and the error of his own choice; and the more he had been disappointed, the more firmly had he relied on what he felt certain could not change, the affection of his parents, the love of his betrothed bride.

On the very instant of his landing he found himself shipwrecked in his first hope; and on his earliest interview with his uncle, in Paris, he had the agony—the utter and appalling agony to undergo—of hearing that in the only promise which he had flattered himself was yet left to him, he was destined in all probability to undergo a deeper, deadlier disappointment.

If Melanie d'Argenson had been a lovely girl, the good abbé said, when she was budding out of childhood into youth, so utterly had she outstripped all the promise of her girlhood, that no words could describe, no imagination suggest to itself the charms of the mature yet youthful woman. There was no other beauty named, when loveliness was the theme, throughout all France, than that of the young betrothed of Raoul de Douarnenez. And that which was so loudly and so widely bruited abroad, could not fail to reach the ever open, ever greedy ears of the vile and sensual tyrant who sat on the throne of France at that time, heaping upon his people that load of suffering and anguish which was in after times to be avenged so bitterly and bloodily upon the innocent heads of his unhappy descendants.

Louis had, moreover, heard years before, nay, looked upon the nascent loveliness of Melanie d'Argenson, and, with that cold-blooded voluptuary, to look on beauty was to lust after it, to lust after it was to devote all the powers his despotism could command to win it.

Hence, as the Abbé de Chastellar soon made his unfortunate nephew and pupil comprehend, a settled determination had arisen on the part of the odious despot to break off the marriage of the lovely girl with the young soldier whom it was well known that she fondly loved, and to have her the wife of one who would be less tender of his honor, and less reluctant to surrender, or less difficult to be deprived of a bride, too transcendently beautiful to bless the arms of a subject, even if he were the noblest of the noble.

All this was easily arranged, the base father of Melanie was willing enough to sell his exquisite and virtuous child to the splendid infamy of becoming a king's paramour, and the yet baser Chevalier de la Rochederrien was eager to make the shameful negotiation easy, and to sanction it to the eyes of the willingly hoodwinked world, by giving his name and rank to a woman, who was to be his wife but in name, and whose charms and virtue he had precontracted to make over to another.

The infamous contract had been agreed upon by the principal actors; nay, the wages of the iniquity had been paid in advance. The Sieur d'Argenson had grown into the comte of the same, with the

governorship of the town of Morlaix added, by the revenues of which to support his new dignities; while the Chevalier de la Rochederrien had become no less a personage than the Marquis de Ploermel, with a captaincy of the mousquetaires, and heaven knows what beside of honorary title and highly gilded sinecure, whereby to reconcile him to such depth of sordid infamy as the meanest galley-slave could have scarce undertaken as the price of exchange between his fetters and his ear, and the great noble's splendor.

Such were the tidings which greeted Raoul on his return from honorable service to his king—service for which he was thus repaid; and, before he had even time to reflect on the consequences, or to comprehend the anguish thus entailed upon him, his eyes were opened instantly to comprehension of two or three occurrences which previously he had been unable to explain to himself, or even to guess at their meaning by any exercise of ingenuity. The first of these was the singular ignorance in which he had been kept of the death of his parents by the government officials in the East, and the very evident suppression of the letters which, as his uncle informed him, had been dispatched to summon him with all speed homeward.

The second was the pertinacity with which he had been thrust forward, time after time, on the most desperate and deadly duty—a pertinacity so striking, that, eager as the young soldier was, and greedy of any chance of winning honor, it had not failed to strike him that he was frequently ordered on duty of a nature which, under ordinary circumstances, is performed by volunteers.

Occurrences of this kind are soon remarked in armies, and it had early become a current remark in the camp that to serve in Raoul's company was a sure passport either to promotion or to the other world. But to such an extent was this carried, that when time after time that company had been decimated, even the bravest of the brave experienced an involuntary sinking of the heart when informed that they were transferred or even promoted into those fatal ranks.

Nor was this all, for twice it had occurred, once when he was a captain in command of a company, and again when he had a whole regiment under his orders as its colonel, that his superiors, after detaching him on duty so desperate that it might almost be regarded as a forlorn hope, had entirely neglected either to support or recall him, but had left him exposed to almost inevitable destruction.

In the first instance, not a man whether officer or private of his company had escaped, with the exception of himself. And he was found, when all was supposed to be over, in the last ditch of the redoubt which he had been ordered to defend to the uttermost, after it had been retaken, with his colors wrapped around his breast, still breathing a little, although so cruelly wounded that his life was long despaired of, and was only saved at last by the vigor and purity of an unblemished and unbroken constitution. On the second occasion, he had been suffer-

ed to contend alone for three entire days with but a single battalion against a whole oriental army; but then, that which had been intended to destroy him had won him deathless fame, for by a degree of skill in handling his little force, which had by no means been looked for in so young an officer, although his courage and his conduct were both well known, he had succeeded in giving a bloody repulse to the overwhelming masses of the enemy, and when at length he was supported—doubtless when support was deemed too late to avail him aught—by a few hundred native horse and a few guns, he had converted that check into a total and disastrous route.

So palpable was the case, that although Raoul suspected nothing of the reasons which had led to that disgraceful affair, he had demanded an inquiry into the conduct of his superior; and that unfortunate personage being clearly convicted of unmilitary conduct, and having failed in the end which would have justified the means in the eyes of the voluptuous tyrant, was ruthlessly abandoned to his fate, and actually died on the scaffold with a gag in his mouth, as did the gallant Lally a few years afterward, to prevent his revelation of the orders which he had received, and for obeying which he perished.

All this, though strange and even extraordinary, had failed up to this moment to awaken any suspicion of undue or treasonable agency in the mind of Raoul.

But now as his uncle spoke the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw all the baseness, all the villany of the monarch and his satellites in its true light.

"Is it so? Is it, indeed, so?" he said mournfully. And it really appeared that grief at detecting such a dereliction on the part of his king, had a greater share in the feelings of the noble youth than indignation or resentment. "Is it, indeed, so?" he said, "and could neither my father's long and glorious services, nor my poor conduct avail aught to turn him from such infamy! But tell me," he continued, the blood now mounting fiery red to his pale face, "tell me this, uncle, is she true to me? Is she pure and good? Forgive me, Heaven, that I doubt her, but in such a mass of infamy where may a man look for faith or virtue? Is Melanie true to me, or is she, too, consenting to this scheme of infamous and loathsome guilt?"

"She was true, my son, when I last saw her," replied the good clergyman, "and you may well believe that I spared no argument to urge her to hold fast to her loyalty and faith, and she vowed then by all that was most dear and holy that nothing should induce her ever to become the wife of Rochederrien. But they carried her off into the province, and have immured her, I have heard men say, almost in a dungeon, in her father's castle, for now above a twelvemonth. What has fallen out no one as yet knows certainly; but it is whispered now that she has yielded, and the court scandal goes that she has either wedded him already, or is to do so now within a few days. It is said that they are looked for ere the month is out in Paris."

"Then I will to home, uncle," replied Raoul, "before this night is two hours older for St. Renan."

"Great Heaven! To what end, Raoul. For the sake of all that is good! By your father's memory I implore you, do nothing rashly."

"To know of my own knowledge if she be true or false, uncle."

"And what matters it, Raoul? My boy, my unhappy boy! False or true she is lost to you alike and forever. You have that against which to contend, which no human energy can conquer."

"I know not the thing which human energy cannot conquer, uncle. It is years now ago that my good father taught me this—that there is no sad word as *cannot*! I have proved it before now, uncle abbé; I may, should I find it worth the while, prove it again, and that shortly. If so, let the guilty and the traitors look to themselves—they were best, for they shall need it!"

Such was the state of St. Renan's affections and his hopes when he left the gay capital of France within a few hours after his arrival, and hurried down at the utmost speed of man and horse into Bretagne, whither he made his way so rapidly that the first intimation his people received of his return from the east was his presence at the gates of the castle.

Great, as may be imagined, was the real joy of the old true-hearted servitors of the house, at finding their lord thus unexpectedly restored to them, at a time when they had in fact almost abandoned every hope of seeing him again. The same infernal policy which had thrust him so often, as it were, into the very jaws of death, which had intercepted all the letters sent to him from home, and taken, in other words, every step that ingenuity could suggest to isolate him altogether in that distant world, had taken measures as deep and iniquitous at home to cause him to be regarded as one dead, and to obliterate the memory of his existence.

Three different times reports so circumstantial, and accompanied by such minute details of time and place as to render it almost impossible for men to doubt their authenticity, had been circulated with regard to the death of the young soldier, and as no tidings had been received of him from any more direct source, the last news of his fall had been generally received as true, no motive appearing why it should be discredited.

His appearance, therefore, at the castle of St. Renan, was hailed as that of one who had been lost and was now found, of one who had been dead, and lo! he was alive. The *bancloche* of the old feudal pile rang forth its blithest and most jovial notes of greeting, the banner with the old armorial bearings of St. Renan was displayed upon the keep, and a few light pieces of antique artillery, falcons and culverins and demi-cannon, which had kept their places on the battlements since the days of the leagues, sent forth their thunders far and wide over the astonished country.

So generally, however, had the belief of Raoul's death been circulated, and so absolute had been the credence given to the rumor, that when those unwonted sounds of rejoicing were heard to proceed

from the long silent walls of St. Renan, men never suspected that the lost heir had returned to enjoy his own again, but fancied that some new master had established his claim to the succession, and was thus celebrating his investiture with the rights of the Counts of St. Renan.

Nor was this wonderful, for ocular proof was scarce enough to satisfy the oldest retainers of the family of the young lord's identity; and indeed ocular proof was rendered in some sort dubious by the great alteration which had taken place in the appearance of the personage in question.

Between the handsome stripling of sixteen and the grown man of twenty summers there is a greater difference than the same lapse of time will produce at any other period of human life. And this change had been rendered even greater than usual by the burning climate to which Raoul had been exposed, by the stout endurance of fatigues which had prematurely enlarged and hardened his youthful frame, and above all by the dark experience which had spread something of the thoughtful cast of age over the smooth and gracious lineaments of boyhood.

When he left home the Viscount de Douarnes was a slight, slender, graceful stripling, with a fair, delicate complexion, a profusion of light hair waving in soft curls over his shoulders, a light elastic step, and a frame, which, though it showed the promise already of strength to be attained with maturity, was conspicuous as yet for ease and agility and pliability rather than for power or robustness.

On his return, he had lost, it is true, no jot of his grieffulness or ease of demeanor, but he had shot up and expanded into a tall, broad-shouldered, round-chested, thin-flanked man, with a complexion burned to the darkest hue of which a European skin is susceptible, and which perhaps required the aid of the full soft blue eye to prove it to be European—with a glance as quick, as penetrating, and at the same time as calm and steady as that of the eagle when he gazes undazzled at the noontide splendor.

His hair had been cut short to wear beneath the casque which was still carried by cavaliers, and had grown so much darker that this alteration alone would have gone far to defy the recognition of his friends. He wore a thick dark moustache on his upper lip, and a large *royal*, which we should nowadays call an *imperial*, on his chin.

The whole aspect and expression of face, moreover, was altered, even in a greater degree than his complexion, or his person. All the quick, sparkling play and mobility of feature, the sharp flash of rapidly succeeding sentiments, and strong emotions, expressed on the ingenuous face, as soon as they were conceived within the brain—all these had disappeared completely—disappeared, never to return.

The grave composure of the thoughtful, self-possessed, experienced soldier, sufficient in himself to meet every emergency, every alternation of fortune, had succeeded the imaginative, impulsive ardor of the impetuous, gallant boy.

There was a shadow, too, a heavy shadow of something more than thought—for it was, in truth,

deep, real, heartfelt melancholy, which lent an added gloom to the cold fixity of eye and lip, which had obliterated all the gay and gleeful flashes which used, from moment to moment, to light up the countenance so speaking and so frank in its disclosures.

Yet it would have been difficult to say whether Raoul de St. Renan, grave, dark and sorrowful as he now showed, was not both a handsomer and more attractive person than he had been in his earlier days, as the gay and thoughtless Viscount de Douarnes.

There was a depth of feeling, as well as of thought, now perceptible in the pensive brow and calm eye; and if the ordinary expression of those fine and placid lineaments was fixed and cold, that coldness and rigidity vanished when his face was lighted up by a smile, as quickly as the thin ice of an April morning melts away before the first glitter of the joyous sunbeams.

Nor were the smiles rare or forced, though not now as habitual as in those days of youth unalloyed by calamity, and unsunned by passion, which, once departed, never can return in this world.

The morning of the young lord's arrival passed gloomily enough; it was the very height of summer, it is true, and the sun was shining his brightest over field and tree and tower, and every thing appeared to partake of the delicious influence of the charming weather, and to put on its blithest and most radiant apparel.

Never perhaps had the fine grounds, with their soft mossy sloping lawns, and tranquil brimful waters and shadowy groves of oak and elm, great immemorial trees, looked lovelier than they did that day to greet their long absent master.

But, inasmuch as nothing in this world is more delightful, nothing more unmixed in its means of conveying pleasure, than the return, after long wanderings in foreign climes, among vicissitudes and cares, and sorrows, to an unchanged and happy home, where the same faces are assembled to smile on your late return which wept at your departure, so nothing can be imagined sadder or more depressing to the spirit than so returning to find all things inanimate unchanged, or if changed, more beautiful and brighter for the alteration, but all the living, breathing, sentient creatures—the creatures whose memory has cheered our darkest days of sorrow, whose love we desire most to find unaltered—gone, never to return, swallowed by the cold grave, deaf, silent, unresponsive to our fond affection.

Such was St. Renan's return to the house of his fathers. Until a few short days before he had pictured to himself his father's moderate and manly pleasure, his mother's holy kiss and chastened rapture at beholding once again, at clasping to her happy bosom, the son, whom she sent forth a boy, returned a man worthy the pride of the most ambitious parent.

All this Raoul de St. Renan had anticipated, and bitter, bitter was the pang when he perceived all this gay and glad anticipation thrown to the winds irreparably.

There was not a room in the old house, not a view from a single window, not a tree in the noble park,

not a winding curve of a trout-stream glimmering through the coppices, but was in some way connected with his tenderest and most sacred recollections, but had a memory of pleasant hours attached to it, but recalled the sound of the kindest and dearest words couched in the sweetest tones, the sight of persons but to think of whom made his heart thrill and quiver to its inmost core.

And for hours he had wandered through the long echoing corridors, the stately and superb saloons, feeling their solitude as if it had been actual presence weighing upon his soul, and peopling every apartment with the phantoms of the loved and lost.

Thus had the day lagged onward, and as the sun stooped toward the west darker and sadder had become the young man's fancies; and he felt as if his last hope were about to fade out with the fading light of the declining day-god. So gloomy, indeed, were his thoughts, so sadly had he become inured to woe during the last few days, so certainly had the reply to every question he had asked been the very bitterest and most painful he could have met, that he had, in truth, lacked the courage to assure himself of that on which he could not deny to himself that his last hope of happiness depended. He had not ventured yet even to ask of his own most faithful servants, whether Melanie d'Argenson, who was, he well knew, living scarcely three bow-shots distant from the spot where he stood, was true to him, was a maiden or a wedded wife.

And the old servitors, well aware of the earnest love which had existed between the young people, and of the contract which had been entered into with the consent of all parties, knew not how their young master now stood affected toward the lady, and consequently feared to speak on the subject.

At length when he had dined some hours, while he was sitting with the old bailiff, who had been endeavoring to seduce him into an examination of I know not what of rents and leases, dues and droits, seignorial and manorial, while the bottles of ruby-colored Bordeaux wine stood almost untouched before them, the young man made an effort, and raising his head suddenly after a long and thoughtful silence, asked his companion whether the Comte d'Argenson was at that time resident at the château.

"Oh, yes, monseigneur," the old man returned immediately, "he has been here all the summer, and the château has been full of gay company from Paris. Never such times have been known in my days. Hawking parties one day, and hunting matches the next, and music and balls every night, and cavalries of bright ladies, and cavaliers all ostrich-plumes and cloth of gold and tissue, that you would think our old woods here were converted into fairy land. The young lady Melanie was wedded only three days since to the Marquis de Ploermel; but you will not know him by that name, I trow. He was the chevalier only—the Chevalier de la Rochederrien, when you were here before."

"Ah, they are wedded, then," replied the youth, mastering his passions by a terrible exertion, and speaking of what rent his very heart-strings asunder

as if it had been a matter which concerned him not so much even as a thought. "I heard it was about to be so shortly, but knew not that it had yet taken place."

"Yes, monsieur, three days since, and it is very strangely thought of in the country, and very strange things are said on all sides concerning it."

"As what, Matthieu?"

"Why the marquis is old enough to be her father, or some say her grandfather for that matter, and little Rosalie, her fille-de-chambre, has been telling all the neighborhood that Mademoiselle Melanie hated him with all her heart and soul, and would far rather die than go to the altar as his bride."

"Pshaw! is that all, good Matthieu?" answered the youth, very bitterly—"is that all? Why there is nothing strange in that. That is an every day event. A pretty lady changes her mind, breaks her faith, and weds a man she hates and despises. Well! that is perfectly in rule; that is precisely what is done every day at court. If you could tell just the converse of the tale, that a beautiful woman had kept her inclinations unchanged, her faith unbroken, her honor pure and bright; that she had rejected a rich man, or a powerful man, because he was base or bad, and wedded a poor and honorable one because she loved him, then, indeed, my good Matthieu, you would be telling something that would make men open their eyes wide enough, and marvel what should follow. Is this all that you call strange?"

"You are jesting at me, monseigneur, for that I am country bred," replied the steward, staring at his youthful master with big eyes of astonishment; "you cannot mean that which you say."

"I do mean precisely what I say, my good friend; and I never felt less like jesting in the whole course of my life. I know that you good folk down here in the quiet country judge of these things as you have spoken; but that is entirely on account of your ignorance of court life, and what is now termed nobility. What I tell you is strictly true, that falsehood and intrigue, and lying, that daily sales of honor, that adultery and infamy of all kinds are every day occurrences in Paris, and that the wonders of the time are truth and sincerity, and keeping faith and honor! This, I doubt not, seems strange to you, but it is true for all that."

"At least it is not our custom down here in Bretagne," returned the old man, "and that, I suppose, is the reason why it appears to be so extraordinary to us here. But you will not say, I think, monsieur le comte, that what else I shall tell you is nothing strange or new."

"What else will you tell me, Matthieu? Let us hear it, and then I shall be better able to decide."

"Why they say, monseigneur, that she is no more the Marquis de Ploermel's wife than she is yours or mine, except in name alone; and that he does not dare to kiss her hand, much less her lips; and that they have separate apartments, and are, as it were, strangers altogether. And that the reason of all this is that Ma'melle Melanie is never to be his wife at all, but that she is to go to Paris in a few days, and to become the king's mistress. Will you tell me

that this is not strange, and more than strange, infamous, and dishonoring to the very name of man and woman?"

"Even in this, were it true, there would be nothing, I am grieved to say, very wondrous now-a-days—for there have been several base and terrible examples of such things, I am told, of late; for the rest, I must sympathize with you in your disgust and horror of such doings, even if I prove myself thereby a mere country hobereau, and no man of the world, or of fashion. But you must not believe all these things to be true which you hear from the country gossips," he added, desirous still of shielding Melanie, so long as her guilt should be in the slightest possible degree doubtful, from the reproach which seemed already to attach to her. "I hardly can believe such things possible of so fair and modest a demoiselle as the young lady of d'Argenson; nor is it easy to me to believe that the count would consent to any arrangement so disgraceful, or that the Chevalier de la Rocheder—I beg his pardon, the Marquis de Ploermel, would marry a lady for such an infamous object. I think, therefore, good Matthieu, that, although there would not even in this be any thing very wonderful, it is yet neither probable nor true."

"Oh, yes, it is true! I am well assured that it is true, monseigneur," replied the old man, shaking his head obstinately; "I do not believe that there is much truth or honor in this lady either, or she would not so easily have broken one contract, or forgotten one lover!"

"Hush, hush, Matthieu!" cried Raoul, "you forget that we were mere children at that time; such early troth plightings are foolish ceremonials at the best; beside, do you not see that you are condemning me also as well as the lady?"

"Oh, that is different—that is quite different!" replied the old steward, "gentlemen may be permitted to take some little liberties which with ladies are not allowable. But that a young demoiselle should break her contract in such wise is disgraceful."

"Well, well, we will not argue it to-night, Matthieu," said the young soldier, rising and looking out of the great oriel window over the sunshiny park; "I believe I will go and walk out for an hour or two and refresh my recollections of old times. It is a lovely afternoon as I ever beheld in France or elsewhere."

And with the word he took up his rapier which lay on a slab near the table at which he had been sitting, and hung it to his belt, and then throwing on his plumed hat carelessly, without putting on his cloak, strolled leisurely out into the glorious summer evening.

For a little while he loitered on the esplanade, gazing out toward the sea, the ridgy waves of which were sparkling like emeralds tipped with diamonds in the grand glow of the setting sun. But ere long he turned thence with a sigh, called up perhaps by some fancied similitude between that bright and boundless ocean, desolate and unadorned even by a single passing sail, and his own course of life so desert, friendless and unaccompanied.

Thence he strolled listlessly through the fine garden, inhaling the rare odors of the roses, hundreds of which bloomed on every side of him, there in low bushes, there in trim standards, and not a few climbing over tall trellices and bowery alcoves in one mass of living bloom. He saw the happy swallow darting and wheeling to and fro through the pellucid azure, in pursuit of their insect prey. He heard the rich mellow notes of the blackbirds and thrushes, thousands and thousands of which were warbling incessantly in the cool shadow of the yew and holly hedges. But his diseased and unhappy spirit took no delight in the animated sounds, or summer-teeming sights of rejoicing nature. No, the very joy and merriment, which seemed to pervade all nature, animate or inanimate around him, while he himself had no present joys to elevate, no future promises to cheer him, rendered him, if that were possible, darker and gloomier, and more mournful.

The spirits of the departed seemed to hover about him, forbidding him ever again to admit hope or joy as an inmate to his desolate heart; and, wrapt in these dark phantasies, with his brow bent, and his eyes downcast, he wandered from terrace to terrace through the garden, until he reached its farthest boundary, and then passed out into the park, through which he strolled, almost unconscious whither, until he came to the great deer-fence of the utmost glen, through a wicket of which, just as the sun was setting, he entered into the shadowy woodland.

Then a whole flood of wild and whirling thoughts rushed over his brain at once. He had strolled without a thought into the very scene of his happy rambles with the beloved, the faithless, the lost Melanie. Carried away by a rush of inexplicable feelings, he walked swiftly onward through the dim wild-wood path toward the Devil's Drinking Cup. He came in sight of it—a woman sat by its brink, who started to her feet at the sound of his approaching footsteps.

It was Melanie—alone—and if his eyes deceived him not, weeping bitterly.

She gazed at him, at the first, with an earnest, half-alarmed, half-inquiring glance, as if she did not recognize his face, and, perhaps, apprehended rudeness, if not danger, from the approach of a stranger.

Gradually, however, she seemed in part to recognize him. The look of inquiry and alarm gave place to a fixed, glaring, icy stare of unmixed dread and horror; and when he had now come to within six or eight paces of her, still without speaking, she cried, in a wild, low voice,

"Great God! great God! has he come up from the grave to reproach me! I am true, Raoul; true to the last, my beloved!"

And with a long, shivering, low shriek, she staggered, and would have fallen to the earth had he not caught her in his arms.

But she had fainted in the excess of superstitious awe, and perceived not that it was no phantom's hand, but a most stalwart arm of human mould that clasped her to the heart of the living Raoul de St. Renan.

[Conclusion in our next.]

THE BLOCKHOUSE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

UPON yon hillock in this valley's midst,
Where the low crimson sun lies sweetly now
On corn-fields—clustered trees—and meadows wide
Scattered with rustic homesteads, once there stood
A blockhouse, with its loop-holes, pointed roof,
Wide jutting stories, and high base of stone.
A hamlet of rough log-built cabins stood
Beside it; here a band of settlers dwelt.
One of the number, a gray stalwort man,
Still lingers on the crumbling shores of Time.
Old age has made him garrulous, and oft
I've listened to his talk of other days
In which his youth bore part. His eye would then
Flash lightning, and his trembling hand would clench
His staff, as if it were a rifle grasped
In readiness for the foe.

“One summer's day,”
Thus he commenced beside a crackling hearth
Whilst the storm roared without, “a fresh bright noon,
Us men were wending homeward from the fields,
Where all the breezy morning we had toiled.
I paused a moment on a grassy knoll
And glanced around. Our scythes had been at work,
And here and there a meadow had been shorn
And looked like velvet; still the grain stood rich;
The brilliant sunshine sparkled on the curves
Of the long drooping corn-leaves, till a veil
Of light seemed quivering o'er the furrowed green.
The herds were grouped within the pasture-fields,
And smokes curled lazily from the cabin-roofs.
'T was a glad scene, and as I looked my heart
Swelled up to Heaven in fervent gratitude.
Ha! from the circling woods what form steals out
Strait in my line of vision, then shrinks back!
'The savage! haste, men, haste! away, away!
The bloody savage!’ 'T was that perilous time
When our young country stood in arms for right
And freedom, and, within the forests, each
Worked with his loaded rifle at his back.
We all unslung our weapons, and with hearts
Nerving for trial, flew toward our homes.
We reached them as wild whoopings filled the air,
And dusky forms came bounding from the woods.
We pressed toward the blockhouse, with our wives
And children madly shrieking in our midst.
But ere we reached it, like a torrent dashed
Our tawny foes amongst us. Oh that scene
Of dread and horror! Knives and tomahawks
Darted and flashed. In vain we poured our shots
From our long rifles; breast to breast, in vain,
And eye to eye, we fought. My comrades dropped
Around me, and their scalps were wrenched away
As they lay writhing. From our midst our wives
Were torn and brained; our shrieking infants dashed
Upon the bloody earth, until our steps
Were clogged with their remains. Still on we pressed
With our clubbed rifles, sweeping blow on blow;
But, one by one, my bleeding comrades fell,
Until my brother and myself alone
Remained of all our band. My wife had clung
Close to my side throughout the horrid strife,
I, warding off each blow, and struggling on.
And now we three were near the blockhouse-door,

Closed by a secret spring. My brother first
Its succor reached; it opened at his touch.
Just then an Indian darted to my side
And grasped my trembling wife”—the old man paused
And veiled his eyes, whilst shudderings shook his frame
As the wind shakes the leaf. “I saw her, youth,
Sink with one bitter shriek beneath the edge
Of his red, swooping hatchet. Turned to stone
I stood an instant, but my brother's hand
Dragged me within the blockhouse. As the door
Closed to the spring, and quick my brother thrust
The heavy bars athwart, for I was sick
With horror, piercing whoops of baffled rage
Echoed without. Recovering from my deep,
O'erwhelming stupor, as I heard those sounds
My veins ran liquid flame; with iron grasp
I clenched my rifle. From the loops we poured
Quick shots upon the foe, who, shrinking back,
To the low cabin-roofs applied the brand—
Up with fierce fury flashed the greedy flames.
Just then my brother thrust his head from out
A loop—quick cracked a rifle, and he fell
Dead on the planks. With yells that froze my blood.
A score of warriors at the blockhouse-door
Heaped a great pile of boughs. A streak of fire
Ran like a serpent through it, and then leaped
Broad up the sides. Through every loop-hole poured
Deep smoke, with now and then a fiery flash.
The air grew thick and hot, until I seemed
To breathe but flame. I staggered to a loop.
Dancing around with flourished tomahawks
I saw my horrid foes. But ha! that glimpse!
Again! oh can it be my wavering sight!
No, no, forms break from out the forest depths,
And hurry onward; gleaming arms I see.
Joy, joy, 'tis coming succor! Swift they come,
Swift as the wind. The swarthy warriors gaze
Like startled deer. Crash, crash, now peal the shots
Amongst them, and with looks of fierce despair
They group together, aim a scattered fire,
Then seek to break with tomahawk and knife
Through the advancing circle, but in vain,
They fall beneath the stalwort blows of men
Who long had suffered under savage hate.
Hunters and settlers of the valley roused
At length to vengeance. With a rapid hand
The blockhouse-door I opened and rushed out,
Wielding my rifle. Youth, this arm is old
And withered now, but every blow I struck
Then made the blood-drops spatter to my brow,
Until I bathed in crimson. With deep joy
I felt the iron sink within the brain
And clatter on the bone, until the stock
Snapped from the barrel. But the fight soon passed,
And as the last red foe beneath my arm
Dropped dead, I sunk exhausted at the feet
Of my preservers. A wild, murky gloom,
Filled with fierce eyes, fell round me, but kind Heaven
Lifted at length the blackness; on my soul
The keen glare fell no more, and I arose
With the blue sky above me, and the earth
Laughing around in all its glorious beauty.

As Jameson bent his lips to the young girl's forehead they were curled by a faint sneering smile. That smile was blended with the kiss he imprinted there. It left no sting—the poison touched no one of the delicate nerves that awoke and thrilled to the fanning of his breath, and yet it would have been perceptible to an observer as the glitter of a rattlesnake.

"I am sure you love me, Florence."

"Love you!" her breath swelled and fluttered as the words left her lips. "Love! I fear—I know that all this is idolatry!"

"Else why are you here."

"Truly, most truly!"

"Risking all things, even reputation, for me, and I so unworthy."

"Reputation!" cried Florence, her pride suddenly stung with the venom that lay within those honied words. "Not reputation, Jameson; I do not risk that; I could not—it would be death!"

"And yet you are here, alone with me, beloved, in this old house."

"But I am here to become your wife—only to become your wife. I risk my father's displeasure—I know that—I am disobedient, wicked, cruel to him, but his good name—my own good name—no, no, nothing that I have done should endanger that."

The proud girl was much agitated, and the dove-like fondness that had brooded in her eyes a moment before began to kindle up to an expression that the lover became earnest to change.

"You take me up too seriously," he said, attempting to draw her toward him, but she resisted proudly. "I only spoke of *possible* not probable risk, and that because the clergyman would be persuaded to come down here only on a promise that the marriage should be kept a secret till some means could be found of reconciling the old gentleman, or at any rate for a week or two."

"And you gave the promise," said Florence, while her beautiful features settled into a grieved and dissatisfied expression. "You gave this promise?"

"Why, Florence, what ails you? I had no choice. You had already left home, and he would listen to no other terms."

"A week or two—our marriage kept secret so long," said Florence in a tone of dissatisfaction. "You did well to say I was risking much for you. My life had been little—but this—"

"And is this too much? Do you begin to regret, Florence?"

Nothing could have been more gentle, more replete with tenderness, ardent but full of reproach, than the tone in which these words were uttered. Florence lifted her eyes to his, tears came into them, and then she smiled brightly once more.

"Oh! let us have done with this; I am nervous, agitated, unreasonable I suppose; of course you have done right," she said, "but at first the thoughts of this concealment terrified me."

"Hark! I hear wheels. It must be the clergyman and Byrne," said Jameson, listening.

"And is a stranger coming," inquired Florence, "any one but the clergyman? I was not prepared for that!"

"But we must have a witness. He is my friend, and one that can be trusted. You need have no fear of Byrne."

"They are here!" said Florence, who had been listening with checked breath, while her face waxed very pale. "It is the step of two persons on the gravel. Let me go—let me go for an instant, this is no dress for a bride," and she glanced hurriedly at her black silk dress, relieved only by a frill of lace and a knot or two of rose-colored ribbon.

"What matters it, beautiful as you always are."

"No, no, I cannot be married in black—I will not be married in black," she cried hurriedly, and with a forced effort to be gay; "wait ten minutes, I will but step to the chamber above and be with you again directly."

Florence disappeared through a door leading into the main portion of the building, while Jameson arose and went out to meet the two men, who were now close by the stoop, and looking about as if undecided what door to try at for admission.

"Let us take a stroll in the garden," he said, descending the steps, "the lady is not quite ready yet; how beautiful the morning is," and passing his arm through that of a man who seemed some years older than himself, and who had accompanied the clergyman, he turned an angle of the building. The clergyman followed them a pace or two, then returning sat down upon the steps that led to the stoop and took off his hat.

"This is a singular affair," he muttered, putting back the locks from his forehead and bending his elbows upon his knees, with the deep sigh of a man who finds the air deliciously refreshing, "I have half a mind to pluck a handful of flowers, step into my chaise and go back to the city again; but for the sweet young lady I would. There is something about the young man that troubles me—what if my good-nature has been imposed upon—what if old Mr. Hurst has deeper reasons than his pride—that I would not bend to a minute—and he gives no other reason if they tell me truly. This young man is his book-keeper, and so his love is presumptuous. Probably old Hurst has imported a cargo of aristocratic arrogance from Europe, and the young people tell the truth. If so, why I will even marry them, and let the stately gentleman make the best of it. Still, I half wish the thing had not fallen upon me."

Meantime the bridegroom and his friend walked slowly toward the water.

"And so you have snared the bird at last," said Byrne.

"I did not think you could manage to get her down here. When did she come?"

"Yesterday," said Jameson.

"Alone?"

"Quite alone; her father thinks her visiting a friend."

"But you left the city yesterday."

"Yes."

"And not with her?"

"She came down alone—so did I."

"But directly after—ha!"

Jameson smiled, that same crafty smile that had curled his lips even when they rested upon the forehead of Florence Hurst.

"And did she sanction this. By heavens! I would not have believed it—so proud, so sensitive!"

"No, no, Byrne, to do Florence justice, she supposes that I came down this morning; but the old house is large, and it was easy enough for me to find a nook to sleep in, without her knowledge."

"But what object have you in this?"

"Why, as to my object, it is scarcely settled yet; but it struck me that by this movement I might obtain a hold upon her father's family pride, should his affection for Florence fail. The haughty old don would hardly like it to be known in the city that his lovely daughter—his only child—had spent the night alone, in an old country-house, with her father's book-keeper."

"But how would he know this; surely you would not become the informant?"

"Why, no!" replied Jameson, with a smile; "but I took a little pains to inquire about the localities of this old nest up at the village. The good people had seen Miss Hurst leave the stage an hour before and walk over this way. It seems very natural that he may hear it from that quarter."

Byrne looked at his companion a moment almost sternly, then dropping his eyes to the ground, he began to dash aside the rich blossoms from a tuft of pansies with his cane.

"You do not approve of this?" said Jameson, studying his companion's countenance.

"No."

"Why, it can do no harm. What would the girl be to me without her expectations. I tell you her father will pay any sum rather than allow a shadow of disgrace to fall upon her. I will marry her at all hazards; but it must be kept secret, and in a little time some hint of this romantic excursion will be certain to reach head-quarters; and I shall have the old man as eager for the marriage as any of us, and ready to come down handsomely, too. I tell you it makes every thing doubly sure."

"It may be so," said the other, in a dissatisfied manner.

"Well, like it or not, I can see no other way by which you will be certain of the three thousand dollars that you won of me," replied Jameson, coolly.

Byrne dashed his cane across the pansies, sending the broken blossoms in a shower over the gravel-walks.

"Well, manage as you like, the affair is nothing to me, but it smacks strongly of the scoundrel, Herbert, I can tell you that."

"Pah! this little plot of mine will probably amount to nothing. The old gentleman may give in at once to the tears and caresses of my sweet bride up yonder. Faith, I doubt if any man could resist her."

"More than probable—more than probable!" re-

joined the other; "but I should not like to be with the sight of that girl's eye if she ever finds out the game you have been playing."

"Yes, it would be very likely to strike fire," replied Jameson, carelessly; "but she loves me, and there is no slave like a woman that loves. You will see that before the year is over, every spark that flashes from her eyes I shall force back upon her heart till it burns in, I can tell you. But there she all in bridal white, and fluttering like a bird above the old stoop. Come, we must not keep her waiting."

Meantime, Florence Hurst had entered a little chamber, where, nineteen years before, she had opened her eyes to the light of heaven. It was one end of the house, and across the window fell the massive boughs of an old apple-tree, heaped with masses of the richest foliage, and rosy with half-open blossoms. A curtain of delicate lace fluttered before the open sash, bathed in fragrance, and through which the rough brown of the limbs, the delicate green in which the rosy buds seemed matted, gleamed as through a wreath of mist.

The night before Florence had left a robe of pure white muslin near the window, exquisitely fine, but very simple, which was to be her wedding-dress. It was strange, but a sort of faintness crept over her heart as she saw the dress; and she sat down powerless, with both hands falling in her lap, gazing upon it. For the moment her intellect was clear, her heart yielded up to its new intuition. Her guardian angel was busy with her passionate but noble nature. She felt, for the first time, in all its force, how wrong she was acting, how indelicate was her situation. It seemed as if she were that moment casting aside her father's love—from her own lofty self-appreciation. The heart that had swelled and throbbed warmly a moment before, now lay heavy in her bosom, shrinking from the destiny prepared for her. Just then the sound of a voice penetrated the thick foliage of the fruit tree, and she started up as more full of conflicting emotions. It was Jameson's voice that reached her as he passed with his fire beneath the fruit trees. She heard no syllable of what he was saying, but the very tone, as it softened and low through the perfume and sweets that floated around her, was enough to fling her into fresh tumult. How she trembled; how warm and red came the passion-fire of that delicate cheek as she flung the black garment from off her support, and hurried on the bridal array. It was pure and chaste, and utterly without pretension, that wedding dress, knots of snowy ribbon fastened it at shoulders and bosom, and the exquisite whiteness was unbroken save by the glow that warmed neck and bosom almost to a blush, and the purple gloss upon her tresses, that fell in raven masses down to her shoulders.

She took a glance in the old mirror, encompassed by its frame-work of ebony, carved and elaborated at the top and bottom into a dark net-work of filagree; she saw herself—a bride. Again the will of her guardian angel beat against her heart. The unbroken whiteness of her array seemed to fold

like a shroud, and like that thing which a shroud clings to, became the pallor which settled on her features; for behind her own figure, and moving, as it were, in the back-ground of the mirror, she saw the image of her lover and his friend, talking earnestly together. The friend stood with his back toward her, but *his* face she saw distinctly, and that smile was on his lips, cold, crafty, almost contemptuous. Was it Jameson, or only something mocking her from the mirror? She went to the window, drew aside the filmy lace, and looked forth. Truly it was her lover; through an interstice of the apple boughs she saw him distinctly, and he saw her—that smile, surely the gloomy old mirror had reflected awry. How brilliant, how full of love was the whole expression of his face. Again her heart lighted up. She took a cluster of blossoms from the apple-tree bough, and waving them lightly toward him, drew back. She left the room, fastening the damp and fragrant buds in her hair as she went along, for somehow she shrank from looking into the old mirror again.

Now the guardian angel gave way to the passion spirit. Florence entered the little boudoir, trembling with excitement, and warm with blushes. The room was solitary, and she stepped out upon the stoop—for her life she could not have composed herself to sit down and wait a single instant. The clergyman was there sitting upon the steps, thoughtful, and evidently yielding to the doubts that had arisen in his kind but just nature too late. He arose as Florence came upon the stoop, and slowly mounted the steps, took her hand and led her back into the room.

"My dear young lady," he said very gravely, "I would hear from your own lips what the impediments to this marriage really are. I scarce know how to account for it. Nothing has happened to change the aspect of affairs here; but within the last hour I have been troubled with doubts and misgivings. Has all been done that can be to obtain your father's consent?"

"I believe—I know that there has," replied Florence, instantly saddened by the gravity of the clergyman.

"And his objections arose purely from pride—aristocratic pride?"

"I never heard any other reason given for withholding his consent," replied Florence. "To me he never gave a reason. His commands were peremptory."

"And you have known this young man long?"

"I was but fifteen when he first came into my father's employ."

"And you love him with your whole heart?"

Florence lifted her eyes, and through the long black lashes flashed a reply so eloquent, so beautiful, that it made even the quiet clergyman draw a deep breath.

"Enough—I will marry them!" he said inly. "I only wish the young man may prove worthy of all this—"

His soliloquy was cut short by the appearance of Jameson and his friend.

They were married—Florence Hurst, the only

daughter and heiress of the richest merchant in New York, to Jameson, the protégée and book-keeper of her proud father.

They were married, and they were left alone in that picturesque old country-house. And now, strange to say, Florence grew very sad; and as Jameson sat by her, with one hand in his, and circling her waist with his arm, she began to weep bitterly.

Florence, Florence—how is this! why do you weep, beloved?"

"I do not know," said the bride, gently; "but since the good clergyman has left us, my heart is heavy, and I feel alone."

"Do you not love me, Florence? Have you lost confidence in me?"

Florence lifted her eyes, shining with affection, and placed her hand in his.

"But this secrecy troubles me. Let us tell my father at once," she said, earnestly.

"But I have promised, shall I break a pledge, and that to the man of God who has just given you to me forever and ever, Florence?"

"Surely his consent may be obtained. He said nothing of concealment to me."

"And did you talk with him?" questioned Jameson, maintaining the same tone in which his other questions had been put, but with a certain sharpness in it.

"A little. He questioned me of the motives which induced my father to oppose our marriage."

"And that was all?"

"Yes; you came in just then, and the rest seems like a dream."

"A blessed, sweet dream, Florence, for it made you my wife," said Jameson.

Still Florence wept. "And now," she said, lifting her eyes timidly to his, "let us return to the city; while this secrecy lasts I must see you only in the presence of my father."

"Florence, is this distrust—is it dislike?" cried Jameson, startled out of his usual self-command.

"Neither," said Florence, "you know that. You are certain of it as I am myself. But I am your wife now, Herbert, and have both your honor and my own to care for. My father has no power to separate us now, so that fear which seemed to haunt you ever is at rest. But it is due to myself, to him, and to you, that when you claim me as your wife, he should know that I am such, though he may not approve."

Florence said all this very sweetly, but with a degree of gentle firmness that seemed the more unassailable that it was sweet and gentle. Before he could speak she withdrew herself from his arm, and glided from the room. When quite alone, Jameson fell into an unpleasant reverie, from which her return in the black silk dress, with a bonnet and shawl on, aroused him.

"Come," she said, with a smile and a blush, "let us walk through the oak woods, and across the meadows, we shall reach the village almost as soon as the good clergyman and your friend. The reverend gentleman will take care of me, I feel quite sure, and you can manage for yourself. Here we must not remain another moment."

"Florence!"

"Nay, nay—who ever heard of a lady being thwarted on her wedding-morning!" cried Florence—and she went out upon the stoop. Jameson followed, and seemed to be expostulating; but she took his arm and walked on, evidently unconvinced by all that he was saying, till they disappeared in the oak woods.

CHAPTER II.

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in the shame.
They will name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear? BYRON.

Florence was in her father's house near the Battery, and looking forth into a large, old-fashioned garden, which was just growing dusky with approaching twilight; near her, in a large crimson chair, sat a man of fifty perhaps, tall and slender, with handsome but stern features, rendered more imposing by thick hair, almost entirely gray, and a style of dress unusually rich, and partaking of fashions that had prevailed twenty years earlier.

Florence was pensive, and an air of painful depression hung about her. The presence of her father, who sat gazing upon her in silence, affected her much; the secret that lay upon her heart seemed to grow palpable to his sight, and though she appeared only still and pensive, the poor girl trembled from head to foot.

"Florence!" said Mr. Hurst after the lapse of half an hour, for it seemed as if he had been waiting for the twilight to deepen around them—"Florence, you are sad, child. You look unhappy. Do your father's wishes press so heavily upon your spirits—do you look upon him as harsh, unreasonable, because he will not allow his only child to throw away her friendship, her society upon the unworthy?"

Florence did not answer, her heart was too full. There was something tender and affectionate in her father's voice that made the tears start, and drowned the words that she would have spoken. Seldom had he addressed her in that tone before. How unlike was he to the reserved, stern father whose arbitrary command to part with her lover she had secretly disobeyed.

"Speak, Florence, your depression grieves me," continued Mr. Hurst, as he heard the sobs she was trying in vain to suppress.

"Oh, father—father! why will you call him unworthy because he lacks family standing and wealth? I cannot—oh I never can think with you in this!"

"And who said that I did deem him unworthy for these reasons? Who said that I objected to Herbert Jameson as a companion for my daughter because of his humble origin or his penniless condition? Who told you this, Florence Hurst?"

"He, he told me—did you not say all this to him, all this and more? Did you not drive him from your presence and employ with bitter scorn, when two weeks ago he asked for your daughter's hand?"

"He ask for my daughter's hand! he, the ingrate! the—Florence, did you believe that he really possessed the base assurance to request your hand of me?"

"Father! father! what does this mean? Did you not tell me on that very evening never to see him again—never to recognize him in the street, or even think of him! Did you not cast him forth from your home and employ because he told you of his love for me and of mine for him?"

"Of your love for him, Florence Hurst!"

There was something terrible in the voice of mingled astonishment and dismay with which this exclamation was made.

"Father!" cried the poor girl, half rising from her seat, and falling back again pale and trembling, "father, why this astonishment? You knew that I loved him!"

"Who told you that I did?"

"He told me, he, Herbert Jameson. It was for this you made him an outcast."

"It is false, Florence, I never dreamed of this degradation!" said Mr. Hurst, in a voice that seemed like sound breaking up through cold marble.

"Then why that command to myself—why was I never to see or hear from him again?" cried Florence, almost gasping for breath.

"Because he is a dishonest man, a swindler—because I solemnly believe that he has been robbing me during the last three years, and squandering his stolen spoil at the gambling-table!"

"Father—father—father!"

The sharp anguish in which these words broke forth brought the distressed merchant to his feet. Florence, too, stood upright, and even through the dusk you might have seen the wild glitter of her eyes, the fierce heave of her bosom.

"You believe, father, you only believe! how such things be said without proof—proof broad and clear as the open sunshine when it pours down brightest from heaven. I say to you, my father, Herbert Jameson is an honest, honorable man!"

"It is well, Florence—it is well!" said Mr. Hurst, with stern and bitter emphasis. "You have doubted my justice, you distrust that which I have said. You are foolishly blind enough to think that this man *can* love, does love you."

"I know that he does!" said Florence with a sort of wild exultation. "I know that he loves me."

"And would you, if I were to give my consent—could you become the wife of Herbert Jameson?"

"Father, I could! I would!"

"Then on this point be the issue between us," said Mr. Hurst, with calm and stern dignity. "Florence, I am about to send a note desiring this man to come once more under my roof," and he rang a bell for lights; "if within three hours I do not give you proof that he loves you only for the wealth that I can give—that he is every way despicable—I say that if within three hours I do not furnish this proof, clear, glaring, indisputable, then will I frankly and at once give my consent to your marriage."

"Father!" cried Florence, while a burst of wild

and startling joy broke over her face, "I will stand the issue! My life—my very soul would I pledge on his integrity."

Mr. Hurst looked at her with mournful sternness while she was speaking, and then proceeded to write a note which he instantly dispatched.

While the servant was absent Mr. Hurst and his daughter remained together, much agitated but silent and lost in thought. In the course of half an hour the man returned with a reply to the note. Mr. Hurst read it, and waiting till they were alone turned to his daughter and pointed to a glass door which led from the room into a little conservatory of plants.

"Go in yonder, from thence you can hear all that passes."

"Father, is it right—will it be honorable?" said Florence, hesitating and weak with agitation.

"It is right—it is honorable! Go in!" His voice was stern, the gesture with which he enforced it peremptory, and poor Florence obeyed.

A curtain of pale green silk fell over the sash-door, and close behind it stood a garden-chair, overhung by the blossoming tendrils of a passion-flower. Florence sat down in the chair and her head drooped fainting to one hand. There was something in the scent of the various plants blossoming around that reminded her of that wedding-morning when the air was literally burthened with like fragrance. She was about to see her husband for the first time since that agitating day, to see him thus, crouching as a spy among those delicate plants, her heart beat heavily, she loathed herself for the seeming meanness that had been forced upon her. Yet there was misgiving at her heart—a vague, sickening apprehension that chained her to the seat.

She heard the door open and some one enter the room where her father sat, with a lamp pouring its light over his stern and pale features till every iron lineament was fully revealed. Scarcely conscious of the act, Florence drew aside a fold of the curtain, and with her forehead pressed to the cold glass looked in. Mr. Hurst had not risen, but with an elbow resting on the table sat pale and stern, with his eyes bent full upon her husband, who stood a few paces nearer to the door. In one hand was his hat, in the other he held a slender walking-stick. He did not seem fully at his ease, and yet there was more of triumph than of embarrassment in his manner. Florence observed, and with a sinking heart, that he did not, except with a furtive glance, return the calm and searching look with which Mr. Hurst regarded him.

"Mr. Jameson, sit down," began the haughty merchant, pointing to a chair. "I did hope after our last interview never again to be disturbed by your presence, but it seems that, serpent-like, you will never tire of stinging the bosom that has warmed you."

"I am at a loss to understand you, Mr. Hurst," replied Jameson, taking the chair, and Florence sickened as she saw creeping over his lips the very same smile that had gleamed before her in the mirror. "When I last saw you your charges were harsh,

your treatment cruel. You imputed things to me of which you have no proof, and upon the strength of an absurd suspicion of—I may as well speak it out—of dishonesty, you discharged me from your employ; I am at a loss to know why you have sent for me, certainly you cannot expect to wring proof of these charges from my own words."

"I have proof of them, undoubted, conclusive, and had at the time they were first made! but you had been cherished beneath my roof, had broken of my bread, and I was forbearing! Was not this reason enough why I should have sent you forth as I did?"

Jameson gave a perceptible start and turned very pale as Mr. Hurst spoke of the proofs that he possessed; but the emotion was only momentary, and it scarcely disturbed the smile that still curled about his mouth.

"At any rate the bare suspicion of these things was all the reason you deigned to give," he said.

Florence heard and saw—conviction, the loathed thing, came creeping colder and colder to her bosom.

"But since then I have other causes for pursuing your crimes with the justice they merit, other and deeper wrongs you have done me, serpent, fiend, household ingrate as you are!"

"And what may those other wrongs be?" was the cold and half sneering rejoinder to this passionate outbreak.

"My daughter!" said the merchant, sweeping a hand across his forehead. "It sickens me to mention her name here and thus, but my daughter—even there has your venom reached."

"Perhaps I understand you," said the young man with insufferable coolness; "but if your daughter chose to love where her father hates how am I to blame? I am sure it has cost me a great deal of trouble to keep the young lady's partiality a secret. If you have found it out at last so much the better."

Mr. Hurst, with all his firmness, was struck dumb by this cool and taunting reply, but after a moment's fierce struggle he mastered the passion within him and spoke.

"You love"—the words absolutely choked the proud man—"you love my daughter then—why was this never mentioned to me?"

"It was the young lady's fancy, I suppose; perhaps she shrunk from so grim a confidant; at any rate it is very certain that I did!"

Mr. Hurst shaded his face with one hand and seemed to struggle fiercely with himself. Jameson sat playing with the tassel of his cane, now and then casting furtive glances at his benefactor.

"Young man," said the merchant, slowly withdrawing his hand, "I have but to denounce you to the laws, and you leave this room for a convict's cell."

"It may be that you have this power!" replied Jameson, with undisturbed self-possession, "I am sure I cannot say whether you have or not!"

"I have the power, what should withhold me!"

"Oh, many things. Your daughter, for instance!"

"My daughter!"

"You interrupt me, sir. I was about to say your

daughter has given me some rather unequivocal proofs of her love, and they would become unpleasantly public, you know, if her father insisted upon dragging me before the world. Your daughter, sir, must be my shield and buckler, I never desire a better or fairer."

Here a noise broke from the conservatory, and the silk curtain shook violently, but as it was spring time, and with open doors for the wind to circulate through, this did not seem extraordinary. Still, Mr. Hurst looked anxiously around, and Jameson cast a careless glance that way.

It was very painful, nay withering to his proud heart, but Mr. Hurst was determined to lay open the black nature of that man before his child; he knew that she suffered, that it was torture that he inflicted, but nevertheless she could be redeemed in no other way, and he remained firm as a rock.

"So, in order to deter me from a just act, you would use my daughter's attachment as a threat; you would drag her name before the world, that it might be blasted with your own! Is this what I am to understand?"

"Well, something very like it, I must confess."

Mr. Hurst arose. "I have done with you, Herbert Jameson," he said, with austere dignity. "Go, your presence is oppressive! So young and so deep a villain, even I did not believe you so terribly base. Go, I have done with you!"

Jameson did not move, but sat twisting the tassel of his cane between his thumb and finger. He did not look full at Mr. Hurst, for there was something in his eye that quelled even his audacity; but when he spoke, it was without any outward agitation, though his miscreant limbs shook, and the heart trembled in his bosom.

"Mr. Hurst," he said, "I do not know how far you have used past transactions to terrify me, but I assure you that any blow aimed at me will recoil on yourself. But this is not enough, you have told me to leave your roof forever—and so I will; but first let my wife be informed that I await her pleasure here. I take her with me, and that before you can have an opportunity to poison her mind against her husband."

"Your wife! Your wife!" Mr. Hurst could only master these words, and they fell from his white lips in fragments. He looked wildly around toward the door, and at the young man, who stood there smiling at his agony.

"Yes, sir, my wife. There is the certificate of our marriage three days ago, at your pleasant old country-house on the Long Island shore. You see that it is regularly witnessed—the people about there will tell you the how and when."

Mr. Hurst took up the certificate and held it before his eyes, but for the universe he could not have read a word, for it shook in his hand like a withered leaf in the wind.

Then softly and slowly the conservatory-door opened, and the tall figure of Florence Hurst glided through. There was a bright red spot upon her forehead, where it had pressed against the glass, but

save that her face, neck, and hands were colored as Parian marble, and almost as cold. She approached her father, took the certificate from his hand and tearing it slowly and deliberately into shreds, set her foot upon them.

"Father," she said, "take me away. I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no longer worthy to be called thy daughter, but, O punish me not with the presence of this bad man!"

Without a word, Mr. Hurst took the cold hand of his daughter and led her into another room. Jameson was left alone—alone with his own black heart and base thoughts. We would as soon dwell with a rattle-snake in its hole, and attempt to analyze its venom, as register the dark writhing of a nature like his. The sound of a voice, low, earnest and pleading, now and then reached his ear. Then there was noise as of some one falling, followed by the tramp of several persons moving about in haste; and, after a little, Mr. Hurst entered the room again.

Young Jameson stood up, for reflection had warned him that he could no longer trust to the power of Florence with her father; there had been something in the terrible stillness of her indignation, in the pale features, the dilated eyes, and the brows arched with ineffable scorn, that convinced him how mistaken was the anchor which he had expected to hold so firmly in her love. He knew Mr. Hurst, and felt that in his lofty pride alone could rest any hope of rescue from the penalty of his crimes.

He stood up, then, as I have said, with more respect in his manner than had hitherto marked it.

Mr. Hurst resumed his chair and motioned that the young man should follow his example. He was very pale, and a look of keen suffering lay around his eyes, but still in his features was an expression of relief, as if the degradation that had fallen upon him was less than he had dreaded.

"How, may I ask, how is my—, how is Florence—she looked ill; I trust nothing serious?" said Jameson, sinking into his chair, and goaded to say something by the keen gaze which Mr. Hurst had turned upon him.

"Never again take that name into your lips," said the outraged father—and his stern voice shook with concentrated passion. "If you but breathe it is a whisper to your own base heart alone, I will cast aside all, and punish you even to the extremity of the law."

"But, Mr. Hurst—"

"Peace, sir!"

The young ingrate drew back with a start, and looked toward the door, for the terrible passion which he had lighted in that lofty man now broke forth in voice, look and gesture; the wretch was appalled by it.

"Sit still, sir, and hear what I have to say."

"I will—I listen, Mr. Hurst, but do be more composed. I did not mean to offend you in asking after—"

"Young man, beware!" Mr. Hurst had in some degree mastered himself, but the huskiness of his voice, the vivid gleam of his eyes, gave warning

that the fire within him though smothered was not quenched.

"I am silent, sir," cried the wretch, completely bowed by the strong will of his antagonist.

"I know all—all, and have but few words to cast upon a thing so vile as you have become. If I submit to your presence for a moment it is because that agony must be endured in order that I may cast you from me at once, like the viper that had stung me."

"Sir, these are hard words," faltered Jameson; but Mr. Hurst lifted his hand sharply, and went on.

"You want money. How much did you expect to obtain from me?"

"I—I—this is too abrupt, Mr. Hurst, you impute motives—"

"I say, sir," cried the merchant, sternly interrupting the stammered attempt at defense, "I say you have done this for money—impunity for your crime first, and then money. You see I know you thoroughly."

The wretch shrunk from the withering smile that swept over that white face; he looked the thing he was—a worthless, miserable coward, with all the natural audacity of his character dashed aside by the strong will of the man he had wronged.

"You are too much excited, Mr. Hurst, I will call some other time," he faltered out.

"Now—now, sir, I give you impunity! I will give you money. Say, how much will release me from the infamy of your presence; I will pay well, sir, as I would the physician who drives a pestilence from my hearth?"

"Mr. Hurst, what do you wish—what am I to do?"

"You are to leave this country now and forever—leave it without speaking the name of my daughter. You are never to step your foot again upon the land which she inhabits. Do this, and I will invest fifty thousand dollars for your benefit, the income to be paid you in any country that you may choose to infest, any except this."

"And what if I refuse to sell my liberty, my—" he paused, for Mr. Hurst was keenly watching him, and he dared not mention Florence as his wife, though the word trembled on his lip.

"What then," said the merchant, firmly, "why you pass from this door to the presence of a magistrate—from thence to prison—after that to trial—not on a single indictment, but on charges urged one after another that shall keep you during half your life within the walls of a convict's cell."

"But remember—"

"I do remember every thing; and I, who never yet violated my word to mortal man, most solemnly assure you that such is your destination, let the consequences fall where they will."

Jameson sat down, and with his eyes fixed on the floor, fell into a train of subtle calculation. Mr. Hurst sat watching him with stern patience. At last Jameson spoke, but without lifting his eyes, "You are a very wealthy man, Mr. Hurst, and fifty thousand dollars is not exactly the portion that—"

"The bribe—the bribe, you mean, which is to rid me of an ingrate," cried the merchant, and a look

of ineffable disgust swept over his face. "The benefit is great, too great for mere gold to purchase, but I have named fifty thousand—choose between that and a prison."

"But shall I have the money down?" said Jameson, still gazing upon the floor. "Remember, sir, my affections, my—"

"Peace, once more—another word on that subject and I consign you to justice at once. This interview has lasted too long already. You have my terms, accept or reject them at once."

"I—I—of course I can but accept them, hard as it is to separate from my country and friends. But did I understand you aright, sir. Is it fifty thousand in possession, or the income that you offer?"

"The income—and that only to be paid in a foreign land, and while you remain there."

"These are hard terms, Mr. Hurst, very hard terms, indeed," said Jameson. "Before I reply to to them—excuse me, I intend no offence—but I must hear from your daughter's own lips that she desires it."

Mr. Hurst started to his feet and sat instantly down again; for a moment he shrouded his eyes, and then he arose sternly and very pale, but with iron composure.

"From her own lips—hear it, then. Go in," he said, casting open the door through which he had entered the room, "go in!"

The room was large and dimly lighted; at the opposite end there was a high, deep sofa, cushioned with purple, and so lost in the darkness that it seemed black; what appeared in the distance to be a heap of white drapery, lay upon the sofa, immovable and still, as if it had been cast over a corpse.

Jameson paused and looked back, almost hoping that Mr. Hurst would follow him into the room, for there was something in the stillness that appalled him. But the merchant had left the door, and casting himself into a chair, sat with his arms flung out upon the table, and his face buried in them. For his life he could not have forced himself to witness the meeting of that vile man with his child.

Still Florence remained immovable; Jameson closed the door, and walking quickly across the room, like one afraid to trust his own strength, bent over the sofa.

Florence was lying with her face to the wall, her eyes were closed, and the whiteness of her features was rendered more deathly by the dim light. She had evidently heard the footstep, and mistaking it for her father's, for her eyelids began to quiver, and turning her face to the pillow, she gasped out with a shudder,

"Oh, father, father, do not look on me!"

Jameson knelt and touched the cold hand in which she had grasped a portion of the pillow.

"Florence!"

Florence started up, a faint exclamation broke from her lips, and she pressed herself against the back of the sofa, in the shuddering recoil with which she attempted to evade him.

Jameson drew back, and for the instant his counte-

nance evinced genuine emotion. His self-love was cruelly shocked by the evident loathing with which she shrunk away from the arm that, only a few days before, had brought the bright blood into her cheeks did she but rest her hand upon it by accident.

"And do you hate me so, Florence?" he said, in a voice that was full of keen feeling.

"Leave me—leave me, I am ill!" cried the poor girl, sitting up on the sofa, and holding a hand to her forehead, as if she were suffering great pain.

"I come by your father's permission, Florence; will you be more cruel than he is?"

"My father has a right to punish me, I have deserved it," she said, in a voice of painful humility. "If he sent you I will try to bear it."

"Oh, Florence, has it come to this; I am about to leave you forever, and yet you shrink from me as if I were a reptile," cried Jameson.

"A reptile! oh, no, they seldom sting unless trodden upon," said Florence, lifting her large eyes to his face for the first time, but withdrawing them instantly, and with a faint moan.

Jameson turned from her and paced the room once or twice with uneven strides. This seemed to give Florence more strength, for the closeness of his presence had absolutely oppressed her with a sense of suffocation. She sat upright, and putting the hair back from her temples, tried to collect her thoughts. Jameson broke off his walk and turned toward her; but she prevented his nearer approach with a motion of her hand, and spoke with some degree of calmness.

"You have sought me, but why? What more do you wish? Do I not seem wretched enough?"

"It is your father who has made you thus miserable!" said Jameson, in a low but bitter voice, for he feared the proud man in the next room, and dared not speak of him aloud. Florence scarcely heeded him, she sat gazing on the floor lost in thought, painful and harrowing. Still there was an apparent apathy about her that reassured the bad man who stood by suffering all the agony of a wild animal baffled in fight. He would not believe that so short a time had deprived him of a love so passionate, so self-sacrificing as had absorbed that young being not three days before.

Throwing a tone of passionate tenderness into his voice, he approached her, this time unchecked.

"Florence, dear Florence, must we part thus; will you send me from you for ever?"

Florence, was very weak and faint, she felt by the thrill that went through her heart like some sharp instrument, as the sound of his passionate entreaty fell upon it, that, spite of herself, she might be made powerless in his hands were the interview to proceed. The thought filled her with dread. She started up, and tottering a step or two from the sofa, cried out, "Father! father!"

Mr. Hurst lifted his head from where he had buried it in his folded arms, as if to shield his senses from what might be passing within the other room, and starting to his feet, was instantly by his daughter's side.

"What is this!" he said, throwing his arm around the half fainting girl, and turning sternly toward her tormentor, "have you dared—"

"No, no!" gasped Florence. "I was ill—I—my father, without you I have no strength. Save me from myself!"

"I will," said Mr. Hurst, gently and with great tenderness drawing the trembling young creature close to his bosom.

"I see how it is, she is influenced only by you sir. I am promised an interview, and left to believe that the lady shall decide for herself, yet even the very first words I utter are broken in upon. I know that this woman loves me."

"No, no, I love him not! I did a little hour ago but now I am changed—do you not see how I am changed?" cried Florence, lifting her head wildly and turning her pale face full upon her miserable husband. "Do you not know that your presence is killing me?"

"I will go," said Jameson, touched by the wild agony of her look and voice; "I will go now, but only with your promise, Mr. Hurst, that when I am more composed, I may see and converse with her. I will offer no opposition to your wishes; but you will give me a week or two."

"Do you wish to see this man again, my child?" said Mr. Hurst, "I can trust you, Florence, decide for yourself."

Florence parted her lips to answer, but her strength utterly failed, and with a feeble gasp she sunk powerless and fainting on her father's bosom.

Mr. Hurst gathered her in his arms and bore her from the room, simply pausing with his precious burden at the door while he told Jameson, in a calm under tone, to leave the house, and wait till a message should reach him.

But the unhappy man was in no haste to obey. For half an hour he paced to and fro in the solitude of that large apartment, now seating himself on the sofa which poor Florence had just left, and again starting up with a sort of insane desire for motion. Sometimes he would listen, with checked breath, to the footsteps moving to and fro in the chamber overhead, and then hurry forward again, racked by every fierce passion that can fill the heart of a human being.

"I will triumph yet! I will see her, and then when he is not near to crush every loving impulse as it rises. Once mine, and he will never put his threat into execution, earnest as he seemed. All my strength lies in her love—and it is enough. She suffers—that is a proof of it. She is angry—that is another proof. Yes, yes, I can trust in her, she is all romance, all feeling!"

Jameson muttered these words again and again; it seemed as if he thought by the sound of his voice to dispel the misgiving that lay at his heart. He would have given much for the security that his muttered words seemed to indicate, and as if determined not to leave the house without some further confirmation of his wishes, he lingered in the room till its only light flashed and went out in the socket

of its tall silver candlestick, leaving him in total darkness. Then he stole forth and left the house, softly closing the street door after him.

CHAPTER III.

Oh! wert thou still what once I fondly deemed,
All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed,
My love had been devotion, till in death
Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.

Had'st thou but died ere yet dishonor's cloud
O'er that young heart had gathered as a shroud,
I then had mourned thee proudly, and my grief
In its own loftiness had found relief;
A noble sorrow cherished to the last,
When every meaner woe had long been past.
Yes, let affection weep, no common tear
She sheds when bending o'er an honored bier.
Let nature mourn the dead—a grief like this,
To pang that rend my bosom had been bliss.

MRS. HEMANS.

Florence had been very ill, and a week after the scene in our last chapter Mr. Hurst removed her down to his old mansion-house on the Long Island shore. There the associations were less painful than at his town residence, where the sweetest years of her life had been spent in unrestrained association with the man who had so cruelly deceived her. The old mansion-house had witnessed only one fatal scene in the drama of her love; and here she consented to remain. Her father divided his time between her and the unpleasant duties that called him to town; and more than once he was forced to endure the presence of the man whose very look was poison to him, but after the distressing night when the error of his daughter was first made known, the noble old merchant had regained all his usual dignified calmness. No bursts of passion marked his interviews with the wretch who had wounded him, but firm and resolute he proceeded, step by step, in the course that his reason and will had at first deliberately marked out. In three days time Jameson was to depart for Europe, and forever. It was singular what power the merchant had obtained over his own strong passions; always grave and courteous, his demeanor had changed in nothing, save that toward his child there was more delicacy, more tender solicitude than she had ever received from him before, even in the days of her infancy. It seemed that in forgiving her fault, he had unlocked some hidden fount of tenderness which bedewed and softened his whole nature. Florence, who had always felt a little awe of her father when no act of hers existed to excite it, now that she had given him deep cause of offence, had learned to watch for his coming as the young bird waits for the parent which is to bring him food. One night, it was just before sunset, Mr. Hurst entered his daughter's chamber with a handful of heliotrope, tea-roses, and cape-jessamines, which he had just gathered. In his tender anxiety to relieve the sadness that preyed upon her, he remembered her passion for these particular flowers, and had spent half an hour in searching them out from the wilderness of plants that filled a conservatory in one wing of the building. The chamber where Florence sat was the one in which she had put on her wedding garments scarcely three weeks before. The old

ebony mirror, with the fantastic and dark tracery of its frame, hung directly before her, and from its depth gleamed out a face so changed that it might well have startled one who had been proud of its bloom and radiance one little month before.

The window was open, as it had been that day, and across it fell the old apple-tree, with the fruit just setting along its thickly-leaved boughs, and a few over-ripe blossoms yielding their petals to every gush of air that came over them. These leaves, now almost snow-white, had swept, one by one, into the chamber, settling upon the chair which Florence occupied, upon her muslin wrapper, and flaking, as with snow, the glossy disorder of her hair. With a sort of mournful apathy she felt these broken blossoms falling around her, remembering, oh, how keenly, their rosy freshness, when she had selected them as a bridal ornament. She remembered, too, the single glimpse which that old mirror had given of her lover—that one prophetic glimpse which had been enough to startle, but not enough to save her.

Florence was filled with these miserable reminiscences when her father entered the chamber. She greeted him with a wan smile, that told her anxiety to appear less wretched than she really was in his presence. He came close up to her where she sat, and stooping to kiss her forehead, laid the blossoms he had brought in her lap.

Mr. Hurst little knew how powerful were the associations those delicate flowers would excite. The moment their fragrance arose around her Florence began to shudder, and turning her face away with an expression of sudden pain, swept them to the floor.

"Take them away, oh take them away!" she said. "That evening their breath was around me while I sat listening to—take them out of the room, I cannot endure their sweetness."

Mr. Hurst strove to soothe the wild excitement which his unfortunate flowers had occasioned. It was a touching sight—that proud man, so cruelly wronged by his daughter, and yet bending the natural reserve of his nature into every endearing form, in order to convince her how deep was his love, how true his forgiveness.

"My Florence, try to conquer this keen sensitiveness. Strive, dear child, to think of these things as if they had not been!"

"Oh, if I had the power!" cried Florence.

"And do you love this man yet?" said Mr. Hurst, almost sternly.

"Father," was the reply, and Florence met her father's gaze with sorrowful eyes, "I am mourning for the love that has been cast away—I pine for some action which may restore my own self-respect. The very thought of this man as I know him makes me shudder—but the remembrance of what I believed him to be makes me weep. Then the trial of this meeting!"

"But you shall not see him again unless you desire it."

"True, true—but I will see him if he wishes it. He shall not think that I am coerced or influenced.

It is due to myself, to you, my father, that he leaves this country knowing how thorough is my self-reproach for the past, and my wish that his absence may be eternal. I believe that I do really wish it, but see how my poor frame is shaken! I must have more strength or my heart will be unstable likewise." Florence held up her clasped hands that were trembling like leaves in the autumn wind as she spoke.

"Florence," said Mr. Hurst gently, "it is not by shrinking from painful associations that we conquer them."

"But see how weak I am! and all from the breath of those poor flowers!"

"There is a source from which strength may be obtained."

"My pride, oh, father, that may do to shield me from the world's scorn, but it avails nothing with my own heart."

"But prayer, Florence, prayer to Almighty God the Infinite. I remember how sweet it was when you were a little child kneeling by your mother's lap with your tiny hands uplifted to Heaven. Surely you have not forgotten to pray, my child?"

"Alas! in this wild passion I have forgotten every thing—my duty to you—the very heaven where my mother is an angel!" cried Florence, and for the first time in many days she began to weep.

Mr. Hurst took her hands in his, tears stood in his proud eyes, and his firm lips trembled with tender emotions. "My child," he said, pointing to a velvet easy-chair that stood in the chamber, "kneel down by your mother's empty chair and pray even as when you were a little child!"

Florence watched her father as he went out through her blinding tears. The door closed after him, a mist swam through the room, she moved toward the empty chair, and through the dim cloud which her tears created its crimson cushions glowed brightly, as if tinged with gold. A gleam of sunshine had struck them through a half open shutter, but it seemed to her that the sudden light came directly from the throne of Heaven.

The next moment Florence fell upon her knees before the chair, her face was buried in the cushions, broken words and swelling sobs filled the room; over her fell that golden sunbeam, like a flaming arrow sent from the Throne of Mercy to pierce her heart and warm it at the same moment.

The sun went down. Slowly and quietly that wandering beam mingled with the thousand rays that streamed from the west, spreading around the young suppliant like a luminous veil; there was blended with the gold hues of rich crimson and purple, that flashed over the ebony mirror, wove themselves in a gorgeous haze among the snow-white curtains of the bed, and fell in drops of dusky yellow over the floor and among the waving apple-boughs.

But Florence felt nothing of this, her heart was dark, her frame shook with sobs, and the agony of her voice was smothered in the cushions where her face lay buried.

It came at last, that still small voice that follows

the whirlwind and the storm. In the hush of night it came as snow-flakes fall from the heavens. And now Florence lay upon the cushions of her mother's chair motionless, and calm peace was in her heart and a smile of ineffable sweetness lay upon her lips. It might have been minutes, it might have been hours for any thing that the young suppliant knew of the lapse of time since she had crept to her mother's chair. When she arose the moonlight was streaming over her through an open window. Never did those pale beams fall upon features so changed. A *spirituelle* loveliness beamed over them, soft as holy as the moonlight that revealed it.

Some time after midnight Mr. Hurst went into his daughter's chamber, for anxiety had kept him up and the entire stillness terrified him. She was lying upon the bed, half veiled by the muslin curtain, breathing tranquilly as an infant in its mother's bosom. During many nights she had not slept, but sweet was her slumber now; the flowers inhaling the dew beneath the window did not seem more delicate and placid.

It was daylight when Florence awoke. A few rosy streaks were in the sky, and lay reflected upon the water like threads of crimson broken by the tide. Out to sea, a little beyond the opening of the cove, was a large vessel with her sails furled, and evidently lying-to. Near a curve of the shore she saw a boat with half a dozen men lolling sleepily in the bow. Her heart beat quick with a presentiment of some approaching event. She felt certain that the boat and the distant ship were in some way connected with herself. But the thought hardly had time to fast through her brain when a commotion in the old apple-tree—a shaking of the limbs and tumultuous rustling of the leaves—made her start and turn that way. The largest bough was that instant spurned aside, and Jameson sprang through the open window. He was out of breath and seemed greatly excited.

"Florence, my wife, come with me!" he said, casting his arms around her shrinking form. "I will not go without you. See the vessel is yonder—a boat is on the shore. In half an hour we can be away from your father, alone, without hindrance to our love. Come, Florence, come with your husband!"

Ah, but for the strength which Florence had sought from above, where would she have been then. For a moment her heart did turn traitor; for one single instant there came upon her cheek a crimson flush, and in her eyes something that made Jameson's heart leap with exultation; but it passed away, Florence broke from the arms that were cast around her, and drew back toward the door.

"Leave me!" she said, mildly, but with firmness, "I am not your wife—will never be!"

"You hate me, then!" exclaimed Jameson, goaded by her manner. "You still believe what my enemies say against me."

"No, I hate no one—I could not hate you!"

"But you love me no longer."

Florence turned very pale, but still she was firm. "It matters nothing if I love or hate now," she said,

"henceforth, forever and forever, you and I are strangers. If you have come here in hopes of taking me from my father, go before he learns any thing of your visit; a longer stay can only bring evil."

Again Jameson cast himself at her feet; again his masterly eloquence was put forth to melt, to subdue, even to over-awe that fair girl; but all that he could wring from her was bitter tears—all that he accomplished was a renewal of anguish that prayer had hardly conquered.

"And you will not go! You cast me off forever!" he exclaimed, starting up with a fierce gesture and an expression of the eye that made her shrink back.

"I cannot go—I will not go!" she said, in a low voice. "You have already taught me how terrible a thing is remorse. Leave me in peace, if you would not see me die!"

"And this is your final answer!" cried Jameson, and his eyes flashed with fury.

"I can give no other!"

"Then farewell, and the curse of my ruin rest with you," he cried in desperation, and wringing her hands fiercely in his, he cleared the window with a bound, and letting himself down by the apple-tree, disappeared.

The tempter was gone; Florence was left alone, her head reeling with pain, her heart aching within her bosom. Jameson's last words had fallen upon her heart like fire; what if this refusal to share his fate had confirmed him in evil? What if she, by partaking of his fortunes, might have won him to an honorable and just life. These thoughts were agony to her, and left no room for calm reflection, or she would have known that no *human* influence can reclaim a base nature; one fault may be redeemed, nay, many faults that spring from the heat of passion or the recklessness of youth, but habitual hypocrisy, craft, falsehood—what female heart ever opposed its love and truth to vices like these, without being crushed in the endeavor to save.

But Florence could not reason then. Her soul was affrighted by the curse that had been hurled upon it. Half frantic with these new themes of torture, she

left her room, and hurried down to the cove just in time to see the boat which contained Jameson half way to the vessel. Actuated only by a wild desire to see him depart, she threaded her way through the oak grove, unmindful of the dew, of her thin raiment, or of the morning wind that tossed her curls about as she hurried on. And now she stood upon the outer point of the shore, where it jutted inward at the mouth of the cove and commanded a broad view of the ocean. High trees were around her as she stood upon the shelving bank, her white garments streaming in the breeze, her wild eyes gazing upon the vessel as it wheeled slowly round and made for the open ocean. Florence remained motionless where she stood so long as a shadow of the vessel fluttered in sight. When it was lost in the horizon she turned slowly and walked toward the house, weary as one who returns from a toilsome pilgrimage. It was days and weeks before she came forth again.

Years went by—many, many years, and yet that outward bound vessel was never heard of again. How she perished, or when, no man can tell. The last ever seen of her to mortal knowledge was when Florence Hurst stood alone upon the sea-shore, conscious that she was right, yet filled with bitter anguish as she watched its departure to that far-off shore from which no traveler returns.

And Florence came forth in the world again more attractive than ever; a spiritual loveliness, softened without diminishing the brilliancy of her beauty, and with every feminine grace she had added that of a meek and contrite spirit. Did she wed again? We answer, No. Many a lofty intellect and noble heart bent in homage to hers; but Florence lived only for her father—the great and good man, who was just as well as proud, and nobly won his child from her error by delicate tenderness, such as he had never lavished upon her faultless youth, when many a man, to shield his weaker pride, would have driven her by anger and upbraiding from his heart, and thus have kindled her warm impulses into defiance and ruin.

SUMMER.

BY E. CURTISS HENNE, U. S. N.

SHE comes with soft and scented breath,
From fragrant southern lands,
And wakens from their trance of death
The flowers, and breaks the bands
Of fettered streams, that burst away
With joyous laugh and song,
And shout and leap like boys at play
As home from school they throng.

From sunny climes the breeze set free
Comes with an angel strain
Athwart the blue and sparkling sea
To visit us again.

The low of herds is on the gale,
The leaf is on the tree,
And cloud-winged barks in silence sail
With stately majesty

Along the blue and bending sky,
Like joyous living things,
And rainbow-tinted birds flit by
With swiftly glancing wings:
O summer, summer! joyful time!
Singing a gentle strain,
Thou comest from a warmer clime
To visit us again!

DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO NIAGARA.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFAT.

Through the dark night urging our rapid way
We listen to a low, continued sound,
As of a distant drum calling to arms.
It grows with our approach; falls with the breeze,
And swells again into a bolder note,
Like an Æolian harp of giant string.

Again, the tone is changed, and a fierce roar
Of tumult rises from the trembling earth,
As if the imprisoned spirits of the deep
Had found a vent for that rebellious shout,
Which from ten thousand lips ascends to Heaven.
Voice not to be mistaken—even he
Upon whose ear it comes for the first time
Claims it as known, and bringing to his heart
The boldest fancies of his early days—
Thy thunders, dread Niagara, day and night,
Which vary not their ever-during peal.

Burning impatience, not to be controlled,
Has hurried on my steps until I stand
Within the breath of thy descending wave.
The night conceals thy wonders, but enrols
Thee with a grandeur, wild, mysterious,
As with thy spray around me, and the wind
Which rushes upward from thy dark abyss,
And thy deep organ pealing in my ear,
Thy mass is all unseen, and I behold
Only the ghost-like whiteness of thy foam.

The morning comes. The clouds have disappeared,
And the clear silver of the eastern sky
Gives promise of a glowing summer sun.
In the fresh dawn, I hasten to the rock
Which overhangs the ever-boiling deep,
And all the wonders of Niagara
Are spread before me—not the simple dash
Of falling waters, which the fancy drew,
But myriad forms of beautiful and grand
Press on the senses and o'erwhelm the mind.

Yon bright, broad waters on their channel sleep
As if they dreamed of the most peaceful flow
To the far-distant sea. But now their course
Accelerates on their inclining path,
Though still 't is with the appearance of a calm
And dignified reluctance, and the wave
Remains unbroken, till the inward force

Increasingly silently, like that which breaks
The short laborious quiet of the insane,
Bursts all restraint, and the wild waters, tossed
In fiercest tumult, uncontrollable,
Menace all life within their giant grasp;
Leaping and raging in their frantic glee,
Dashing their spray aloft, as on they rush
In wild confusion to the dreadful steep.
An instant on the verge they seem to pause,
As if, even in their frenzy, such a gulf
Were horrible, then slowly bending down,
Plunge headlong where the never-ceasing roar
Ascends, and the revolving clouds of spray,
Forever during yet forever new.

The sun appears. And, straightway, on the cloud
Which veils the struggles of the fallen wave
In everlasting secrecy, and wafts
Away, like smoke of incense, up to Heaven,
Beams forth the radiant diadem of light,
Brilliant and fixed amid the moving mass;
And beauty comes to deck the glorious scene.
For as the horizontal sunbeams rest
Upon the deep blue summit, or unfold
The varying hues of green, that pass away
Into the white of the descending foam,
So colors of the loveliest rainbow dye
Tinge the bright wave, nor lessen aught its pride,

Now joyous companies of fair and young
Come lightly forth, with voice of social glee,
But, one by one, as they approach the brink,
A change comes over them. The noisy laugh
Is hushed, the step is soft and reverent,
And the light jest is quenched in solemn thought—
Yea, dull must be his brain and cold his heart
To all the sacred influences that spring
From grandeur and from beauty, who can gaze,
For the first time, on the descending flood
Without restraint upon the flippant tongue.

If such the reverence Great Invisible,
Attendant on one of thy lesser works,
What dread must overwhelm us when the eye
Is opened to the glories of thyself,
Who sway'st the moving universe and holdst
The "waters in the hollow of thy hand."

SONNET.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

THERE have been tones of cheer, and voices gay,
And careless laughter ringing lightly by,
And I have listened to wit's mirthful play,
And sought to smile at each light fantasy.
But ah, there was a voice more deep and clear,
That I alone might hear of all the throng,
In softest cadence falling on my ear

Like a sweet undertone amid the song.
And then I longed for this calm hour of night,
That undisturbed by any voice or sound,
My spirit from all meaner objects free
Might soar unchecked in its far upward flight,
And by no cord, no heavy fetter bound,
Scorning all space and distance, hold communion with thee.

AUNT MABLE'S LOVE STORY.

BY SUSAN FINDER.

"How heartily sick I am of these love stories!" exclaimed Kate Lee, as she impatiently threw aside the last magazine; "they are all flat, stale, and unprofitable; every one begins with a *soirée* and ends with a wedding. I'm sure there is not one word of truth in any of them."

"Rather a sweeping condemnation to be given by a girl of seventeen," answered Aunt Mabel, looking up with a quiet smile; "when I was your age, Kate, no romance was too extravagant, no incident too improbable for my belief. Every young heart has its love-dream; and you too, my merry Kate, must sooner or later yield to such an influence."

"Why, Aunt Mable, who would have ever dreamed of your advocating love stories! You, so staid, so grave and kindly to all; your affections seem so universally diffused among us, that I never can imagine them to have been monopolized by one. Beside, I thought as you were never—" Kate paused, and Aunt Mabel continued the sentence.

"I never married, you would say, Kate, and thus it follows that I never loved. Well, perhaps not; I may be, as you think, an exception; at least I am not going to trouble you with antiquated love passages, that, like old faded pictures, require a good deal of varnishing to be at all attractive. But, I confess, I like not to hear so young a girl ridiculing what is, despite the sickly sentiment that so often obscures it, the purest and noblest evidence of our higher nature."

"Oh, you don't understand me, Aunt Mable! I laugh at the absurdity of the stories. Look at this, for instance, where a gentleman falls in love with a shadow. Now I see no substantial *foundation* for such an extravagant passion as that. Here is another, who is equally smitten with a pair of French gaiters. Now I do not pretend to be over sensible, but I do not think such things at all natural, or likely to occur; and if they did, I should look upon the parties concerned as little less than simpletons. But a real, true-hearted love story, such as "Edith Pemberton," or Mrs. Hall's "Women's Trials," those I *do* like, and I sympathize so strongly with the heroines that I long to be assured the incidents are true. If I could only hear one *true* love story—something that I knew had really occurred—then it would serve as a kind of text for all the rest. Oh! how I long to hear a real heart-story of actual life!"

Kate grew quite enthusiastic, and Aunt Mable, after pausing a few minutes, while a troubled smile crossed her face, said, "Well, Kate, I will tell you a love story of real life, the truth of which I can vouch for, since I knew the parties well. You will believe me, I know, Kate, without requiring actual name and date for every occurrence. There are no extravagant incidents in this "owre true tale," but it is a

story of the heart, and such a one, I believe, you want to hear."

Kate's eyes beamed with pleasure, as kissing her aunt's brow, and gratefully ejaculating "dear, kind Aunt Mable!" she drew a low ottoman to her aunt's side, and seated herself with her head on her hand, and her blooming face upturned with an expression of anticipated enjoyment. I wish you could have seen Aunt Mable, as she sat in the soft twilight of that summer evening, smiling fondly on the young, bright girl at her side. You would have loved her, as did every one who came within the sphere of her gentle influence; and yet she did not possess the wondrous charm of lingering loveliness, that, like the fainting perfume of a withered flower, awakens mingled emotions of tenderness and regret. No, Aunt Mabel could never have been beautiful; and yet, as she sat in her quiet, silver-gray silk gown, and kerchief of the sheerest muslin pinned neatly over the bosom, there was an air of graceful, lady-like ease about her, far removed from the primness of old-maidism. Her features were high, and finely cut, you would have called her proud and stern, with a tinge of sarcasm lurking upon the lip, but for her full, dark-gray eyes, so lustrous, so ineffably sweet in their deep, soul-beaming tenderness, that they seemed scarcely to belong to a face so worn and faded; indeed, they did not seem in keeping with the silver-threaded hair so smoothly parted from the low, broad brow, and put away so carefully beneath a small cap, whose delicate lace, and rich, white satin, were the only articles of dress in which Aunt Mabel was a little fastidious. She kept her sewing in her hand as she commenced her story, and stitched away most industriously at first, but gradually as she proceeded the work fell upon her lap, and she seemed to be lost in abstracted recollections, speaking as though impelled by some uncontrollable impulse to recall the events long since passed away.

"Many years since," said Aunt Mable, in a calm, soft tone, without having at all the air of one about telling a story, "many years since, there lived in one of the smaller cities in our state, a lady named Lynn. She was a widow, and eked out a very small income by taking a few families to board. Mrs. Lynn had one only child, a daughter, who was her pride and treasure, the idol of her affections. As a child Jane Lynn was shy and timid, with little of the gayety and thoughtlessness of childhood. She disliked rude plays, and instinctively shrunk from the lively companions of her own age, to seek the society of those much older and graver than herself. Her schoolmates nicknamed her the "little old maid;" and as she grew older the title did not seem inappropriate. At school her superiority of intellect was

manifest, and when she entered society the timid reserve of her manner was attributed to pride, while her acquaintance thought she considered them her inferiors.

This, however, was far from the truth. Jane felt that she was not popular in society, and it grieved her, yet she strove in vain to assimilate with those around her, to feel and act as they did, and to be like them, admired and loved. But the narrow circle in which she moved was not at all calculated to appreciate or draw forth her talent or character. With a heart filled with all womanly tenderness and gentle sympathies, a mind stored with romance, and full of restless longings for the beautiful and true, possessed of fine tastes that only waited cultivation to ripen into talent, Jane found herself thrown among those who neither understood nor sympathized with her. Her mother idolized her, but Jane felt that had she been far different from what she was, her mother's love had been the same; and though she returned her parent's affection with all the warmth of her nature, there was ever within her heart a restless yearning for something beyond. Immersed in a narrow routine of daily duties, compelled to practice the most rigid economy, and to lend her every thought and moment to the assistance of her mother, Jane had little time for the gratification of those tastes that formed her sole enjoyment. "It is the perpetual recurrence of the little that crushes the romance of life," says Bulwer; and the experience of every day justifies the truth of his remark. Jane felt herself, as year after year crept by, becoming grave and silent. She knew that in her circumstances it was best that the commonplace of every-day life should be sufficient for her, but she grieved as each day she felt the bright hues of early enthusiasm fading out and giving place to the cold gray tint of reality.

With her pure sense of the beautiful, Jane felt acutely the lack of those personal charms that seem to win a way to every heart. By those who loved her, (and the few who knew her well did love her dearly,) she was called at times beautiful, but a casual observer would never dream of bestowing upon the slight, frail creature who timidly shrunk from notice, any more flattering epithet than "rather a pretty girl," while those who admired only the rosy beauty of physical perfection pronounced her decidedly plain.

Jane Lynn had entered her twenty-second summer when her mother's household was increased by the arrival of a new inmate. Everard Morris was a man of good fortune, gentlemanly, quiet, and a bachelor. Possessed of very tender feelings and ardent temperament, he had seen his thirty-seventh birth-day, and was still free. He had known Jane slightly before his introduction to her home, and he soon evinced a deep and tender interest in her welfare. Her character was a new study for him, and he delighted in calling forth all the latent enthusiasm of her nature. He it was who awakened the slumbering fires of sentiment, and insisted on her cultivating tastes too lovely to be possessed in vain; and when she frankly told him that the refinement of

taste created restless yearnings for pursuits to her unattainable, he spoke of a happier future, when her life should be spent amid the employments she loved. Ere many months had elapsed his feelings deepened into passionate tenderness, and he avowed himself a lover. Jane's emotions were mixed and tumultuous as she listened to his fervent expressions; she reproached herself with ingratitude in not returning his love. She felt toward him a grateful affection, for to him she owed all the real happiness her secluded life had known; but he did not realize her ideal, he admired and was proud of her talents, but he did not sympathize with her tastes.

Months sped away and seemed to bring to him an increase of passionate tenderness. Every word and action spoke his deep devotion. Jane could not remain insensible to such affection; the love she had sighed for was hers at last—and it is the happiness of a loving nature to know that it makes the happiness of another. Jane's esteem gradually deepened in tone and character until it became a faithful, trusting love. She felt no fear for the future, because she knew her affection had none of the romance that she had learned to mistrust, even while it enchanted her imagination. She saw failings and peculiarities in her lover, but with true womanly gentleness she forebore with and concealed them. She believed him when he said he would shield and guard her from every ill; and her grateful heart sought innumerable ways to express her appreciating tenderness.

Mrs. Lynn saw what was passing, and was happy, for Mr. Morris had been to her a friend and benefactor. And Jane was happy in the consciousness of being beloved, yet had she much to bear. Her want of beauty was, as I have said, a source of regret to her, and she was made unhappy by finding that Everard Morris was dissatisfied with her appearance. She thought, in the true spirit of romance, that the beloved were always lovely; but Mr. Morris frequently expressed his dissatisfaction that nature had not made her as beautiful as she was good. I will not pause to discuss the delicacy of this and many other observations that caused poor Jane many secret tears, and sometimes roused even her gentle spirit to indignation; but affection always conquers her pride, as her lover still continued to give evidence of devotion.

And thus years passed on, the happy future promised to Jane seemed ever to recede; and slowly the conviction forced itself on her mind that he whom she had trusted so implicitly was selfish and vacillating, generous from impulse, selfish from calculation; but he still seemed to love her, and she clung to him because having been so long accustomed to his devotedness, she shrunk from being again alone. In the mean season Mrs. Lynn's health became impaired, and Jane's duties were more arduous than ever. Morris saw her cheek grow pale, and her step languid under the pressure of mental and bodily fatigue; he knew she suffered, and yet, while he assisted them in many ways, he forbore to make the only proposition that could have secured happiness to her he pretended to love. His conduct proved

upon the mind of Jane, for she saw that the novelty of his attachment was over. He had seen her daily for four years, and while she was really essential to his happiness, he imagined because the uncertainty of early passion was past, that his love was waning, and thought it would be unjust to offer her his hand without his whole heart, forgetting the protestations of former days, and regardless of her wasted feelings. This is unnatural and inconsistent you will say, but it is true.

Four years had passed since Everard Morris first became an inmate of Mrs. Lynn's, and Jane had learned to doubt his love. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and she felt that the only way to acquire peace was to crush the affection she had so carefully nourished when she was taught to believe it essential to his happiness. She could not turn to another; like the slender vine that has been tenderly trained about some sturdy plant, and whose tendrils cannot readily clasp another when its first support is removed, so her affections still longed for him who first awoke them, and to whom they had clung so long. But she never reproached him; her manner was gentle, but reserved; she neither sought nor avoided him; and he flattered himself that her affection, like his own passionate love, had nearly burnt itself out, yet he had by no means given her entirely up; he would look about awhile, and at some future day, perhaps, might make her his wife.

While affairs were in this state, business called Mr. Morris into a distant city; he corresponded with Jane occasionally, but his letters breathed none of the tenderness of former days; and Jane was glad they did not, for she felt that he had wronged her, and she shrunk from avowals that she could no longer trust.

Everard Morris was gone six months; he returned, bringing with him a very young and beautiful bride. He brought his wife to call on his old friends, Mrs. Lynn and her daughter. Jane received them with composure and gentle politeness. Mrs. Morris was delighted with her kindness and lady-like manners. She declared they should be intimate friends; but when they were gone, and Mrs. Lynn, turning in surprise to her daughter, poured forth a torrent of indignant inquiries. Jane threw herself on her mother's bosom, and with a passionate burst of weeping, besought her never again to mention the past. And it never was alluded to again between them; but both Jane and her mother had to parry the inquiries of their acquaintance, all of whom believed Mr. Morris and Jane were engaged. This was the severest trial of all, but they bore up bravely, and none who looked on the quiet Jane ever dreamed of the bitter ashes of wasted affection that laid heavy on her heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris settled near the Lynns, and visited very frequently; the young wife professed an ardent attachment to Jane, and sought her society constantly, while Jane instinctively shrunk more and more within herself. She saw with painful regret that Morris seemed to find his happiness at their fireside rather than his own. He had been captivated by the freshness and beauty of his young

wife, who, schooled by a designing mother, had flattered him by her evident preference; he had, to use an old and coarse adage, "married in haste to repent at leisure;" and now that the first novelty of his position had worn off, his feelings returned with renewed warmth to the earlier object of his attachment. Delicacy toward her daughter prevented Mrs. Lynn from treating him with the indignation she felt; and Jane, calm and self-possessed, seemed to have overcome every feeling of the past. The consciousness of right upheld her; she had not given her affection unsought; he had plead for it passionately, earnestly, else had she never lavished the hoarded tenderness of years on one so different from her own ideal; but that tenderness once poured forth, could never more return to her; the fountain of the heart was dried, henceforth she lived but in the past.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris were an ill-assorted couple; she, gay, volatile, possessing little affection for her husband, and, what was in his eyes even worse, no respect for his opinions, which he always considered as infallible. As their family increased, their differences augmented. The badly regulated household of a careless wife and mother was intolerable to the methodical habits of the bachelor husband; and while the wife sought for Jane to condole with her—though she neglected her advice—the husband found his greatest enjoyment at his old bachelor home, and once so far forgot himself as to express to Jane his regret at the step he had taken, and declared he deserved his punishment. Jane made no reply, but ever after avoided all opportunity for such expressions.

In the meantime Mrs. Lynn's health declined, and they retired to a smaller dwelling, where Jane devoted herself to her mother, and increased their small income by the arduous duties of daily government. Her cheek paled, and her eye grew dim beneath the complicated trials of her situation; and there were moments when visions of the bright future once promised rose up as if in mockery of the dreary present; hope is the parent of disappointment, and the vista of happiness once opened to her view made the succeeding gloom still deeper. But she did not repine; upheld by her devotedness to her mother, she guarded her tenderly until her death, which occurred five years after the marriage of Mr. Morris.

It is needless to detail the circumstances which ended at length in a separation between Mr. Morris and his wife—the latter returned to her home, and the former went abroad, having placed his children at school, and besought Jane to watch over them. Eighteen months subsequent to the death of Mrs. Lynn, a distant and unknown relative died, bequeathing a handsome property to Mrs. Lynn, or her descendants. This event relieved Jane from the necessity of toil, but it came too late to minister to her happiness in the degree that once it might have done. She was care-worn and spirit-broken; the every-day trials of her life had cooled her enthusiasm and blunted her keen enjoyment of the beautiful she

had bent her mind to the minor duties that formed her routine of existence, until it could no longer soar toward the elevation it once desired to reach.

Three years from his departure Everard Morris returned home to die. And now he became fully conscious of the wrong he had done to her he once professed to love. His mind seemed to have expanded beneath the influence of travel, he was no longer the mere man of business with no real taste for the beautiful save in the physical development of animal life. He had thought of all the past, and the knowledge of what was, and might have been, filled his soul with bitterness. He died, and in a long and earnest appeal for forgiveness he besought Jane to be the guardian of his children—his wife he never named. In three months after Mrs. Morris married again, and went to the West, without a word of inquiry or affection to her children.

Need I say how willingly Jane Lynn accepted the charge bequeathed to her, and how she was at last

blessed in the love of those who from infancy regarded her as a more than mother."

There was a slight tremulousness in Aunt Mabel's voice as she paused, and Kate, looking up with eyes filled with tears, threw herself upon her aunt's bosom, exclaiming,

"Dearest, best Aunt Mabel, you are loved so fondly by us all! Ah, I knew you were telling your own story, and—" but Aunt Mabel gently placed her hand upon the young girl's lips, and while she pressed a kiss upon her brow, said, in her usual calm, low tone,

"It is a true story, my love, be the actors what they may; there is no exaggerated incident in it to interest you with peculiar interest; but I want you to know that the subtle influences of affection are ever about us; and however tame and commonplace the routine of life may be, yet believe, Kate," said Aunt Mabel, with a saddened smile, "each heart has its mystery, and who may reveal it."

TO ERATO.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

HENCEFORTH let Grief forget her pain,
And Melancholy cease to sigh;
And Hope no longer gaze in vain
With weary, longing eye,
Since Love, dear Love, hath made again
A summer in this winter sky—
Oh, may the flowers he brings to-day
In beauty bloom, nor pass away.

Sweet one, fond heart, thine eyes are bright,
And full of stars as is the heaven,
Pure pleiads of the soul, whose light
From deepest founts of Truth is given—
Oh let them shine upon my night,
And though my life be tempest-driven,
The leaping billows of its sea
Shall clasp a thousand forms of thee.

Thy soul in trembling tones conveyed
Melts like the morning song of birds,
Or like a mellow psalm played
By angels on celestial chords;—
And oh, thy lips were only made
For dropping love's delicious words:—
Then pour thy spirit into mine
Until my soul be drowned with thine.

The pilgrim of the desert plain
Not more desires the spring denied,
Not more the vexed and midnight main
Calls for the mistress of its tide,
Not more the burning earth for rain,
Than I for thee, my own soul's bride—
Then pour, oh pour upon my heart
The love that never shall depart!

THE LABORER'S COMPANIONS.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

WHILE pleasant care my yielding soil receives,
Other delights the open soul may find;
On the high bough the daring hang-bird weaves
Her cunning cradle, rocking in the wind;
The arrowy swallow builds, beneath the eaves,
Her clay-walled grotto, with soft feathers lined;
The dull-red robin, under sheltering leaves,

Her bowl-like nest to sturdy limbs doth bind;
And many songsters, worth a name in song,
Plain, homely birds my boy-love sanctified,
On hedge and tree and grassy bog, prolong
Sweet loves and cares, in carols sweetly plied;
In such dear strains their simple natures gush
That through my heart at once all tear-blind passions rush.

THE ENCHANTED KNIGHT.

BY J. MAYARD TAYLOR.

In the solemn night, when the soul receives
The dreams it has sighed for long,
I mused o'er the charmed, romantic leaves
Of a book of German Song.

From stately towers, I saw the lords
Ride out to the feudal fray;
I heard the ring of meeting swords
And the Minnesinger's lay!

And, gliding ghost-like through my dream,
Went the Erl-king, with a moan,
Where the wizard willow o'erhung the stream,
And the spectral moonlight shone.

I followed the hero's path, who rode
In harness and helmet bright,
Through a wood where hostile elves abode,
In the glimmering noon of night!

Banner and bugle's call had died
Amid the shadows far,
And a misty stream, from the mountain-side,
Dropped like a silver star.

Thirsting and flushed, from the steed he leapt
And quaffed from his helm unbound;

Then a mystic trance o'er his spirit crept,
And he sank to the elfin ground.

He slept in the ceaseless midnight cold,
By the faery spell possessed,
His head sunk down, and his gray beard rolled
On the rust of his armed breast!

When a mighty storm-wind smote the trees,
And the thunder crashing fell,
He raised the sword from its mould'ring case
And strove to burst the spell.

And thus may the fiery soul, that rides
Like a knight, to the field of foes,
Drink of the chill world's tempting tides
And sink to a charmed repose.

The warmth of the generous heart of youth
Will die in the frozen breast—
The look of Love and the voice of Truth
Be charmed to a palsied rest!

In vain will the thunder a moment burst
The chill of that torpor's breath;
The slumbering soul shall be awakened first
By the Disenchanter, Death!

KORNER'S SISTER.

BY ELIZABETH J. FAMES.

Close beside the grave of the Soldier-Poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, only surviving him long enough to sketch his portrait and burial-place. Her last wish was to be laid near him.

Lovely and gentle girl!
In the spring morning of thy beauty dying—
Dust on each sunny curl,
And on thy brow the grave's deep shadows lying.

Thine is a lowly bed,
But the green oak, whose spreading bough hangs o'er
thee,
Shelters the brother's head,
Who went unto his rest a little while before thee.

A perfect love was thine,
Sweet sister! thou hadst made no other
Idol for thy soul's shrine
Save him—thy friend and guide, and only brother.

And not for Lyre and Sword—
His proud resplendant gifts of fame and glory—
Oh! not for these adored
Was he, whose praise thou readst in song and story.

But 't was his presence threw,
O'er all thy life, a deep delight and blessing;
And with thy growth it grew,
Strengthening each thought of thy young heart's pos-
sessing.

Amid each dear home-scene
That thou and he from childhood trod together,
Thou hadst his arm to lean
Upon, through every change of dark or sunny weather.

And when he passed from Earth,
The rose from thy soft cheek and bright lip faded;
Gloom was on hall and hearth—
A deep voice in thy soul, by sorrow over-shaded.

Joy had gone forth with him;
The green Earth lost its spell, and the blue Heaven
Unto thine eye grew dim;
And thou didst pray for Death, as for a rich boon
given!

It came!—and joy to know,
That from his resting-place thine none would sever,
And blessing God didst go,
Where in his presence thou shouldst dwell forever.

Thou didst but stay to trace
The imaged likeness of the dear departed;
To sketch his burial-place—
Then die, O, sister! fond and faithful hearted.

THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER HUMBUGGED.

BY A LINGERER.

It was a standing boast with Mr. Wisacre that he had never been humbugged in his life. He took the newspapers and read them regularly, and thus got an inkling of the new and strange things that were ever transpiring, or said to be transpiring, in the world. But to all he cried "humbug!" "imposture!" "delusion!" If any one were so bold as to affirm in his presence a belief in the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, for instance, he would laugh outright; then expend upon it all sorts of ridicule, or say that the whole thing was a scandalous trick; and by way of a finale, wind off thus—

"You never humbug me with these new things. Never catch me in gull-traps. I've seen the rise and fall of too many wonders in my time—am too old a bird to be caught with this kind of chaff."

As for Homeopathy, it was treated in a like summary manner. All was humbug and imposture from beginning to end. If you said—

"But, my dear sir, let me relate what I have myself seen—"

He would interrupt you with—

"Oh! as to seeing, you may see any thing, and yet see nothing after all. I've seen the wonders of this new medical science over and over again. There are many extraordinary cures made in *imagination*. Put a grain of calomel in the Delaware Bay, and salivate a man with a drop of the water! Is not it ridiculous? Does n't it bear upon the face of it the stamp of absurdity. It's all humbug, sir! All humbug from beginning to end. I know! I've looked into it. I've measured the new wonder, and know its full dimensions—it's name is 'humbug.'"

You reply.

"Men of great force of mind, and large medical knowledge and experience, see differently. In the law, *similia similibus curantur*, they perceive more than a mere figment of the imagination, and in the actual results, too well authenticated for dispute, evidence of a mathematical correctness in medical science never before attained, and scarcely hoped for by its most ardent devotees."

But he cries,

"Humbug! Humbug! All humbug! I know. I've looked at it. I understand its worth, and that is—just nothing at all. Talk to me of any thing else and I'll listen to you—but, for mercy's sake, do n't expect me to swallow at a gulp any thing of this sort, for I can't do it. I'd rather believe in Animal Magnetism. Why, I saw one of these new lights in medicine, who was called in to a child in the croup, actually put two or three little white pellets upon its tongue, no larger than a pin's head, and go away with as much coolness as if he were not leaving the

poor little sufferer to certain death. 'For Heaven's sake!' said I, to the parents, 'aint you going to have any thing done for that child?' 'The doctor has just given it medicine,' they replied. 'He has done all that is required.' I was so out of patience with them for being such consummate fools, that I put my hand on and walked out of the house without saying a word."

"Did the child die?" you ask.

"It happened by the merest chance to escape death. Its constitution was too strong for the grand destroyer."

"Was nothing else done?" you ask. "No medicines given but homeopathic powders?"

"No. They persevered to the last."

"The child was well in two or three days I suppose?" you remark.

"Yes," he replies, a little coldly.

"Children are not apt to recover from an attack of croup without medicine." He forgets himself and answers—

"But I do n't believe it was a real case of croup. It could n't have been!"

And so Mr. Wisacre treats almost everything that makes its appearance. Not because he understands all about it, but because he knows nothing about it. It is his very ignorance of a matter that makes him dogmatic. He knows nothing of the distinction between truth and the appearances of truth. So fond is he of talking and showing off his superior intelligence and acumen, that he is never a listener in any company, unless by a kind of compulsion, and then he rarely hears any thing in the eagerness he feels to get in his word. Usually he keeps sensible men silent in hopeless astonishment at the very boldness of his ignorance.

But Mr. Wisacre was caught napping once in his life, and that completely. He was entrapped; not taken in open day, with a fair field before him. And it would be easy to entrap him at almost any time, and with almost any humbug, if the game were worth the trouble; for, in the light of his own mind, he cannot see far. His mental vision is not particularly clear; else he would not so often cry "humbug," when wiser men stopped to examine and reflect.

A quiet, thoughtful-looking man once brought to Mr. Wisacre a letter of introduction. His name was Redding. The letter mentioned that he was the discoverer of a wonderful mechanical power, for which he was about taking out letters patent. What it was, the introductory epistle did not say, nor did Redding communicate any thing relative to the nature of the discovery, although asked to do so. There was something about this man that interested

Wiseacre. He bore the marks of a superior intellect, and his manners commanded respect. As Wiseacre showed him particular attention, he frequently called in to see him at his store, and sometimes spent an evening with him at his dwelling. The more Wiseacre saw of him, and the more he heard him converse, the higher did he rise in his opinion. At length Redding, in a moment of confidence, imparted his secret. He had discovered perpetual motion! This announcement was made after a long and learned disquisition on mechanical laws, in which the balancing of and the reproduction of forces, and all that, was opened to the wondering ears of Wiseacre, who, although he pretended to comprehend every thing clearly, saw it all only in a very confused light. He knew, in fact, nothing whatever of mechanical forces. All here was, to him, an untrodden field. His confidence in Redding, and his consciousness that he was a man of great intellectual power, took away all doubt as to the correctness of what he stated. For once he was sure that a great discovery had been made—that a new truth had dawned upon the world. Of this he was more than ever satisfied when he was shown the machine itself, in motion, with its wonderful combinations of mechanical forces, and heard Redding explain the principle of its action.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" was now exchanged for "Humbug! humbug!" If any body had told him that some one had discovered perpetual motion, he would have laughed at him, and cried "humbug!" You could n't have hired him even to look at it. But his natural incredulity had been gained over by a different process. His confidence had first been won by a specious exterior, his reason captivated by statements and arguments that seemed like truth, and his senses deceived by appearances. Not that there was any design to deceive him in particular—he only happened to be the first included in a large number whose credulity was to be taxed pretty extensively."

"You will exhibit it, of course?" he said to Redding, after he had been admitted to a sight of the extraordinary machine.

"This is too insignificant an affair," replied Redding. "It will not impress the public mind strongly enough. It will not give them a truly adequate idea of the force attainable by this new motive power. No—I shall not let the public fully into my secret yet. I expect to reap from it the largest fortune ever made by any man in this country, and I shall not run any risks in the outset by a false move. The results that must follow its right presentation to the public cannot be calculated. It will entirely supercede steam and water power in mills, boats, and on railroads, because it will be cheaper by half. But I need not tell you this, for you have the sagacity to comprehend it all yourself. You have seen the machine in operation, and you fully understand the principle upon which it acts."

"How long will it take you to construct such a machine as you think is required?" asked Wiseacre.

"It could be done in six months if I had the means.

But, like all other great inventors, I am poor. If I could associate with me some man of capital, I would willingly share with him the profits of my discovery, which will be, in the end, immense."

"How much money will you need?" asked Wiseacre, already beginning to burn with a desire for a part of the immense returns.

"Two or three thousand dollars. If I could find any one willing to invest that moderate sum of money now, I would guarantee to return him four fold in less than two years, and insure him a hundred thousand dollars in ten years. But men who have money generally think a bird in the hand worth ten in the bush; and with them, almost every thing not actually in possession is looked upon as in the bush."

Mr. Wiseacre sat thoughtful for some moments. Then he asked,

"How much must you have immediately?"

"About five hundred dollars, and at least five hundred dollars a month until the model is completed."

"Perhaps I might do it," said Wiseacre, after another thoughtful pause.

"I should be most happy if you could," quickly responded Redding. "There is no man with whom I had rather share the benefits of this great discovery than yourself. Whosoever goes into it with me is sure to make an immense fortune."

Wiseacre no longer hesitated. The five hundred dollars were advanced, and the new model commenced. As to its progress, and the exact amount it cost in construction, he was not accurately advised, but one thing he knew—he had to draw five hundred dollars out of his business every month; and this he found not always the most convenient operation in the world.

At length the model was completed. When shown to Wiseacre, it did not seem to be upon the grand scale he had expected; nor did it, to his eyes, look as if its construction had cost two or three thousand dollars. But Mr. Redding was such a fair man, that no serious doubts had a chance to array themselves against him.

Two or three scientific gentlemen were first admitted to a view of the machine. They examined it; heard Redding explained the principle upon which it acted, and were shown the beautiful manner in which the reproduction of forces was obtained. Some shrugged their shoulders; some said they wouldn't believe their own eyes in regard to perpetual motion—that the thing was a physical impossibility; while others half doubted and half believed. With all these skeptics and half-skeptics Wiseacre was out of all patience. Seeing, he said, was believing; and he wouldn't give a fig for a man who could n't rely upon the evidence of his own senses.

At length Redding's great achievement in mechanics was announced to the public, and his model opened for exhibition. Free tickets were sent to editors, and liberal advertisements inserted in their papers. The gentlemen of the press examined the machine, and pretty generally pronounced it a very singular affair certainly, and, as far as they could

judge, all that it pretended to be. Gradually that portion of the public interested in such matters, awoke from the indifference felt on the first announcement of the discovery, and began to look at and enter into warm discussions about the machine. Some believed, but the majority either doubted or denied that it was perpetual motion. A few boldly affirmed that there was some trick, and that it would be discovered in the end.

Toward the lukewarm, the doubting, and the denying, Wisacre was in direct antagonism. He had no sort of patience with them. At all times, and in all places, he boldly took the affirmative in regard to the discovery of perpetual motion, and showed no quarter to any one who was bold enough to doubt.

Among those who could not believe the evidence of his own senses, was an eminent natural philosopher, who visited the machine almost every day, and as often conversed with Redding about the new principle in mechanics which he had discovered and applied. The theory was specious, and yet opposed to it was the unalterable, ever-potent force of gravitation, which he saw must overcome all so called self-existent motion. The more he thought about it, and the oftener he looked at and examined Redding's machine, and talked with the inventor, the more confused did his mind become. At length, after obtaining the most accurate information in regard to the construction of the machine, he set to work and made one precisely like it; but it would n't go. Satisfied, now, that there was imposture, he resolved to ferret it out. There was some force beyond the machine he was convinced. Communicating his suspicions to a couple of friends, he was readily joined by them in a proposed effort to find out the true secret of the motion imparted to the machine. He had noticed that Redding had another room adjoining the one in which the model was exhibited, and that upon the door was written "No admittance." Into this he determined to penetrate—and he put this determination into practice, accompanied by two friends, on the first favorable opportunity. Fortunately, it happened that the door leading to this room was without the door of the one leading into the exhibition-room. While Redding was engaged in showing the machine to a pretty large company, including Wisacre, who spent a good deal of time there, the explorers withdrew, and finding the key

in the door, entered quietly the adjoining room, which they took care to fasten on the inside. The only suspicious object here was a large closet. This was locked; but as the intention had been to make a pretty thorough search, a short, strong, steel crow-bar was soon produced from beneath a cloak, and the door in due time made to yield. Wonderful discovery! There sat a man with a little table by his side, upon which was a dim lamp, a plate of bread and cheese, and a mug of beer. He was engaged turning a wheel!

The machine stopped instantly and would not go on, much to the perplexity and alarm of the inventor. Wisacre was deeply disturbed. In the midst of the murmur of surprise and disapprobation that followed, a man suddenly entered the room, and cried out in a low voice,

"It's all humbug! We've discovered the cause of the motion! Come and see!"

All rushed out after the man, and entered the room over the door of which was written so conspicuously: "No admittance." No, not all—Redding passed on down stairs, and was never again heard of!

The scene that followed we need not describe. The poor laborer at the wheel, for a dollar a day, had like to have been broken on his wheel, but the crowd in mercy spared him. As for poor Wisacre, who had never been humbugged in his life, he was now completely "used up" by this undreamed of result, that he could hardly look any body in the face for two or three months. But he got over it some time since, and is now a more thorough disbeliever in all new things than before.

"You do n't humbug me!" is his stereotyped answer to all announcements of new discoveries. Even in regard to the magnetic telegraph he is quite skeptical, and shrugs his shoulders, and elevates his eyebrows, as much as to say, "It'll blow up ere of these times, mark my word for it." Nobody has yet been able to persuade him to go to the Exchange and look at the operation of the batteries there, and see for himself. He doesn't really believe in the thing, and smiles inwardly, as the rough poles and naked wires stare him in the face while passing along the street. He looks confidently to see them converted into poles for scaffolding before twelve months pass away.

THE SISTERS.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

NAY, look not forth with those deep earnest eyes
To catch the gleaming of your lovers' plumes;
A dearer, surer, truster passion lies
In sisters' hearts than lovers' cheeks illumines.
Men worship and forsakes; and as he flies
From flower to flower their beauty he consumes,
Then leaves the wasted heart and faded flower
To die forgotten in their sunless bower.

But sisters' love, like angels' sympathies,
Is as the breath of Heaven and cannot change.
No earthly shudder taints its sinless kiss.
No sorrow can your loving hearts estrange;
No selfish pride destroy the priceless bliss
Of loving and confiding. Oh exchange
Not love like this, so heavenly and so true,
For all the vows that lovers' lips e'er knew.



W. Drummond

A.C. Thompson

THE SISTERS

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine





youth De - ceit - ful - ness shed, As fleet as the dew drop,



Or light ri - sing spray, The re - membrance of thee, The re - mem - brance of



thee, The remembrance of thee *a tempo.* Is fa - ding a - way.



SECOND VERSE.

Think not that I love thee,
 Alluring coquette,
 The vows you have broken
 I too can forget;
 The love that I gave thee,
 Thou ne'er could'st repay,
 ¶ So affection for thee:¶
 Has passed away.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Oliver Cromwell. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume is elegantly printed, and contains the most characteristic portrait of Cromwell we have seen. In regard to thought and composition it is Mr. Headley's best book. Without being deficient in the energy and pictorial power which have given such popularity to his other productions, it indicates an advance in respect to artistic arrangement of matter and correctness of composition. It is needless to say that the author has not elaborated it into a finished work, or done full justice to his talents in its general treatment. We do not agree with Mr. Headley in his notion of Cromwell, and think that his marked prepossession for his hero has unconsciously led him to alter the natural relations of the facts and principles with which he deals; but still we feel bound to give him credit for an extensive study of his subject, and for bringing together numerous interesting details which can be found in no other single biography of Cromwell. Among his authorities and guides we are sorry to see that he has not included Hallam. The portion of the latter's Constitutional History of England devoted to the reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, deserves, at least, the respectful attention of every writer on those subjects. Indeed we think Hallam so much an authority that a deviation from him on a question of fact or principle should be accompanied by arguments contesting his statements. Of all the historians of the period we conceive him to be almost the only one who loses the partisan in the judge. The questions mooted in the controversy between Charles and his Parliament are still hotly contested, and are so calculated to inflame the passions, that almost every historian of the time turns advocate. Mr. Headley's passionate sensibility should have been a little cooled by "fraternizing" with Mr. Hallam's judicial understanding.

The leading merit of Mr. Headley's volume is his description of Cromwell's battles; Marston Moor, Preston, Naseby, Dunbar and Worcester, are not mere names, suggesting certain mechanical military movements to the reader of the present book. The smoke and dust and blood and carnage of war—the passions it excites, and the heroism it prompts, are all brought right before the eye. Many historians have attempted to convey in general terms a notion of the kind of men that Cromwell brought into battle, but it is in Mr. Headley's volume that we really obtain a distinct conception of the renowned Ironsides. He has just enough sympathy with the soldier and the Puritan to reproduce in imagination the religious passions which animated that band of "braves." As a considerable portion of Cromwell's life relates to his military character, Mr. Headley has a wide field for the exercise of his singular power of painting battle-pieces.

As the present biography, of all the lives of Cromwell with which we are acquainted, is calculated to be the most popular, we regret that the author has not taken a truer view of Cromwell's character and actions. It is important in a republican country, that the popular mind should have just notions of constitutional liberty, and every attempt to convert such despots as Napoleon and Cromwell into champions of freedom, will, in proportion to its success, prepare the way for a brood of such men in our own country. In regard to Mr. Headley, we think that his sympathy with Cromwell's great powers as a warrior and

ruler has vitiated his view of many transactions vially connected with the principles of freedom. Compared with Carlyle, however, he may be almost considered impartial. He is frank and fearless in presenting his opinions, and does not confuse the mind by mixing up statements of fact with any of the transcendental Scotchman's sentimentality.

The English Revolution of 1640 began in a defense of legal privileges and ended in a military despotism. It commenced in withstanding attacks on civil and religious rights and ended in the dominion of a sect. The point, therefore, where the lover of freedom should cease to sympathize with it is plain. It is useless for the republican to say that every revolution of the kind must necessarily take a similar course, for that is not an argument for Cromwell's usurpation, but an argument against the expediency of opposing attacks by a king, on the rights and privileges of the people. The truth is that the English Revolution was at first a popular movement, having a clear majority of the property, intelligence and numbers of the people on its side. The king, in breaking the fundamental laws of the kingdom, made war on the community, and was to be resisted just as much as if he were king of France or Spain, and had invaded the country. It is easy to trace the progress of this resistance, until by the action of religious bigotry and other inflaming passions, the powers of the opposition became concentrated in the hands of a body of military fanatics, commanded by an imperious soldier, and representing a small minority even of the Puritans. The king, a weak and vacillating man, made an attempt at arbitrary power, was resisted, and after years of civil war, ended his days on the scaffold; Cromwell, without any of those palliations which charity might urge in extenuation of the king, on the ground of the prejudices of his station, took advantage of the weakness of the country, after it had been torn by civil war, usurped supreme power, and became the most arbitrary monarch England had seen since William the Conqueror. No one doubts his genius, and it seems strange that any one should doubt his despotic character.

The truth is that Cromwell's natural character, even as the hypothesis of his sincerity, was arbitrary, and the very opposite of what we look for in the character of a champion of freedom. It seems to us supremely ridiculous to talk of such a man as being capable of having his conduct determined by a parliament or a council. He pretended to look to God, not to human laws or fallible men, for the direction of his actions. In the name of the Deity he charged at the head of his Ironsides. In the name of the Deity he massacred the Irish garrisons. In the name of the Deity he sent dragons to overturn parliaments. He believed neither in the sovereignty of the people, nor the sovereignty of the laws, and it made little difference whether his opponent was Charles I. or Sir Harry Vane, provided he were an opponent. In regard to the inmost essence of tyranny, that of exalting the individual will over every thing else, and of meeting opposition and obstacles by pure force, Charles I. was a weakling in comparison with Cromwell. Now if, in respect to human government, democracy and republicanism consist in allowing any great and strong man to assume the supreme power, on his simple assertion that he has a commission from Heaven so to do; if constitutional liberty is a government of will

instead of a government of laws, then the partisans of Cromwell are justified in their eulogies. It appears to us that the only ground on which the Protector's tyranny is more endurable than the king's, consists in the fact that from its nature it could not be permanent, and could not establish itself into the dignity of a precedent. It was a power depending neither on the assent of the people, nor on laws and institutions, but simply on the character of one man. As far as it went, it did no good in any way to the cause of freedom, for to Cromwell's government, and to the fanaticism which preceded it, we owe the reaction of Charles the Second's reign, when licentiousness in manners, and servility in politics succeeded in making virtue and freedom synonymous with hypocrisy and cant.

In regard to Cromwell's massacres in Ireland, which even Mr. Headley denounces as uncivilized, a great deal of nonsense has been written by Carlyle. The fact is that Cromwell, in these matters, acted as Cortez did in Mexico, and Pizarro in Peru, and deserves no more charity. If he performed them from policy, as Carlyle intimates, he must be considered a disciple of Machiavelli and the Devil; if he performed them from religious bigotry, he may rank with St. Dominic and Charles the Ninth. We are sick of hearing brutality and wickedness, either in Puritan or Catholic, extenuated on the ground of bigotry. This bigotry which prompts inhuman deeds, is not an excuse for sin, but the greatest of spiritual sins. It indicates a condition of mind in which the individual deifies his malignant passions.

We are sorry that Mr. Headley has written his biography with such a marked leaning to Cromwell. We believe that a large majority of readers will obtain their notions of the Protector from his pages, and that they will be no better republicans thereby. The very brilliancy and ability of his work will only make it more influential upon the popular mind.

A Supplement to the Plays of William Shakspeare. Comprising Seven Dramas which have been ascribed to his Pen but are not included with his Writings in Modern Editions. Edited, with Notes, and an Introduction to each Play, by William Gilmore Simms. New York: Geo. F. Coole & Brother. 1 vol. 8vo.

The public are under obligations to Mr. Simms, not only for reprinting a series of dramas which are objects of curiosity from their connection with the name of Shakspeare, but for the elegant and ingenious introductions he has furnished from his own pen. With regard to the question whether Shakspeare did or did not write these plays, our opinion has ever inclined to the negative, and a careful perusal of Mr. Simms's views has rather confirmed than shaken our impression. The internal evidence, with the exception of passages in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, is strongly against the hypothesis of Shakspeare's authorship, and the external evidence appears to us unsatisfactory. Mr. Simms's idea is that they were the productions of Shakspeare's youth and apprenticeship, and on this supposition he accounts for their obvious inferiority to the acknowledged plays. Now it seems to us that the juvenile efforts of the world's master-mind would give some evidence of his powers, however imperfect might be the form of their expression; and especially that they would not resemble the matured products of contemporary mediocrity. Of the plays in the present volume, the only one which has the character of youthful genius is the tragedy of *Leerine*, and this is the youth of Marlowe rather than of Shakspeare. The *London Prodigal* and the *Puritan*, Lord Cromwell and Sir John Oldcastle, have no trace of

youthful fire or even rant. They are the offspring of sober, contented, irreclaimable, unimprovable mediocrity, with a decided tendency to the stupid rather than the sublime. They were probably the journey-work of some of the legion playwrights connected with the London theatres, and cannot be compared with the dramas of Jonson, Dekker, Middleton, Fletcher, Marston, Tourneur, Massinger and Ford. They lack the vitality, the *vim*, which burns and blazes even in the works of the second class dramatists of the time. The *Yorkshire Tragedy* bears the stamp of Middleton rather than Shakspeare. With regard to the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, perhaps the greatest play included in the collection of Beaumont and Fletcher, we think that the Shaksperian passages might have been imitations of Shakspeare's manner, and we have a sufficiently high opinion of Fletcher's genius to suppose that this imitation was not beyond his powers. The general character of the play shows that Shakspeare, at any rate, merely contributed to it. It is conceived and developed in the hot and hectic style of Fletcher, and abounds in his strained heroics and gratuitous obscenities. The *Jailor's Daughter*, a coarse caricature of *Ophelia*, is one of the greatest crimes against the sacredness of misery which a poet ever perpetrated.

Schlegel said of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Sir John Oldcastle, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, that they were not only Shakspeare's, but in his opinion deserved to be classed among his best and maturest works. This is the most ridiculous judgment which a great critic ever made, and coming as it does, after the author's profound view of Shakspeare's genius, is as singular as it is ridiculous.

Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

Lamartine is a man of fine genius and great courage, but both as an author and politician is a sentimentalist. His characteristic mental quality, that of seeing all external objects through a luminous mist exhaling from his heart and imagination, is as prominent in the present volume of travels as in his political speeches and state papers. He sees nothing in clear, white light; every thing through a personal medium. To use a distinction of an ingenious analyst, he tells you rather of the beauty and truth of his feelings than the beauty and truth he feels; and accordingly his sentimentality is closely allied to vanity. This absence of clear perception is not the result of his being a poet, but of his being a poet of the second class. Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, even Milton, would not fail in politics from a similar lack of seeing things as they are. We believe that Homer and Shakspeare might have made better statesmen than Pericles and Bacon. The great poet fails in practical life not from seeing things through a distorting medium, but from viewing them in relation to an ideal standard. This was the case with Milton. Now Lamartine is in the habit of *Lamartinizing* the whole world in his writings. The mirror he holds up to life and nature simply reflects himself. He cannot pass beyond his own individuality—he has no objective insight.

We will guarantee that every reader of the present volumes will rise from their perusal with a knowledge of the author rather than the subject. He will obtain no information of men, scenery, or remarkable places, such as he might receive from a common tourist, deficient equally in sentiment and imagination; neither will he carry away such clear pictures and representations as Scott or Goethe might stamp upon his memory. He will simply be informed of the thoughts, fancies, opinions, and varying moods of Lamartine, as awakened by the objects which met his eye.

These objects, which a great poet would consider of the first importance, are with the Frenchman only secondary to the exhibition of himself. If this mingled egotism and vanity were affected, it would disgust the reader, but it is the natural action of the author's mind, and is accompanied with much eloquence and beauty of composition, it is more likely to fascinate than to offend. At the present moment, when the author is with the public a more important object than Athens or Jerusalem, the present volumes will probably be the more eagerly read on account of their leading defect.

The Falcon Family; or Young Ireland. By the author of *The Bachelor of the Albany*. Boston: T. Wiley, Jr.

We should judge the author of the present amusing work to be a young lawyer, extensively read in miscellaneous literature, and disposed to make the most of his wit, rhetoric and acquirements. His style of thinking and composition is that of a first rate magazine writer rather than novelist. He is a brilliant sketcher and caricaturist, without any hold upon character, and with little power of conceiving or telling a story. He is ever sparkling and clever, without weight or depth. But he has many elements of popularity, and unites a good share of shrewdness with an infinite amount of small wit. The object of the present work is to ridicule Young Ireland in particular, and Young Europe in general, including hits at Young England, Young Israel, (the children of Israel,) and *La Jeune France*. All of these, Mitchell, D'Iraeli, Moncton Milnes and the rest, are classed under the common term of *boyocracy*, a very good phrase to denote the ridiculous portions of the young creed. Though the author has no view of this class of sentimental or tergiversant politicians except on their ludicrous side, he exposes that side with a brilliant remorselessness which is refreshing in this age of universal cant. Though something of a coxcomb himself, he has no mercy on the top turned politician and theologian. The mistake of his satire on Young Ireland consists in overlooking the reality of the wrongs under which that country groans, and the depth and intensity of the passions roused. In regard to style the author is a mannerist. The present novel reads like a continuation or reproduction of the Bachelor of the Albany.

Researches on the Chemistry of Food, and the Motion of the Juices in the Animal Body. By Liebig, M. D. Lowell: Daniel Bizby & Co. 1 vol. 12 mo.

This volume is edited by Professor Horsford, of Harvard University. It is an acute and profound work of science, worth all the common books on the subject put together. The author considers his investigation, as recorded in the present volume, the most important he ever made. His theory is this: "The surface of the body is a membrane from which evaporation goes uninterruptedly forward. In consequence of this evaporation, all the fluids of the body acquire, in obedience to atmospheric pressure, motion toward the evaporating surface. This is obviously the chief cause of the passage of the nutritious fluids from the blood-vessels, and of their diffusion through the body. We know now what important functions the skin (and lungs) fulfill through evaporation. It is a condition of nourishment, and the influence of a moist or dry air upon the health of the body, or of mechanical agitation by walking or running, which increases the perspiration, is self-evident." It will be readily seen that this discovery has an important bearing upon the preservation of health.

The Wanderings and Fortunes of Some German Emigrants. By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated by David Black. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have often desired to see a book of this character, giving the first views and impressions of foreigners coming to settle here, as they made their way from the Atlantic to the West. The present volume is curiously minute in detailing the course and incidents of the journey, and apart from its interest as a narrative, contains not a little matter which should attract the attention of the statesman. In respect to the merit of composition or description the book hardly rises above mediocrity.

Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. With English Notes, a Lexicon, Indexes, &c. By Rev. J. A. Spence. A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the best edition of Cæsar we have ever seen. To the young student it is invaluable. Every assistance is given to the complete comprehension of the Commentaries, and few can rise from the diligent perusal of the work without having understood and almost exhausted one of the classics.

Gramática Inglesa de Urcullu. Edited by Fayette Robinson.

Grammar of the Spanish Language. By Fayette Robinson.

These two books, by an accomplished linguist scholar, fill a want which has long been felt. Most of the works previously published are too diffuse and elaborate for the purposes of schools, or too contracted to give any thing more than a skeleton of the tongue. Mr. Robinson has adopted a system eminently practical, and made two books which entitle him to the thanks of pupil and teacher. As he states, grammatical legislation is abandoned and example substituted for rules. Extensive tables of verbs, prepositions and idioms, have been prepared, which do away with almost all of the difficulties connected with the study of that tongue a monarch calls the language of the gods. The paradigms of the verb have been prepared evidently with the greatest care, in a new form given to what grammarians call the conditional and subjunctive moods, so as to adapt the Castilian to the English language. Tables of dialogues are added, which are pure and classical in both English and Spanish.

Mr. Robinson has, in editing the English Grammar of Urcullu, made great improvements by the addition of what he modestly calls "notillas," (little notes,) but which greatly add to the perfectness of the book. The important table of the verbs of the language by Hernandez and the officers of the Spanish academy, and the chapter on terms of courtesy in the United States, are most valuable additions. This book is most valuable as a supplement to the Spanish Grammar, and the moderate price at which the two are sold, renders it most desirable and convenient to purchase them together.

Though we detect some typographical inaccuracies they are merely literal accidents, and the books reflect credit on author, publishers, and stereotyper. We most cordially recommend them.

History of the French Revolution of 1789. By Louis Blanc. Translated from the French. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

The popularity acquired by M. Blanc from his "History of Ten Years," as well as the fact of his having been for a time a member of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, will doubtless cause this book to be widely read. It is always interesting, but seldom impartial.



J. Addison.

ANGILA MERVALE.

OR

SIX MONTHS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine.



eyes according to the gentleman's perception of their charms. And heroes differ from one another, according as the pronouns "mine and thine," may be prefixed to his title.

"And such a bijou of a house as I mean to have," continued Angila, with animation. "The back parlor and dining-room shall open into a conservatory, where I shall have any quantity of canary-birds—"

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "what nonsense you do talk."

"Why, mamma," said Angila, opening her eyes very wide, "do n't you like canaries?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "I do n't object to aviaries or conservatories, only to your talking of them in this way, as matters of course and necessity. They are all very will for rich people."

"Well, then, I mean to be rich," continued Angila, playfully.

"That's the very nonsense I complain of," said her mother. "It's barely possible, but certainly very improbable, Angila, that you ever should be rich; and considering you have been used to nothing of the kind, it really amuses me to hear you talk so. Your father and I have lived all our lives very comfortably and happily, Angila, without either aviary or conservatory, and I rather think you will do the same, my love."

"Your father and I!" What a falling off was there! for although Angila loved her father and mother dearly, she could not imagine herself intent upon household occupations, an excellent motherly woman some thirty years hence, any more than that her *beau idéal* should wear pepper and salt like her father.

"It was all very well for papa and mamma," but to persuade a girl of eighteen that she wants no more than her mother, whose heart happens to be like Mrs. Mervale, just then full of a new carpet that Mr. Mervale is hesitating about affording, is out of the question.

And, unreasonable as it may be, whoever would make a young girl more rational, destroys at once the chief charm of her youth—the exuberance of her fresh imagination, that gilds not only the future, but throws a rosy light upon all surrounding objects. Her visions, I grant you, are absurd, but the girl without visions is a clod of the valley, for she is without imagination—and without imagination, what is life? what is love?"

Never fear that her visions will not be fulfilled, and therefore bring disappointment—for the power carries the pleasure with it. The same gift that traces the outline, fills up the sketch. The girls who dream of heroes are those most ready to fall in love with any body—and no woman is so hard to interest as she who never had a vision, and consequently sees men just as they are; and so if Angila talked nonsense, Mrs. Mervale's sense was not much wiser.

Angila was a pretty, playful, romantic girl, rather intolerant of the people she did not like, and enthusiastic about those she did; full of life and animation,

she was a decided belle in the gay circle in which she moved.

Miss Lenox was her dearest friend for the time being, and the proposed separation for the next six months was looked upon as a cruel affliction, only to be softened by the most frequent and confidential correspondence.

For the first few weeks of Augusta's absence, the promises exchanged on both sides were vehemently fulfilled. Letters were written two or three times a week, detailing every minute circumstance that happened to either. But at the end of that time Angila was at a party where she met Robert Hazlewood, who talked to her for some time. It was not a dancing party, and consequently they conversed together more than they had ever done before. He seemed extremely amused by her liveliness, and looked at her with unmistakable admiration. Had Augusta Lenox been there to see, perhaps Angila would not have received his attentions so graciously; but there being nothing to remind her of his being her "favorite aversion," she talked with animation, pleased with the admiration she excited, without being annoyed by any inconvenient reminiscences. And not only was Miss Lenox absent, but Miss Morton was present, and Angila thought she looked over at them a little anxiously; so that a little spirit of rivalry heightened, if not her pleasure, certainly Hazlewood's consequence in her eyes. Girls are often much influenced by each other in these matters—and the absence of Miss Lenox, who "did not think much of Robert Hazlewood," with the presence of Miss Morton who did, had no small influence in Angila's future fate.

"Did you have a pleasant party?" asked Mrs. Mervale, who had not been with her daughter the evening before.

"Yes, very pleasant," replied Angila; "one of the pleasantest 'conversation parties' I have ever been at."

And "who was there—and who did you talk to?" were the next questions, which launched Angila in a full length description of every thing and every body—and among them figured quite conspicuously Robert Hazlewood.

"And you found him really clever?" said her mother.

"Oh, decidedly," replied her daughter.

"Who," said her brother, looking up from his breakfast, "Hazlewood? Certainly he is. He's considered one of the cleverest among the young lawyers. Decidedly a man of talent."

Angila looked pleased.

"His father is a man of talent before him," observed Mrs. Mervale. "As a family, the Hazlewoods have always been distinguished for ability. This young man is ugly, you say, Angila?"

"Yes—" replied Angila, though with some hesitation. "Yes, he is ugly, certainly—but he has a good countenance; and when he converses he is better looking than I thought him."

"It's a pity he's conceited," said Mrs. Mervale, innocently; her impression of the young man being

taken from her daughter's previous description of him. "Since he is really clever, it's a pity, for it's such a drawback always."

"Conceited! I don't think he's conceited," said Angila, quite forgetting her yesterday's opinion.

"Don't you? I thought it was you who said so, my dear," replied her mother, quietly.

"Yes, I did once think so," said Angila, slightly blushing at her own inconsistency. "I don't know why I took the idea in my head—but in fact I talked more to him, and became better acquainted with him last evening than I ever have before. When there is dancing, there is so little time for conversation; and he really talks very well."

"He is engaged to Miss Morton, you say?" continued Mrs. Mervale.

"Well, I don't know," replied Angila, adding, as she remembered the animated looks of admiration he had bestowed upon herself, "I doubt it—that is the report, however."

"Hazlewood's no more engaged to Mary Morton than I am," said young Mervale, carelessly. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Why every body says so, George," said Angila.

"Pshaw! every body's saying so don't make it so."

"But he's very attentive to her," replied Angila.

"Well, and if he is," retorted Mervale, "it does not follow that he must be in love with her. You women do jump to conclusions, and make up matches in such a way," he continued, almost angrily.

"I think she likes him," pursued Angila. "I think she would have him."

"Have him! to be sure she would," replied George, in the same tone; not that he considered the young lady particularly in love with his friend, but as if any girl might be glad to have him—for brothers are very apt to view such cases differently from sisters, who refuse young gentlemen for their friends without mercy.

"But he's ugly, you say," continued Mrs. Mervale, sorrowfully, who, old lady as she was, liked a handsome young man, and always lamented when she found mental gifts unaccompanied by personal charms.

"Yes, he's no beauty, that's certain," said Angila, gayly.

"Has he a good air and figure?" pursued Mrs. Mervale, still hoping so clever a man might be better looking after all.

"Yes, tolerable—middle height—nothing remarkable one way or the other." And then the young lady went off to tell some piece of news, that quite put Mr. Hazlewood out of her mother's head for the present.

When Angila next wrote to Augusta, although she spoke of Mrs. Carpenter's party, a little consciousness prevented her saying much about Robert Hazlewood, and consequently her friend was quite suspicious of the large share he had in making the party she described so pleasant.

Hazlewood had really been pleased by Angila. She was pretty—and he found her lively and intelligent. He had always been inclined to admire her,

but she had turned from him once or twice in a way he had thought a haughty manner, and consequently he had scarcely known her until they met at the little *conversations* of Mrs. Carpenter's, which accident placed them near each other. The party was so small that where people happened to fix themselves, there they staid—it requiring some courage for a young man to break the charmed ring and deliberately plant himself before any lady, to attempt to talk to any one except her beside whom fate had placed him.

Now Angila had the corner seat on a sofa near the fire-place, and Hazlewood was standing, leaning against the chimney-piece, so that a nicer, more cosy position for a pleasant talk could hardly be conceived in so small a circle. Miss Morton was on the other side of the fire-place, occupying the corresponding situation to Angila, and Angila could see her peeping forward from time to time to see: Hazlewood still maintained his place. His back was turned toward her, so if she did throw any anxious glances that way, he did not see them.

Angila met him a few evenings after this at the Opera, and found that he was a passionate lover of music. They talked again, and he very well, for really was a sensible, well-educated young man. Music is a favorite source of inspiration, and Hazlewood was a connoisseur as well as amateur. She found that he seldom missed a night at the Opera, and "she was surprised she had not seen him there before, as she went herself very often."

"He had seen her, however;" and he looked as if it were not easy not to see her when she was there.

She blushed and was pleased, for it evidently was not an unmeaning compliment.

"Mr. Hazlewood's very clever," she said the next day; "and his tastes are so cultivated and refined. He is very different from the usual run of young men." (When a girl begins to think a man differs from the "usual run," you may be sure she herself is off the common track.) "There's something very manly in all his sentiments, independent and high-toned. He cannot be engaged to Mary Morton, for I alluded to the report, and he seemed quite amused at the idea. I can see he thinks her very silly, which she is, though pretty—though he was two gentlemanly to say so."

"How, then, did you find out that he thought so," asked George, smiling.

"Oh, from one or two little things. We were speaking of a German poem that I was trying to get the other day, and he said he had it, but had lent it to Miss Morton. 'However,' he added, with a peculiar smile, 'he did not believe she wanted to read it, and at any rate, he would bring it to me as soon as she returned it. He doubted whether she was much of a German reader.' But it was more the smile and the manner in which he said it, than the words, that made me think he had no very high opinion of her literary tastes."

"He may not like her any the less for that," said George, carelessly. "I think your clever literary men rarely do value a woman less for her ignorance."

But there was an expression in Angila's pretty face that seemed to contradict this assertion; for, like most pretty women, she was vainer of her talents than her beauty—and she thought Hazlewood had been quite struck by some of her criticisms the night before.

However this might be, the intimacy seemed to progress at a wonderful rate. He called and brought her books; and they had a world to say every time they met, which, whether by accident or design, was now beginning to be very often.

"You knew old Mr. Hazlewood, mamma, did not you?" said Angila. "And who did you say Mrs. Hazlewood was?" And now she listened very differently from the last time that her mother had launched forth on the topic of old times and friends. Angila was wonderfully interested in all the history of the whole race, for Mrs. Mervale began with the great grandfathers, maternal and paternal; and she kept the thread of the story with surprising distinctness, and made out the family pedigree with amazing correctness.

"Then they are an excellent family, mamma," she said.

"To be sure they are," replied Mrs. Mervale, "one of the oldest and best in the city."

It was wonderful what a quantity of books Angila read just about this time; but Hazlewood was always sending her something, which she seemed to take peculiar pleasure in surprising him by having finished before they met again. And her bright eyes grew brighter, and occasionally, and that not unfrequently, they had an abstracted, dreamy look, as if her thoughts were far away, occupied in very pleasant visions—whether they were now of Ossian-heroes, dark-eyed and dim, we doubt.

She was rather unpleasantly roused to a waking state, however, by a passage in one of Augusta Lenox's last letters, which was,

"What has become of your 'favorite aversion,' Robert Hazlewood? When are he and Mary Morton to be married? I give her joy of him—as you say, how can she?"

Angila colored scarlet with indignation as she read this, almost wondering at first what Angila meant.

She did not answer the letter; some consciousness, mixed with a good deal of vexation, prevented her.

Hazlewood's attentions to Angila began to be talked of a good deal. Her mother was congratulated, and she was complimented, for every body spoke well of him. "A remarkably clever young man with excellent prospects," the old people said. The young girls talked of him probably pretty much as Angila and Augusta had done—but she did not hear that, and the young men said,

"Hazlewood was a devilish clever fellow, and that Angila Mervale would do very well if she could get him."

That the gentleman was desperately in love there was no doubt; and as for the young lady—that she was flattered and pleased and interested, was hardly less clear. Her bright eyes grew softer and more dreamy every day.

Of what was she dreaming? What could her

visions be now? Can she by any possibility make a hero of Robert Hazlewood? Sober common sense would say "No!" but bright-eyed, youthful imagination may boldly answer, "Why not?" Time, however, can only decide that point.

Two more letters came from Augusta Lenox about this time, and remained unanswered. "Wait till I am engaged," Angila had unconsciously said to herself, and then blushed the deepest blush, as she caught the words that had risen to her lips.

She did not wait long, however. Bright, beaming, blushing and tearful, she soon announced the intelligence to her mother, asking her consent, and permission to refer Mr. Hazlewood to her father.

The Mervales were very well pleased with the match, which, in fact, was an excellent one, young Hazlewood being in every respect Angila's superior, except in appearance, where she, as is the woman's right, bore the palm of beauty. Not but that she was quick, intelligent, and well cultivated; but there are more such girls by hundreds in our community, than there are men of talent, reading, industry and worth to merit them; and Angila was amazingly happy to have been one of the fortunate few to whose lot such a man falls.

And now, indeed, she wrote a long, long letter to Augusta—so full of happiness, describing Hazlewood, as she thought, so distinctly, that Augusta must recognize him at once—so she concluded by saying,

"And now I need not name him, as you must know who I mean."

"I must know who she means!" said Augusta, much perplexed. "Why I am sure I cannot imagine who she means! Talented, agreeable, with cultivated tastes! Who can it be? 'Not handsome, but very gentlemanlike-looking.' Well, I have no idea who it is—I certainly cannot know the man. But as we sail next week, I shall be at home in time for the wedding. How odd that I should be really her bridesmaid in May after all!"

Miss Lenox arrived about two months after Angila's engagement had been announced, and found her friend brilliant with happiness. After the first exclamations and greetings, Augusta said with impatient curiosity,

"But who is it, Angila—you never told me?"

"But surely you guessed at once," said Angila, incredulously.

"No, indeed," replied her friend, earnestly, "I have not the most distant idea."

"Why, Robert Hazlewood, to be sure!"

"Robert Hazlewood! Oh, Angila! You are jesting," exclaimed her friend, thrown quite off her guard by astonishment.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Angila, with eager delight, attributing Augusta's surprise and incredulous tones to quite another source. "You may well be surprised, Augusta. Is it not strange that such a man—one of his superior talents—should have fallen in love with such a mad-cap as me?"

Augusta could hardly believe her ears. But the truth was, that Angila had so long since forgotten her prejudice, founded on nothing, against Hazlewood,

that she was not conscious now that she had ever entertained any such feelings. She was not obliged, in common phrase, to "eat her own words," for she quite forgot that she had ever uttered them. And now, with the utmost enthusiasm, she entered into all her plans and prospects—told Augusta, with the greatest interest, as if she thought the theme must be equally delightful to her friend—all her mother's long story about the old Hazlewoods, and what a "charming nice family they were," ("those pattern people that she hated so," as Augusta remembered, but all of which was buried in the happiest oblivion with Angila,) and the dear little house that was being furnished like a *bijou* next to Mrs. Constant's, (next to Mrs. Constant's!—one of those small houses with low ceilings! Augusta gasped;) and how many servants she was going to keep; and what a nice young girl she had engaged already as waiter.

"You mean, then, to have a woman waiter?" Augusta could not help saying.

"Oh, to be sure!" said Angila. "What should I do with a man in such a pretty little establishment as I mean to have. And then you know we must be economical—Mr. Hazlewood is a young lawyer, and I don't mean to let him slave himself to make the two ends meet. You'll see what a nice economical little housekeeper I'll be."

And, in short, Augusta found that the same bright, warm imagination that had made Angila once dream of Ossian-heroes, now endowed Robert Hazlewood with every charm she wanted, and even threw a

romantic glow over a small house, low ceilings, small economies, and all but turned the woman-servant into a man. Cinderella's godmother could hardly have done more. Such is the power of love!

"Well," said Augusta, in talking it all over with her brother, "I cannot comprehend it yet; Angila who used to be so fastidious, so critical, who expected so much in the man she was to marry!"

"She is not the first young lady who has come down from her pedestal," replied her brother laughing.

"No, but she has not," returned Augusta, "the oddest part of the whole—she has only contrived somehow to raise Hazlewood on a pedestal. You'd think they were the only couple in the world going to be married. She's actually in love with him, desperately in love with him; and it was only just before I went to New Orleans that she said—"

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "there's no subject on which women change their minds often than on this. Love works wonders—indeed, the only miracles left in the world are of his creation."

"But she used to wonder at Mary Morton's liking him, mamma."

"Ah, my dear," replied her mother, "that was when he was attentive to Mary Morton and not to her. It makes a wonderful difference when the thing becomes personal. And if you really love Angila, my dear, you will forget, or at least not repeat, what she said six months before marriage."

A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

[The subject of the following ballad may be found in the "Christus Super Aquas" of Mather's *Magnalia*.]

"God's blessing on the bonny barque!" the gallant seamen cried,

As with her snowy sails outspread she cleft the yielding tide—

"God's blessing on the bonny barque!" cried the landmen from the shore,

As with a swallow's rapid flight she skimmed the waters o'er.

Oh never from the good old Bay, a fairer ship did sail,
Or in more trim and brave array did court the favoring gale.

Cheerily sung the marinere as he climbed the high, high mast,

The mast that was made of the Norway pine, that scorned the mountain-blast.

But brave Mark Edward dashed a tear in secret from his eye,

As he saw green Trimount dimmer grow against the distant sky,

And fast before the gathering breeze his noble vessel fly.

Oh, youth will cherish many a hope, and many a fond desire,

And nurse in secret in the heart the hidden altar-fire!

And though young Mark Edward trod his deck with foot-step light and free,

Yet a shadow was on his manly brow as his good ship swept the sea;

A shadow was on his manly brow as he marked the fading shore,

And the faint line of the far green hills where dwelt his loved Lenore.

Merrily sailed the bonny barque toward her destined port,

And the white waves curled around her prow as if 'twere wanton sport.

Merrily sailed the bonny barque till seven days came and past,

When her snowy canvas shivered and rent before the northern blast,

And out of her course, and away, away, careered she wild and fast.

Black lowered the heavens, loud howled the winds, as the gallant barque drove on,

"God save her from the stormy seas," prayed the sailors every one,

But hither and thither the mad winds bore her, careering wildly on.

Oh, a fearful thing is the mighty wind as it raves the land along,

And the forests rock beneath the shock of the fierce blasts
and the strong,
But when the wild and angry waves come rushing on their
prey,
And to and fro the good ship reels with the wind's savage
play,
Oh ! then it is more fearful far in that frail barque to be,
At the mercy of the wind and wave, alone upon the sea.
Mark Edward's eye grew stern and calm as day by day
went on,
And farther from the destined port the gallant barque was
borne.
From her tall masts the sails were rent, yet fast and far
she flew,
But whither she drove there knew not one among her gal-
lant crew,
Nor the captain, nor the marineres, not one among them
knew.
Now there had come and past away full many weary days,
And each looked in each other's face with sad and blank
amaze,
For ghastly Famine's bony hand was stretched to clutch
his prey,
And still the adverse winds blew on as they would blow
always.
And dark and fearful whispered words from man to man
went past,
As of some dread and fatal deed which they must do at last.
And night and morn and noon they prayed, oh blessed voice
of prayer !
That God would bring their trembling souls out of this
great despair.
And every straining eye was bent out o'er the ocean-wa-
ve,
But they saw no sail, there came no ship the storm-tost
barque to save.
The fatal die was cast at length ; and tears filled every eye
As forth a gentle stripling stepped and gave himself to die.
They looked upon his pure white brow, and his face so
fair to see,
And all with one accord cried out, " Oh, God ! this must
not be !"
And brave Mark Edward calmly said, " Let the lot fall on
me."
" Not so," the generous youth exclaimed, " of little worth
am I,
But 't would strike the life from out us all were it thy lot
to die."
" Let us once more entreat the Lord ; he yet our souls may
spare,"
And kneeling down the gray-haired man sent up a fervent
prayer.
Oh mighty is the voice of prayer ! to him that asks is given,
And as to Israel of old was manna sent from heaven,
So now their prayer was answered, for, leaping from the
sea,
A mighty fish fell in their midst, where they astonished be.
" Now glory to the Father be, and to the Son be praise !
Upon the deep He walketh, in the ocean are His ways,
'T is meet that we should worship Him who doeth right
always."
And then from all that noble crew a hymn of joy arose—
It flowed from grateful hearts as free as running water
flows.

—
Day after day still passed away, gaunt Famine pressed
again,
Each turned away from each, as if smit with a sudden pain.
They feared to meet each other's eyes and read the secret
there,
And each his pangs in silence strove a little yet to bear.

The eye grew dim with looking out upon the weary main,
Wave rolling after wave was all that answered back again.
But night and morn and noon they prayed—oh blessed
voice of prayer !
That God would bring their trembling souls out of this
great despair.
Again the fatal die was cast ; a man of powerful frame
Slowly and with reluctant step to the dread summons came.
Large drops of anguish on his brow—his lips were white
with fear—
Oh 't is a dreadful death to die ! Is there no succor near ?
They looked around on every side, but saw no sight of
cheer.
" It is not for myself I dread," the sailor murmured low,
" But for my wife and little babes, oh what a tale of woe !"
" It shall not be," Mark Edward cried, " for their dear
sakes go free.
I have no wife to mourn my fate, let the lot fall on me."
" Not so, oh generous and brave !" the sailor grateful said,
" The lot is mine, but cheer thou her and them when I am
dead."
And turning with a calmer front he bade the waiting crew
What not themselves but fate compelled, to haste and
quickly do.
But who shall do the dismal work ? The innocent life who
take ?
One after one each shrunk away, but no word any
spoke.
Still hunger pressed them sore, and pangs too dreadful to
be borne.
" Be merciful, oh Father, hear ! To thee again we turn."
Then in their agony they strove, and wrestled long in
prayer,
Till suddenly they heard a sound come from the upper air,
A sound of rushing wings, and lo ! oh sight of joy ! on high
A great bird circles round the masts, and ever draws more
nigh.
In lightning play of hope and fear one breathless moment
passed,
The next, the bird has lighted down and settled on the mast.
And soon within his grasp secure a seaman holds him fast.
" Now glory be unto our God—and to His name be praise !
Upon the deep he walketh, in the ocean are his ways,
From ghastly fear our suppliant souls he royally hath
freed,
And sent us succor from the air in this our sorest need."
—
But day by day still passed away, and Famine fiercer
pressed,
And still the adverse winds blew on and knew no change
or rest.
Yet strove they in their agony to let no murmuring word
Against the good and gracious Lord, from out their lips be
heard.
But with their wildly gleaming eyes they gazed out o'er
the main.
Wave rolling after wave was all that answered back again.
On the horizon's distant verge not even a speck was seen,
But the cresting foam of breaking waves still shimmering
between.
And fiercer yet, as hour by hour went slowly creeping by,
The famine wrung their tortured frames till it were bliss
to die.
And hopes of further aid grew faint, and it did seem that
they
Out on the waste of waters wide of Heaven forgotten lay.
But night and morn and noon they prayed—oh blessed
voice of prayer !
That God would save their trembling souls out of this great
despair.

Again the fatal die was cast, and 'mid a general gloom,
 Mark Edward calmly forward came to meet the appointed
 doom.
 But when they saw his noble port, and his manly bearing
 brave,
 Each would have given up his life that bold young heart
 to save.
 They would have wept, but their hot eyes refused the
 grateful tear,
 Yet with sorrowful and suppliant looks they drew them-
 selves more near.
 Mark Edward turned aside and spoke in accents calm and
 low,
 Unto a man with silver hair, whose look was full of wo,
 And bade him if the Lord should spare, and they should
 reach the shore,
 To bear a message from his lips to his beloved Lenore.
 "Tell her my thoughts were God's and hers," the brave
 young spirit cried,
 "Tell her not how it came to pass, say only that I died."
 Then with a brief and earnest prayer his soul to God he
 gave,
 Beseeching that the sacrifice the lives of all might save.
 Each looked on each, but not a hand would strike the fatal
 blow,
 It was a death pang but to think what hand should lay him
 low.
 And sick at heart they turned away their misery to bear,
 And wrestled once again with God in agony of prayer.
 As drops of blood wrung from the heart fell each implor-
 ing word,
 Oh, God of Heaven! and can it be such prayer is still un-
 heard?
 They strained once more each aching orb out o'er the
 gloomy main,
 Wave rolling after wave was all that answered back again.
 They waited yet—they lingered yet—they searched the
 horizon round,
 No sight of land, no blessed sail, no living thing was found.
 They lingered yet—hope faded fast from out the hearts of
 all.
 They waited yet—till black Despair sunk o'er them like a
 pall.
 They turned to where Mark Edward stood with his un-
 blenching brow,
 Or he must die their lives to save, or all must perish now.

They lingered yet—they waited yet—a sudden shriek rang
 out—
 "A sail! A sail! Oh, blessed Lord!" burst forth one joy-
 ful shout.
 New strength those famished men received; fervent their
 thanks, but brief—
 They man their boat, they reach the ship, they ask a swift
 relief.
 Strange faces meet their view, they hear strange words in
 tongues unknown,
 And evil eyes with threatening gaze are sternly looking
 down.
 They pause—for a new terror bids their hearts' warm cur-
 rent freeze,
 For they have met a pirate ship, the scourge of all the
 seas.
 But up and out Mark Edward spake, and in the pirate's
 tongue,
 And when the pirate captain heard, quick to his side he
 sprung,
 And vowed by all the saints of France—the living and the
 dead—
 There should not even a hair be harmed upon a ship's
 head,
 For once, when in a dismal strait, Mark Edward gave him
 aid,
 And now the debt long treasured up should amply be re-
 paid.
 He gave them water from his casks, and bread, and all
 things store,
 And showed them how to lay their course to reach the
 destined shore.
 And the blessing of those famished men went with him
 evermore.
 Again the favoring gale arose, the barque went bounding
 on,
 And speedily her destined port was now in safety won.
 And after, when green Trimount's hills greet their expect-
 ant eyes,
 New thanks to Heaven, new hymns of joy unto the Lord
 arise.
 For glory be unto our Lord, and to His name be praise!
 Upon the deep he walketh, in the ocean are his ways.
 'Tis meet that we should worship him who doeth right
 always.

SONG OF SLEEP.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

On the dreamy world of sleep for me,
 With its visions pure and bright,—
 Its fairy throngs in revelry,
 Under the pale moonlight!
 Sleep, sleep, I wait for thy spell,
 For my eyes are heavy with watching well
 For the starry night, and the world of dreams
 That ever in sleep on my spirit beams.

The day, the day, I cannot 'bide,
 'Tis dull and dusty and drear—
 And, owl-like, away from the sun I hide,
 That in dreams I may wander freer.

Sleep, sleep, come to my eyes—
 Welcome as blue to the midnight skies—
 Faithful as dew to drooping flowers—
 I only live in thy dreamy bowers.

The sun is purpling down the west,
 Day's death-robes glitter fair,
 And weary men, agasp for rest,
 For the solemn night prepare.
 Sleep, sleep, hasten to me!
 The shadows lengthen across the sea;
 The birds are weary, and so am I;
 Tired world and dying day good-bye!

THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812-15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

(Continued from page 74.)

CHAPTER III.

The Chase and the Capture.

On the deck of the pirate craft stood a young man of powerful frame, and singularly savage features, rendered more repulsive by the disposition of the hair which was allowed to grow almost over the entire mouth, and hung from the chin in heavy masses nearly to the waist. With his elbow resting against the fore-mast of the vessel, he was gazing through a spy-glass upon the brig he had been so long pursuing. A burly negro stood at the helm, holding the tiller, and steering the brig with an ease which denoted his vast strength, scarcely moving his body, but meeting the long waves, which washed over the side of the vessel, and rushed in torrents through the hawse-holes, merely by the power of his arm.

"Keep her more in the wind," shouted the commander, with an oath, to the helmsman.

"Ay, ay sir," responded the negro gruffly.

"Don't let me hear a sail flap again or I'll score your back for you, you son of a sea-cook."

With this pleasant admonition the young man resumed his night-glass.

The captain of the pirate brig was an Englishman by birth; his history was little known even to his own crew, but it was remarkable that though always savage and blood-thirsty, he was peculiarly so to his own countrymen, evincing a hatred and malignancy toward every thing connected with his native land, that seemed more than fiendish—never smiling but when his sword was red with the blood of his countrymen, and his foot planted upon her conquered banner. It was evident that some deep wrong had driven him forth to become an outcast and a fiend. A close inspection of his features developed the outlines of a noble countenance yet remaining, though marred and deformed by years of passion and of crime. His crew, which numbered nearly fifty, were gathered from almost every nation of the civilized world, yet were all completely under his command. They were now scattered over the vessel in various lounging attitudes, apparently careless of every thing beyond the ease of the passing moment, leaving the management of the brig to the two or three hands necessary to control the graceful and obedient craft.

For long hours the captain of the pirate brig stood following the motions of the flying merchantman; he thought not of sleep or of refreshment, it was enough for him that he was in pursuit of an English vessel,

that his revenge was again to be gratified with English blood.

He was roused by a light touch of the arm—he turned impatiently.

"Why, Florette."

A beautiful girl stood beside him, gazing into his face half with fear and half with love. Her dress was partly that of a girl and partly of a boy; over a pair of white loose sailor's trousers a short gown was thrown, fastened with a blue zone, and her long hair fell in thick, luxuriant masses from beneath a gracefully shaped little straw hat—altogether she was as lovely in feature and form as Venus herself, with an eye blue as the ocean, and a voice soft and sweet as the southern breeze.

"Dear William, will you not go below and take some rest?"

"I want none, girl; I shall not sleep till every man on yonder vessel has gone to rest in the caves of ocean."

"But you will eat?"

"Pshaw! Florette, leave me; your place is below."

The girl said no more, but slowly glided to the companion-way and disappeared into the little cabin.

The long night at length wore away, and as the clear light of morning shone upon the waters the merchant vessel was no longer visible from the deck of the pirate.

"A thousand devils! has he escaped me. Ho! the one of you with the sharpest eyes up to the mast-head. Stay, I will go myself."

Thus speaking, the captain mounted the main-mast and gazed long and anxiously; he could see nothing of the vessel. He mounted still higher, climbing the slender top-mast till with his hand resting upon the main-truck he once more looked over the horizon. Thus far his gaze had been directed to windward, in the course where the vanished brig had last been seen. At length he turned to leeward, and far in the distant horizon his eagle eye caught faint sight of a sail, like the white and glancing wing of a bird. With wonderful rapidity he slid to the deck, and gave orders to set the brig before the wind. The beautiful little bark fell off gracefully, and in a moment was swiftly retracing the waters it had beaten over during the night.

"The revenge will be no less sweet that it is deferred," exclaimed the pirate captain, as he threw himself upon the companion-way. "Thirty English

vessels have I sunk in the deep, and I am not yet satisfied—no, no, curses on her name, curses on her laws, they have driven me forth from a lordly heritage and an ancient name to die an outcast and a pirate."

Pulling his hat over his dark brow, he sat long in deep thought, and not one in all his savage crew but would have preferred to board a vessel of twice their size than to rouse his commander from his thoughtful mood.

Captain Horton for some hours after it had become dark the preceding night, had kept his vessel on the same course, perplexing his mind with some scheme by which he might deceive the pirate. At length he gave orders to lower away the yawl boat, and fit a mast to it, which was speedily done. When all was ready, he hung a lantern to the mast, with a light that would burn but a short time, and then putting out his own ship-light, he fastened the tiller of the yawl and set it adrift, knowing that it would keep its course until some sudden gust of wind should overcome its steering way. As soon as he had accomplished this, he fell off before the wind, and setting his brig on the opposite tack, as soon as he had got to a good distance from the light of the yawl, took in all sail till not a rag was left standing. He kept his brig in this position until he had the satisfaction of seeing the pirate brig pass to windward in pursuit of his boat, whose light he knew would go out before the chase had become faint in the distance, he immediately crowded on all sail, and stood off boldly on his original course.

None of his crew had gone below to turn in, for all were too anxious to sleep, and his passengers still stood beside him upon the quarter-deck; John with a large bundle under his arm, which, in answer to an inquiry from the merchant, he said was merely a change of dress.

"I think we have given them the slip this time, Mr. Williams," said Captain Horton.

"I hope so, captain."

"You can sleep now without danger of being disturbed by unwelcome visitors, Miss Julia."

"Well, captain, I am as glad as my father you have escaped. I wish we had got near enough to see how they looked though."

"We ought rather, my dear girl, to thank God that they came no nearer than they did," said her father half reproachfully.

"True, father, true," and bidding Captain Horton good-night, they retired to the cabin.

"You did fool them nice, did n't you, captain?" said John.

"Yes, John, it was tolerably well done, I think myself," replied the captain, who, like all of mankind, was more or less vain, and prided himself peculiarly upon his skill in his own avocation.

"I should n't ha' been much afraid on 'em myself if they had caught us," said John.

"You would n't, ah?"

"No! I should ha' hated to see all the crew walk on the plank as they call it, specially Dick Hal-

yard, but I thinks I should ha' come it over 'em myself."

"Well, John, I hope you'll never have such occasion to try your powers of deceit, for I fear you would find yourself wofully mistaken."

"Perhaps not, captin, but I'm confounded sleepy now we've got away from the bloody pirates, I'll just lie down here, captin; I haint learned to sleep in a hammock yet. I wish you'd let me have a berth, captin, I hate lying in a circle, it cramps fellow plaguily."

John talked himself to sleep upon the companion-way, where the good-natured master of the brig allowed him to remain unmolested, and soon the yielding the helm to one of the mates, himself "turned in."

As the morning broke over the sea clear and cloudless, while not a sail was visible in any quarter of the horizon, the revulsion of feeling occasioned by the transition from despair to confidence, and indeed the assurance of safety, was plainly depicted in the joyous countenances of all on the *Betsy Allen*. The worthy captain made no endeavor to check the boisterous merriment of his crew, but lighting his pipe seated himself upon the companion-way, with complacent smile expanding his sun-browned features, which developed itself into a self-satisfied happy laugh as Mr. Williams appeared at the cabin door, leading up his daughter to enjoy the pure morning air, fresh from the clear sky and the bounding waters.

"Ha! ha! Mr. Williams, told you so, not a sail in sight, and a fine breeze."

"Our thanks are due to you, Captain Horton, for the skillful manner in which you eluded the pirate ship."

"Oh! I was as glad to get out of sight of the men as you could have been, my dear sir, I assure you now that we are clear of him, I aint afraid to tell Miss Julia that if he had overhauled us we should have all gone to Davy Jones' locker, and the *Betsy Allen* would by this time have been burnt to the water's edge."

"I was not ignorant of the danger at any time, Captain Horton."

"Well, you are a brave girl, and deserve to be a sailor's wife, but I'm married myself."

"That is unfortunate, captain," said Julia, with merry laugh, so musical in its intonations that the rough sailors who heard its sweet cadence could resist the contagion, and a bright smile lit up the weather-beaten countenance within the sound of its merry music.

"Well, I think so myself, though I would n't like Mrs. Horton to hear me say it, or I should have a rougher breeze to encounter than I ever met round Cape Horn—ha! ha! ha! You must excuse me, Miss Julia, but I feel in fine spirits this morning, not a sail in sight."

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out from the main cross-trees.

"Ah!—where away?"

"Right astern."

"Can it be that they have got in our wake again. I'll mount to the mast-head and see myself."

Seizing the glass the captain ascended to the cross-trees, where he remained for a long time, watching the distant sail. At length he returned to the deck.

"They've got our bearings again somehow, confound the cunning rascals; and, by the way they are overhauling us, I judge they can beat us as well afore the wind as on a tack."

"Well, Captain Horton, we must be resigned to our fate then. It matters not so much for me, but it is hard, my daughter, that you should be torn from your peaceful home in England to fall a prey to these fiends."

"They are a long way from us yet, father; let us hope something may happen for our relief, and not give up till we are taken."

"That's the right feeling, Miss Julia," said the captain. "I will do all I can to prolong the chase, and we will trust in God for the result."

Every device which skillful seamanship could practice was put in immediate operation to increase the speed of the brig. There was but a solitary hope remaining, that they might fall in with some national vessel able to protect them from the pirate. The sails were frequently wet, the halyards drawn taut, and the captain himself took the helm. When all this was done, each sailor stood gazing upon the pirate as if to calculate the speed of his approach by the lifting of his sails above the water. The greater part of his top-sails were already in sight, and soon the heads of her courses appeared above the wave, seeming to sweep up like the long, white wings of a lazy bird, whose flight clung to the breast of the sea, as if seeking a resting-place.

By the middle of the day the pirate was within three miles of the merchantman, and had already opened upon her with his long gun. Captain Horton pressed onward without noticing the balls, which as yet had not injured hull or sail. But as the chase approached nearer and nearer, the shots began to take effect—a heavy ball made a huge rent in the mizzen-top-sail—another dashed in the galley, and a third tore up the companion-way, and still another cut down the fore-topmast, and materially decreased the speed of the vessel.

Noticing this the pirate ceased his fire, and soon drew up within hail of the merchantman.

"Ship ahoy—what ship?"

"The Betsy Allen, London."

"Lay-by till I send a boat aboard."

Captain Horton gave orders to his crew to wait the word of command before they altered the vessel's course, and then seizing the trumpet, hailed the pirate.

"What ship's that?"

"The brig Death—do n't you see the flag?"

"I know the character of your ship, doubtless."

"Well, lay-by, or we'll bring you to with a broadside."

Perceiving the inutility of further effort, Captain Horton brought-to, and hauled down his flag.

In a short time the jolly-boat of the pirate was

lowered from the stern, and the commander jumped in, followed by a dozen of his crew.

The vigorous arms of the oarsmen soon brought the boat to the merchantman, and the pirate stood upon the deck of the captured vessel.

"Well, sir, you have given us some trouble to overhaul you," said he, in a manner rather gentlemanly than savage.

"We should have been fools if we had not tried our best to escape."

"True, true—will you inform me how you eluded our pursuit last night. I ask merely from motives of curiosity?"

Captain Horton briefly related the deception of the boat.

"Ah! ha! very well done. Here Diego," said he to one of the sailors who had followed him, "go below and bring up the passengers."

The swarthy rascal disappeared with a malignant grin through the cabin-door, and speedily escorted Mr. Williams to the deck, followed by Julia, and, to the surprise of Captain Horton and his crew, another female.

"Now, captain," said the pirate, with a fiendish smile, "I shall proceed to convey your merchandise to my brig, including these two ladies, though, by my faith, we shall have little use for one of them. After which I will leave you in quiet."

"I could expect no better terms," said Captain Horton, resignedly.

"O, you will soon be relieved from my presence."

Julia clung to her father, but was torn from his grasp, and the good old man was pushed back by the laughing fiends, as he attempted to follow her to the boat. The father and daughter parted with a look of strong anguish, relieved in the countenance of Julia by a deep expression of firmness and resolution.

John was also seized by the pirates, but he had overheard the words of their captain that they would soon be left in quiet, and had already commenced throwing off his woman's dress.

"Hillo! is the old girl going to strip? Bear a hand here, Mike," shouted Diego, to one of his comrades, "just make fast those tow-lines, and haul up her rigging."

Mr. Williams, who immediately conceived the possible advantage it might be to Julia to have even so inefficient a protector with her as John, addressed him in a stern tone.

"What, will you desert your mistress?"

John stood in doubt, but he was a kind-hearted fellow, and loved Julia better than he did any thing else in the world except himself; and without further resistance or explanation, allowed himself to be conveyed to the boat, though the big tears rolled down his cheeks, and nothing even then would have prevented his avowing his original sex, but a strong feeling of shame at the thought of leaving Julia.

For hours the pirate's jolly-boat passed backward and forward between the two brigs; the sea had become too rough to allow the vessels to be fastened together without injury to the light frame of the pirate bark; and night had already set in before all the cargo

which the pirates desired had been removed from the merchantman; but it was at length accomplished, and once more the pirates stood upon the deck of their own brig.

In a few words their captain explained his plan of destruction to his crew, which was willingly assented to, as it was sufficiently cruel and vindictive. Three loud cheers burst from their lips, startling the crew of the *Betsy Allen* with its wild cadence, and in another moment the pirate-captain leaped into his boat, and followed by a number of his crew, returned to the merchantman.

Still preserving his suavity of manner, he addressed Captain Horton as he stepped upon the deck, after first ordering the crew to the bows, and drawing up his own men with pointed muskets before the companion-way.

"Captain Horton, as you are, perhaps, aware it is our policy to act upon the old saying that 'dead men tell no tales,' and after consultation among ourselves, we have concluded to set your vessel on fire, and then depart in peace, leaving you to the quiet I promised you."

"Blood-thirsty villain!" shouted the captain of the merchantman, and suddenly drawing a pistol, he discharged it full at the pirate's breast. The latter was badly wounded, but falling back against the main-mast, was able to order his men to pursue their original design before he fell fainting in the arms of one of his men, who immediately conveyed him to the boat.

The savages proceeded then to fire the vessel in several different places, meeting with no resistance from the crew, as a dozen muskets pointed at their heads admonished them that immediate death would be the consequence.

As soon as the subtle element had so far progressed in its work of destruction that the hand of man could not stay it, the pirates jumped into their boat, and with a fiendish yell, pulled off for their own vessel.

For a very short time the crew of the merchantman stood watching the flame and smoke which was fast encircling them, then rousing their native energies, and perceiving the utter impossibility of conquering the fire, they turned their attention to the only resource left—the construction of some sort of a raft that would sustain their united weight.

The progress of the flames, however, was so rapid, that though a score of busy hands were employed with axes and hatchets, the most that could be done was to hurl overboard a few spars and boards, cut away the bowsprit and part of the bulwarks, before the exceeding heat compelled them to leave the brig.

Mr. Williams, who had remained in a state of stupor since the loss of his daughter, was borne to the ship's side, and hurriedly fastened to a spar; and then all the crew boldly sprang into the water, and pushing the fragments of boards and spars from the burning brig, as soon as they attained a safe distance, commenced the construction of their raft in the water. This was an exceedingly difficult undertaking; but they were working with the energies of despair, and board after board was made fast by means

of the rope they had thrown over with themselves; and in the light of their burning vessel they managed at length to build a raft sufficiently strong to bear their weight.

Then seating themselves upon it, they almost gave way to despair; they had lost the excitement of occupation, and now, in moody silence, watched the mounting flames. They were without food, the sea ran high; their condition did, indeed, seem hopeless—and their only refuge, death.

CHAPTER IV.

The Escape.

The fire had made swift work during the time the unfortunate crew were occupied in building the raft, and the little brig was now almost enveloped in smoke and flame. A burst of fire from her main hatchway threw a red glare over the turbulent waves, and showed the vessel's masts and rigging brightly displayed against the dark sky above and beyond the main-sail by this time caught fire, and was blazing away along the yard fiercely; and the flames soon reached the loftier sails and running rigging; the fire below was raging between decks, and rising in successive bursts of flame from the hatchways. The vessel had been filled with combustible materials, and the doomed brig, in a short space of time, was one mass of flame.

To a spectator beholding the sight in safety, it would have been a magnificent spectacle—the grandest, the most terrific, perhaps, it is possible to conceive—a ship on fire at night in the mid-ocean. The hull of the vessel lay flaming like an immense furnace on the surface of the deep; her masts, and the lower and topsail-yards, with fragments of the rigging hanging round them, sparkling, and scattering the fire-flakes, rose high above it, while huge volumes of smoke ever and anon obscured the whole, borne away by the strong breeze, left the burning brig doubly distinct, placed in strong relief against the dark vault of heaven behind. The lofty spars, their fastenings were burnt through, fell, one by one, into the hissing water, and at length the tall masts no longer supported by the rigging, and nearly bent into below the deck, fell over, one after the other, into the deep.

Suddenly Captain Horton started to his feet,

"It is, it is a sail—look, do you now see it coming up in the light of the brig?"

"It is so, captain," responded his men one after the other.

"Thank God we shall yet be saved! If the pirate had scuttled the ship we should have had no chance; but his cruel course has saved us, for the flames have attracted some vessel to our succor.

"Perhaps the pirate returning," remarked Mr. Williams.

"No, that kept on before the wind, and this is coming up. God grant it be an English vessel, and a swift one, and we may yet save your daughter!"

This remark struck a chord of hope in the heart of Mr. Williams, and roused him to his native manliness.

"But," said he, "our own vessel has drifted far from us, and we shall not be seen by this one."

"I think they will come within hail; they will at least sail round the burning vessel, in the hopes of picking up somebody. Come, my men, let's make some kind of sail of our jackets, a half a mile nearer the ship may save us all our lives."

With a cheer as merry as ever broke from their lips when on board ship, the reanimated sailors went to work, and soon reared a small sail made of their clothing, which caught enough wind to move them slowly onward.

"Steer in the wake of our own vessel, my men, and the strange sail will come right on to us—get between them."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

As the approaching vessel drew nearer, the crew of the *Betsy Allen* sent up a cheer from their united voices which, to their great joy, was answered from the strange sail.

"Ahoy, where away?"

"Three points on your weather bow—starboard your helm, and you'll be on us."

"Ay, ay."

In a very short time the shipwrecked crew stood on the deck of the privateer *Raker*, which, attracted by the light of their burning brig, had varied somewhat from its course, to render assistance if any were needed. Captain Greene and his men soon became acquainted with the history of the crew of the lost brig, and every attention was shown to them.

Captain Horton gave them a brief account of the pirate's assault, and the abduction of Julia.

"O Captain Greene, save my child, if possible. She is my only one," exclaimed Mr. Williams.

"Which way did she steer, Captain Horton?"

"She went off right before the wind, sir, and is not three hours ahead of us."

"Mr. Williams I will immediately give chase, and God grant that I may overtake the scoundrels."

"A father's thanks shall be yours, sir."

"Never mind that—you had all better turn in; I will steer the same course with the pirate till morning, sir; and if he is then in sight, I think he is ours—for there are few things afloat that can outsail the *Raker*."

The crew of the *Betsy Allen*, whose anxiety and exertions during the last few hours had been excessive, gladly accepted the captain's offer, and were soon snoring in their hammocks. Captain Horton and Mr. Williams remained on the deck of the *Raker*, the one too anxious for revenge upon the pirate who had destroyed his brig, to sleep, and the other too much afflicted by the loss of his daughter, and the painful thoughts which it engendered, to think of any thing but her speedy recovery.

The long night at length wore away, and with the first beams of the morning sun the mists rolled heavily upward from the ocean. To the great joy of all on board the *Raker*, the pirate-brig was in sight, though beyond the reach of shot from the privateer.

Although the captain of the *Raker* had sufficient

confidence in the superior speed of his own vessel, yet to avoid the possibility of being deceived, he decided to pretend flight, well assured that the pirate would give chase. He accordingly bore off, as if anxious to avoid speaking him, and displaying every sign of fear, had the satisfaction of perceiving the pirate change his course, and set all sail in pursuit.

In order to test the relative speed of the two vessels he did not at first slacken his own sail, but put his brig to its swiftest pace. He had reason to congratulate himself upon the wisdom of his manoeuvre when he perceived that in spite of every exertion the chase gained upon him, and it was evident that unless he was crippled by a shot, he might yet escape.

As the pirate bore down upon his brig, Captain Greene perceived, by aid of his glass, that the number of the crew on board was considerably superior to his own, even with the addition of the crew of the *Betsy Allen*. In consideration of this fact, he determined to fight her at a distance with his long gun. This he still kept concealed amidships, under the canvas, desiring to impress fully upon his opponent the idea of his inferiority.

Leaving the vessels thus situated, let us visit the pirate again.

Julia, and John in his disguise, were conveyed to his deck, where they were speedily separated. Julia was conducted below, where, to her surprise and joy, she found a companion of her own sex, in the person of Florette.

The wounded commander of the pirate was also conveyed to his berth, where Florette, with much grief, attended to nurse him. It was in her first passionate burst of sorrow that Julia discovered her love for the pirate, from which circumstance she also derived consolation and relief; and having already, with the natural firmness of her mind, shaken off the deep despondency which had settled upon it when first torn from her father, she began to resolve upon the course of action she would pursue, in every probable event which might befall her.

During the long night the pirate lay groaning and helpless; but such was the strength of his will, and the all absorbing nature of his hatred, that when informed on the succeeding morning that a vessel was in sight, he aroused his physical powers sufficiently to reach the deck, where, seating himself on the companion-way, he watched the strange sail with an interest so intense, that he almost forgot his painful wounds.

He had hardly taken his position before the captain of the *Raker* uncovered and ran out his long gun, and to the surprise of all on board the pirate, a huge shot, evidently sent from a gun much larger than they had supposed their antagonist to possess, came crashing through their main-sail.

Too late the pirates perceived the error into which they had fallen; and were aware of the immense advantage which the long gun gave their opponent, enabling him, in fact, to maintain his own position beyond the reach of their fire, and at the same time cut every mast and spar on board the pirate-brig to

pieces, unless, indeed, the latter might be fortunate enough, by superior sailing, to get beyond the reach of shot without suffering material injury.

Perceiving this to be his only resource, orders were given on board the pirate again to 'bout ship, and instead of pursuing to be themselves in turn fugitives. But they were not destined to escape without injury. Another shot from the Raker bore away their foretop-sail, and sensibly checked their speed. To remedy this misfortune, studding-sails were set below and aloft, and for a long time the chase was continued without the shot from the Raker taking serious effect on the pirate; and, indeed, the latter in a considerable degree increased the distance between the two vessels. But while the captain and crew of the Raker were confident of eventually overtaking their antagonist, the men in the pirate-brig had already become convinced that in such a harassing and one-sided mode of warfare, they stood no chance whatever, and demanded of their captain that he should make the attempt to close with the Raker and board. This he sternly refused, and pointed out to his men the folly of such a course, as upon a nearer approach to the privateer, his rigging and masts must necessarily suffer in such a manner as to place his brig entirely at the command of the Raker. His men admitted the truth of his reasoning, but at the same time evinced so much dissatisfaction at their present vexatious situation, that their captain plainly perceived it was necessary to pursue some course of action to appease their turbulent spirits.

With a clouded brow he returned to his cabin with the assistance of Florette, who had watched with a woman's love to take advantage of every opportunity to aid him.

Reaching the cabin, his eyes fell upon the form of Julia, eagerly bending from the little window as she watched the pursuing brig, fervently praying that its chase might be successful.

As she turned her eyes in-doors at the noise made by the entrance of the pirate, his keen glance noticed the light of hope which shone in her beautiful eyes, which she strove not and cared not to conceal.

"My fair captive," said he, with a sneering smile, "do you see hope of escape in yonder approaching vessel?"

"My hope is in God," was the calm reply of the lovely girl.

"That trust will fail you now, sweet lady."

"I believe it not; when has He deserted those whose trust was in him?"

"So have you been taught, doubtless, so you may yet believe; but you have still to learn that if there is such a being, he meddles not with the common purposes of man. It is his government to punish, not prevent; and man here on earth pursues his own course, be it dark or bright—and God's hand is not interposed to stay the natural and inevitable workings of cause and effect. No, no! here, on this, my own good ship, I rule; and there is no hand, human or divine, that will interpose between my determination and the execution of my purpose."

"Impious man! you may yet learn to fear: power you now despise."

"Ha! ha! ha!—do I look like a man to be frightened by the words of a weak girl, or by the name of a mysterious being, whose agency I have never seen in the workings of earthly affairs."

"I have no mercy to expect from one who has consigned a whole ship's crew, without remorse, to a cruel death."

"Well, were they not Englishmen?" I have known for years, lady, spared an Englishman in my day of hatred, or an Englishwoman in my lust!"

"Yet are they not your own countrymen?"

"Yes."

"Unnatural monster!"

The pirate smiled. "I could relate a history of wrong that would justify me even in your eyes. I have proved a viper to my native land, it is because her heel has crushed me—but the tale cannot be told now. If yonder vessel overtake us, and escape become impossible, my own hand will apply the match that shall blow up my brig, and all it contains. Before that time you will be a dishonored woman: whom death were a relief. Nothing but this war has preserved you thus long. With this assurance leave you."

The pirate returned to the deck, where, notwithstanding the pain of his injuries, he continued to hold command of the brig.

He had hardly vanished from the cabin before Florette stood by the side of Julia.

"Lady," said she, "I overheard your conversation with the captain of this brig, and I pity you most truly."

"Pity will little avail," replied Julia.

"That is true, yet I would aid you if possible."

"And you—do not you, too, desire to escape from this savage?"

"Alas! lady, I have learned to love him."

"Love him!"

"I have now been on this brig more than ten years. I was taken from a French merchant vessel in which I was proceeding to French Guinea, to live with a relative there, having lost all my immediate kindred in France. While crossing the Bay of Biscay, a heavy storm drove us out to sea, and while endeavoring to return in shore, we fell in with this vessel—all on board were murdered but myself, as I have been told. I was borne to this cabin, which has since been my home. I was treated with great respect by the captain, and being all alone, I don't know why it was, I forgot all his crimes, and at length became his willing mistress. You turn from me in disgust, and in pity—yet so it is. And now, lady, if you are bold enough to risk your life, you may escape."

"I would gladly give my life to save my honor."

Florette gazed with a melancholy smile upon her companion; perhaps thoughts of her own former purity came over her mind.

"It is a bold plan," said she, "but it is on that account that I am more confident of success, as all chance of escape will be deemed hopeless."

"What is your plan?"

"Night is now approaching, and it is probable the pursuing brig will not gain on us before dark. I have noticed that the ship's boat hangs at the stern, only fastened by the painter. If you have courage enough to descend to the boat by the painter, I will cut it, and you will then be directly in the course of the pursuing brig, and will be easily picked up."

"But how can I get to the vessel's deck without being seen?"

"I have thought of that; we will wait till dark, when you shall put on a similar dress with mine, and then you can go to any part of the vessel you choose without being suspected. You must watch your time to steal unobserved behind the man at the helm, and drop yourself into the boat; I will soon after appear on deck, and if you are successful in escaping observation, I shall be able then to cut the painter without difficulty, as the darkness will conceal my movements. Do you understand the plan?"

"I do."

"And you are not afraid to put it into execution?"

"Oh, no, no! and I thank you for your kind aid."

"I am not wholly disinterested, lady; you are beautiful, and may steal away the captain's heart from me."

Julia shuddered.

"Be ready," continued Florette, "and as soon as possible after it becomes dark we will make the attempt."

It was as Florette had called it, a bold plan, but not impracticable, as any one acquainted with the position of things will at once acknowledge. Only one man would be at the tiller, and he might or might not notice the passing of any other person behind him. This passage once accomplished, it would be an easy undertaking to slide down the strong painter, or rope which made fast the boat to the stern of the brig. It was a plan in which the chances were decidedly in favor of the success of the attempt.

The Raker had for some time ceased firing, and set studding-sails in hopes of gaining on the pirate; but the most the privateer was able to do, was to still preserve the relative positions of the two vessels.

The sun sunk beneath the waters, leaving a cloudless sky shedding such a light from its starry orbs, that if the pirate had hoped to escape under cover of the night, he speedily saw the impossibility of such an attempt eluding the watch from the privateer.

The captain of the pirate still kept his position upon the companion-way, with his head bent upon his breast, either buried in thought, or yielding to the weakness of his physical powers, occasioned by the loss of blood from his wound.

Florette, who was continually passing up and down through the cabin-door, carefully noted the state of things upon the quarter-deck, and perceiving every thing to be as favorable as could be expected, soon had Julia in readiness for her share in the undertaking.

"But first," said she, "let me put out the light in the binnacle."

The girl stood for a moment in deep thought, when

her ready wit suggested a way to accomplish this feat, sufficiently simple to avoid suspicion. Seizing the broad palmetto hat of the pirate, and bidding Julia to be in readiness to profit by the moment of darkness which would ensue, she returned to the deck, and approaching the pirate, exclaimed,

"William, I have brought you your hat."

At the moment of presenting it to him, as it passed the binnacle-light, she gave it a swift motion, which at once extinguished the flame.

"Curse on the girl!" muttered the man at the helm.

"O, I was careless, Diego; I will bring the lantern in a moment;" and laying down the hat on the companion-way beside the pirate, who paid no attention to the movements around him, she glided back to the cabin.

"Here, lady," said she, "be quick—hand this lantern to the man at the helm, and then drop silently behind him while he is lighting it. I will immediately follow and take your place beside him. You understand me?"

"Yes, clearly."

"Well, as soon as I begin to speak with him, let yourself down into the boat by the painter, which I will soon cut apart, and then you will at least be out of the hands of your enemies."

Julia took the hand of Florette in her own, and warmly thanked her, but the girl impatiently checked her.

"Take this pistol with you also."

"But why?" inquired Julia, with a woman's instinctive dread of such weapons.

"O, I do not mean you should shoot any body, but if the boat drifts a little out of the brig's course, you might not be able to make yourself heard on her deck."

"True, true."

"The night is so still that a pistol-shot would be heard at a good distance."

"O, yes, I see it all now; I was so anxious to escape from this terrible ship that I thought of nothing else; and there is poor John."

"You must not think of him—it will be no worse for him if you go, no better if you remain. Here, take the lantern—say nothing as you hand it to the man at the tiller, but do as I told you."

Pressing the hand of Florette, Julia mounted to the deck with a painfully beating heart, but with a firm step. She handed the lantern to the steersman, who received it surlily, growling some rough oath, half to himself, at her delay, and leaning upon the tiller, proceeded to relight the binnacle-lamp. Julia fell back cautiously, and in another moment the light form of Florette filled her place.

"I was very careless, Diego," said she.

"Yes," replied he, gruffly.

"Well, I will be more careful next time."

"You'd better."

Julia, during the short time of this conversation, had disappeared over the stern, and as the vessel was sailing before a steady wind, found little difficulty in sliding down the painter into the yawl.

She could hardly suppress an exclamation when a moment afterward she found the ship rapidly gliding away from her, and leaving her alone upon the waters in so frail a support. Her situation was, indeed, one that might well appall any of her sex. To a sailor it would already have been one of entire safety, but to her it seemed as if every succeeding wave would sink the little boat as it gracefully rose and fell upon their swell; but seating herself by the tiller, she managed to guide its motions, and with a calm reliance upon that God whose supporting arm she knew to be as much around her, when alone in the wide waste of waters, as when beside her own hearth-stone, in quiet and happy England, she patiently awaited the issue of her bold adventure.

She had but a short time to wait when she perceived the dark outlines of the Raker bearing directly down upon her. As it approached it seemed as if it would run directly over her boat, and excited by the fear of the moment, and the anxiety to be heard, she gave a louder shriek than she supposed herself capable of uttering, and at the same time fired off her pistol.

Both were heard on board the Raker.

"Man overboard!" shouted the look-out.

"Woman overboard, you lubber," said a brother tar; "did n't you hear that screech?"

"Hard a port!"

"Hard a port 't is."

"Right under the lee bow."

"Well, pitch over a rope whoever it is. What does this mean?" said Lieutenant Morris, as he approached the bows.

"Can't say, sir—some devilry of the pirates! reckon, to make us lose way."

"By heavens! it is a woman," cried the lieutenant, "let me throw that rope, we shall be on a boat in a minute. Hard a port!"

The rope, skillfully thrown by the young lieutenant, struck directly at the feet of Julia. With much presence of mind she gave it several turns around one of the oar-locks, and her boat was immediately hauled up to the side of the brig, without compelling the latter to slacken sail.

In another moment she was lifted to the deck of the Raker.

"Julia! thank Heaven!" exclaimed her father.

With a cry of joy she fainted in his arms, and was borne below, where she speedily recovered, and related the manner of her escape from the pirate.

All admired the courage of the attempt, and Lieutenant Morris, as he gazed upon the lovely countenance, which returning sensation was restoring all its wonted bloom and beauty, one day of intense sorrow having left but slight traces upon it, he felt emotions to which he had hitherto been an entire stranger, and sought the deck with a flushed brow and animated eye, wondering at the vision of beauty which had risen, like Cytherea, from the sea.

[To be continued.]

THE PRAYER OF THE DYING GIRL.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Oh! take me back again, mother, to that home I love so well,
Whose memory rules my fluttering heart with a mysterious spell:
I think of it when lying on my weary couch of pain,
And I feel that I am dying, mother—Oh! take me home again!

They tell me that this sunny clime strength to the wasted brings,
And the zephyr's balmy breezes come with healing on their wings;
But to me the sun's rich glow is naught—the perfumed air is vain—
For I know that I am dying—Oh! then, take me home again!

I long to find myself once more beside the little stream
That courses through our valley green, of which I often dream:
I fancy that a cooling draught from that sweet fount I drain—
It stills the fever of my blood—Oh! take me home again!

And then I lie and ponder, as I feel my life decline,
On the happy days that there I spent when health and strength were mine;
When I climbed the mountain-side, and roved the valley and the plain,
And my bosom never knew a pang of sorrow or of pain.

And when the sun was sinking in the far and glowing west,
I came and sat me by thy side, or nestled in thy breast,
And heard thy gentle words of love, and listened to thine strain
Of thy sweet favorite evening hymn—Oh! take me home again!

How bright and joyous was my life! Night brought refreshing rest,
And morning's dawn awakened naught but rapture in my breast:
Now, sad and languid, weak and faint, I seek, but find it vain,
To lay me down in soft repose—Oh! take me home again!

The hand of death is laid upon thy child's devoted head—
I feel its damp and chilling touch, so cold, so full of dread—
It palsies every nerve of mine—it freezes every vein—
Oh! take me then, dear mother—Oh! take me home again!

There, with my wan brow lying on thy fond and faithful breast,
Let me calmly wait the summons that calls me to my rest:
And when the struggle's o'er, mother—the parting throes of pain—
Thou 'lt joy to know thy daughter saw her own loved home again!

A WRITTEN LEAF OF MEMORY.

BY FANNY LEE.

Poor Fanny Layton! Oh! how well I remember the last time I ever saw her! 'Twas in the dear old church whither from early childhood my footsteps were bent. What feelings of holy awe and reverence crept into my heart as I gazed, with eyes in which saddened tears were welling, upon the sacred spot! How my thoughts reverted to other days—the days of my early youth—that sweet “spring-time” of life, when I trod the blooming pathway before me so fetterless and free, with no overshadowing of coming ill—no anxious, fearful gazing into the dim future, as in after years, but with the bounding step that bespeaks the careless joyousness which Time, oh all too soon! brushes from the heart with “rude, relentless wing.” How eagerly I would strive to subdue my impatient footsteps then to the calmer pace of more thoughtful years, as I gradually drew nearer to the holy sanctuary, although mine eyes would oft, despite my utmost endeavors, wander to the eaves of that time-worn, low-browed church, to watch the flight of the twittering host who came forth, I fancied, at my approach to bid me welcome! How I would cast one “longing, lingering look” at the warm, bright sunshine that irradiated even those gray walls, ere I entered the low porch whence it was all excluded by the ivy which seemed to delight in entwining its slender leaves around the crumbling pillars, as if it would fain impart strength and beauty to the consecrated building in its declining years.

But a long—long time had passed since then, and I had come to revisit my village-home, and the memory-endearing haunts of my girlhood, for the last time, ere journeying to a distant land. The place was little changed, and every thing around that well-remembered spot came laden with so many sweet and early associations, that the memory of by-gone hours swept thrillingly across my heart-strings, and it was not until after I had taken my accustomed seat in the old-fashioned high-backed pew, that I was roused from my busy wanderings in the “shadowy past,” by the voice of our pastor—

“Years had gone by, and given his honored head
A diadem of snow—his eye was dim”—

his voice grown weak and tremulous with increasing years, although there was a something in its tone so full of simple-hearted earnestness, that had never failed to find its way to the moist gay and thoughtless spirits of his little flock. And now how reverently I gazed upon the silvered locks of him who had been mine own faithful guide and counselor along the devious pathway of youth—feeling that his pilgrimage was almost ended—his loving labors well nigh over—and soon he would go down to the grave

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him and lies down to peaceful dreams.”

12*

I looked around—and it was sad to see how few there were of all the familiar faces I had left—and those few—oh, how changed! But there was one to whom my glance reverted constantly, nor could I account for the strange fascination which seemed to fix mine eyes upon her. And yet, as I looked, the spring of memory seemed touched, and suddenly there appeared before me *two* faces, which I found it impossible to separate in my bewildered remembrings—although so very unlike as they were! The one so bright and joyous, with blue laughter-loving eyes, in which an unshadowed heart was mirrored—and the other—the one on which my gaze was now fixed so dreamily—wan and faded, although it must once have been singularly beautiful, so delicate and fair were the features, and so pure and spiritual was the white brow resting beneath those waving masses of golden hair—a temple meet, methought, for all high and earnest feeling—then, too, there was a sweet—yet oh! how sorrow-shaded and subdued—expression flitting around the small mouth, as though a world-torn and troubled spirit, yet meek and long-suffering, had left its impress there! Her eyes—those large, deep, earnest eyes—how they haunted me with their eager restlessness, wandering to and fro with a perturbed, anxious, asking look, and then upturned with a fixed and pleading gaze, which moved one's very heart to see. Her dress was very simple, and yet I could not help thinking it strangely contrasted with the sorrow-stricken expression of that fair though faded face.

A wreath of orange-blossoms encircled the small cottage-bonnet, and a long white veil half concealed in its ample folds the fragile form, which, if it had lost the roundness of early youth, still retained the most delicate symmetry of outline; upon her breast lay, half hidden, a withered rose, fit emblem, methought, for her who wore it. Oft-times her pale thin hands were clasped, and once, when our pastor repeated in his own low, fervent tone—“Come unto me, all ye heavy-laden, and I will give you rest”—her lip quivered, and she looked quickly up, with

“A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
With some unfathomable thought.”

My sympathies were all out-gushing for her, and when the full tones of the organ peeled forth their parting strain and we went forth from the sanctuary, my busy dreamings of the present and the past all were merged in one honest desire to know the poor girl's history. I learned it afterward from the lips of Aunt Nora Meriwether.

Dear Aunt Nora! If thou wert yclept “spinster,” never did a heart more filled with good and pure and kindly impulses beat than thine! Indeed, I have ever ascribed my deep reverence for the sisterhood in

general to my affectionate remembrances of this childhood's friend. The oracle of our village was Aunt Nora Meriwether—and how could "old maid" be a stigma upon her name, when it was by virtue of this very title that she was enabled to perform all those little kindly offices which her heart was ever prompting, and which made up the sum of her simple daily existence! It was said that Aunt Nora was "disappointed" in early life—but however this may have been, certain it was that the tales (and they *did* intimate—did the good people of our village—that if Aunt Nora had a weakness, it consisted in overfondness for story-telling) she treasured longest, and oftenest repeated, were those in which the fair heroine was crossed in love.

Many a time have we, a group of gay and happy-hearted children, gathered round her feet, as she sat in the low doorway of her cottage-home, and listened with intense interest to a tale of her youthful days, gazing the while with eyes in which the bright drops of sympathy oft would glisten, upon the kind face bent upon our own in such loveful earnestness. And we would hope, in child-like innocence of heart, that we might never "fall in love," but grow up and be "old maids," just like our own dear Aunt Nora! Whether we still continued to hope so, after we had grown in years and wisdom, it behoveth me not to say! I am quite sure you would rather listen to the tale now before thee, dear reader, from the good old lady's own lips—for it is but a simple sketch at best, and needeth the charm thrown around it by a heart which the frost of many winters had not sealed to the tenderest sympathies of our nature—and the low-toned voice, too, that often during her narrative would grow tremulous with the emotion it excited. But, alas! this may not be! that low voice is hushed—the little wicket-gate now closed—the path which led to her cottage-door untrodden now for many a day—and that kind and gentle heart is laid at rest beneath bright flowers, planted there by loving hands, in the humble church-yard. But this day is so lovely—is it not? With that soft and shadowy mist hanging like a gossamer veil over Nature's face, through which the glorious god of day looks with a quiet smile, as though he loved to dwell upon a scene so replete with home-breathing beauty! And that smile! how lovingly it rests upon the lawn and the meadow and the brook! How it lingers upon the sweet flowerets which have not yet brushed the tears from their eyes, until those dewy tear-drops seem—as if touched by a fairy wand—to change to radiant gems! How it peeps into every nook and dell, until the silent places of the earth rejoice in the light of that glory-beaming smile! The busy hum of countless insects—the soft chime of the distant water-fall—the thrilling notes of the woodland choristers—the happy voice of the streamlet, which hurries on ever murmuring the same glad strain—the gentle zephyr, now whispering through the leafy trees with low, mysterious tone, and then stealing so gently, noiselessly through the shadowy grass, till each tiny blade quivers as if trembling to the touch of fairy feet. These are Nature's voices, and do they not seem on a day

like this in the sweet summer-time to unite and swell forth in one full anthem of harmony and praise to the great Creator of all? And does it not seem, too, as we gaze (for thou art sitting now with me, art thou not, gentle reader? on the mossy bank beneath the noble elm which has for many years stretched out its arms protectingly over mine own old homestead while I recount to thee this simple tale of "long ago" upon the scene before us, so replete with quiet loneliness it is—that in every heart within the precincts of our smiling village there must be a chord attune to echo back in voiceless melody the brightness of the beauty around? Yet oh! how many there may be, even here, whose sun of happiness hath set a earth forever! How many whose tear-dimmed glance can descry naught in the far future but weary waste—whose life-springs all are dried—whose up-springing hopes all withered by the blighting touch of Sorrow!

Dost thou see that little cot nestled so closely beneath the hill-side? and covered with the wooden vine which hath enfolded its tendrils clinging around it—peeping in and out at the deserted windows, or climbing at will over the latticed porch, trailing on the ground and looking up forlornly, though it wondered where were the careful hand which erst nourished it so tenderly. The place seems very mournful—with the long grass growing rankly over the once carefully-kept pathway, and a few bright flowers, on either side, striving to wear their beauteous heads above the tangled weeds which have well nigh supplanted them. Neglect—desolation is engraven on all around, and even the little wicket, as it swings slowly to and fro, seems to say, "All gone! gone!" The wind, how moaning! it steals through the deserted rooms, as though breathing a funereal dirge over the departed! How "de-quent of wo" is that sound! Now swelling forth, as it were, in wild and uncontrollable grief, and now sinking exhaustedly into a low and touching mournfulness which seems almost human! But to our tale.

One bright morning, now many years ago, a lady clothed in garb of mourning, accompanied by a little bright-eyed girl of perhaps some nine summers, and her old nurse, alighted at the village inn. Now this seemingly trivial circumstance was in reality quite an event in our quiet community, and considerably disturbed the good people thereof from the "even tenor of their way." Indeed, there were many more curious eyes bent upon the new-comers than they seemed to be at all aware of, if one might judge from the cold and calm features of the lady, or the assiduous care which her companion was bestowing upon one particular bandbox, which the gruff driver of the stage-coach was, to be sure, handling rather irreverently, actually seeming to enjoy the ill-concealed anxiety of the poor old woman for the safety of her goods and chattels, while the child followed close beside her mamma, her sparkling eyes glancing hither and thither with that eager love of novelty so natural to the young. At length, however, the trunks, boxes, packages, &c., &c., all were duly deposited,

and duly inspected also, by the several pairs of eyes which were peering through the narrowest imaginable strips of glass at neighboring window-curtains or half-closed shutters. The driver once more mounted his box, cracked his whip, and the lumbering coach rattled rapidly away, while the travelers, obeyed the call of the smiling and curtsying landlady, and disappeared within the open door of the inn.

Oh, what whisperings and surmisings were afloat throughout our village during the succeeding week! Who *can* this stranger-lady be? From whence has she come, and how long intend remaining here?" seemed to be the all-important queries of the day; and so gravely were they discussed, each varying supposition advanced or withdrawn as best suited the charity or credulity of the respective interrogators, that one would certainly have thought them questions of vital importance to their own immediate interests.

Strange to say, however, with all this unwonted zeal and perseverance, at the end of the nine days, (the legitimate time for wonderment,) all that the very wisest of the group of gossips could bring forward as the fruits of her patient and untiring investigation, was the simple fact that the lady's name was Layton—the nurse's Jeffries—and that the child, who soon became the pet of the whole household, was always addressed by the servants at the inn as "Miss Fanny," and; moreover, that Mrs. L. was certainly in mourning for her husband, as she had been seen one morning by the chambermaid weeping over the miniature of a "very fine-looking man, dressed in uniform," and had, in all probability, come to take up her residence in our quiet Aberdeen, as she had been heard inquiring about the small cottage beneath the hill, (the self-same, dear reader, the neglect and desertion of which were but now lamented.)

Truth to tell, it *was* shrewdly surmised that the landlady at the "Golden Eagle" had gleaned more particular information than this, although whenever she was questioned concerning the matter, she did only reply by a very grave shake of the head, each vibration of which (particularly when accompanied by a pursing of the mouth, and a mysterious looking round) more and more convinced her simple-minded auditors (i. e. some of them, for it is not to be denied that there were a few incredulous ones who, either from former experiences, or natural sagacity, or some cause unknown, hesitated not to declare it to be their fixed and unalterable opinion that these seeming indications of superior knowledge on the part of good Mrs. Gordon, were but "a deceitful show," "for their '*delusion*' given,") that she, Mrs. G., had been entrusted either by Mistress Jeffries, the nurse, or perhaps by the lady herself, with a weighty and important secret, which it would be very dreadful, indeed, to disclose. And yet, when such a possibility was vaguely hinted to her, she did not, (as one would be disposed to do who was really striving to deceive the eager questioners around her, by giving them an erroneous impression as to the amount of her knowledge on the subject,) seize the idea with avidity, and seem manifestly anxious to encourage

such a supposition. On the contrary, it was evidently deeply distressing to her that any one should cherish such a thought for a moment; and she begged them so earnestly, almost with tears in her eyes, not to mention it again, and said so much about it, reverting to the theme invariably when the conversation chanced to turn upon some other topic, as though it quite weighed upon her mind, that at length her companions inwardly wondered what had given rise to the belief in their minds, and yet, as one old lady said, looking sagaciously over her spectacles, "that belief waxed stronger and stronger."

Time passed on—days merged themselves into weeks, and weeks to months, and the harmony and quietude of Aberdeen was fully restored. The "Widow Layton," (for thus, from that time, was she invariably styled,) after all due preliminaries, had taken quiet possession of the little vine-clad cot; and although she was not as "neighborly" as she might have been, and never communicative as to her previous history, still might the feeling of pique with which they at first received such a rebuff to their curiosity, have been a very evanescent one in the minds of the villagers, had it not chanced that Aberdeen was blessed (?) with two prim sister-spinsters, (was it they or Aunt Nora, who formed the exception to the general rule? I leave it for thee, dear reader, to decide, since with that early-instilled reverence before mentioned, I cannot consider my humble opinion infallible,) whose hearts, according to their *own* impression on the subject, quite overflowed with charity and benevolence, which manifested itself in the somewhat singular method of making every one around them uncomfortable, and in the happy faculty which they possessed in an eminent degree, of imparting injurious doubts and covert insinuations as to the manners and habits of their neighbors, who else might have journeyed peacefully adown the vale of life in perfect good faith with all the world; moreover, they hated a mystery, did these two sister-spinsters, from their own innate frankness and openness of disposition, they said, and considered themselves so much in duty bound to ferret out the solution of any thing which bore the semblance to an enigma, that they gave themselves no rest, poor, self-sacrificing creatures, until they had obtained their object. And well were they rewarded for this indefatigable zeal, for they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had found out more family secrets, destroyed more once-thought happy marriages, and embittered more hearts than any two persons in all the country round.

They lived in the heart of our village, (and never did that heart quicken with one pulsation of excitement or surprise, or joy or sorrow, but they were the first to search into the why and wherefore,) in a large two story house, isolated from the rest, which seemed to emulate its occupants in stiffness and rigidity, and whose glassy eyes looked out as coldly upon the beauteous face of nature, as they from their own stern "windows of the soul," upon the human face divine. There was no comfort, no

home-look about the place; even the flowers seemed not to grow by their own sweet will, but came up as they were bidden, tall and straight, and stiff. And the glorious rays of the sun glanced off from the dazzling whiteness of the forbidding mansion, as though they had met with a sudden rebuff, and had failed to penetrate an atmosphere where every thing seemed to possess an antipathy to the bright and the joyous. It was strange to see what a chilliness pervaded the spot. The interior of the house (which I once saw when a child; and, oh! I never can forget the long, long-drawn sigh that escaped my lips as I once more found myself without the precincts of a place where my buoyant spirits seemed suddenly frozen beneath the glance of those two spinsters, where even the large, lean cat paced the floor with such a prim, stately step, now and then pausing to fix her cold, gray eyes upon my face, as though to question the cause of my intrusion, and also to intimate that she had no sort of sympathy with either my feelings, or those of children in general.) Every thing bore the same immovable look—the narrow, high-backed chairs seemed as if they had grown out of the floor, and were destined to remain as stationary as the oaks of the forest; the “primeval carpet,” over which the Misses Nancy and Jerusha Simpkins walked as though mentally enumerating the lines that crossed each other in such exact squares, never was littered by a single shred; and the high, old-fashioned clock still maintained its position in the corner from year to year, seeming to take a sort of malicious satisfaction in calmly ticking the hours away which bore the Misses Simpkins nearer and nearer to that *certain* age (which they, if truth must be told, were in nowise desirous to reach) when all further endeavors to conceal the foot-marks of stern old Father Time would be of no avail.

It was at the close of a chilly evening late in autumn—old Boreas was abroad, and had succeeded, it would seem, in working himself into an ungovernable fit of rage, for he went about screaming most boisterously, now hurrying the poor bewildered leaves along, maliciously causing them to perform very undignified antics for their *time of life*, while they, poor old withered things, thus suddenly torn from the protecting arms of their parental tree, flew by, like frightened children, vainly striving to gain some place of shelter. Alas! alas! no rest was there for them. What infinite delight their inveterate persecutor seemed to take in whirling them round and round, dodging about, and seeking them in the most unheard-of places, where they lay panting from very fright and fatigue. And then off he would start again, shaking the window-sashes as he passed, with wild, though impatient fury, remorselessly tearing down the large gilt signs which had from time immemorial rejoiced in the respective and respectable names of several worthies of our village, and then speeding away to the homes of said worthies, to proclaim the audacious deed through the key-hole, in the most impudent and incomprehensible manner possible. It was on such an evening as this, a few months after the arrival of the Laytons at Aberdeen,

that the Misses Simpkins sat in their chosen back-room, hovering over a small fire, busily plying their noisy knitting-needles, and meantime indulging in their usual dish of scandal, which, however, is but justice to say, was not quite so highly seasoned with the spice of envy and malice as was its wont. Whether it was that the memory of a bright and beaming little face that had intruded upon the solitude during the afternoon, had half successfully awakened the slumbering better nature which slept so long, it was somewhat doubted if any else could resuscitate it again; whether it was that a lingering echo of a certain sweet, childish voice had beguiled the weary hours of their dullness and monotony, and with its innocent prattle, had, in some degree, forced an opening through the firm frost which had been gradually gathering for years upon their hearts, I cannot tell; but true it is that the two sisters spinsters sat there, with the faint and feeble fire struggling up from the small fire, and the light from the one tall candle flickering and growing weaker as it flashed upon the two thin, sharp faces beside it, while the antique furniture looked more grotesque and grim than ever in the deep shadows, and the never-wearying clock still ticked calmly, regardless alike of the contending elements without and the wordy warfare within; true it is that the conversation between the sisters was divested of all half its wonted acrimony.

“To be sure,” said Miss Simpkins the younger, at length, after a pause, in which the half-wakened better nature seemed strongly disposed to rouse the slumbers again, “little civility has the Widow Layton to expect from any body with her downy bows and uppish airs, when one ventures to express an interest in her; and if I had n’t a very forgiving disposition, oh! Jerusha! Jerusha! I don’t think I’d trouble myself to call upon her again. But I feel it to be my duty to advise her to put little Fanny to school, for she’s a good child and winsome-like, and running at large so will just be the spoiling of her.”

“Well, Jerusha,” responded Miss Nancy, who had, perhaps, a little leaven more than her sister, of tartness in her disposition, and on whose face a habitual expression of acidity was rapidly increasing, “you know very well that the widow considers herself a little above every body else in Aberdeen, and you might as well talk to a stone wall as to be about sending the child to school. Why haven’t I done my best at talking to her? Have n’t I told her of Miss Birch’s school, where the children don’t so much as turn round without their teacher’s leave, and where you might hear a pin drop at any time? Have n’t I told her that she might easily save a good deal in the year, by renting one half of that snug little cottage—and what thanks did I get? A reply as haughty as if she were the greatest lady in the land, instead of being, as she is, a nameless, homeless stranger, who cannot be ‘any better than she should be,’ or she would never make such a mighty mystery about her past life, that she ‘trusted Miss Simpkins would allow her to be the best judge as to the

proper method of educating her child, and also as to the means of retrenching her own expenses if she found it needful."

Unkind, unjust, unfeeling Nancy Simpkins! and has not that settled, ever-present sorrow upon those pale features; have not those grief-traced lines around the compressed mouth, and across the once smooth and polished brow; has not the sad garb of the mourner, which speaks of the lone vigil, the weary watching, the hope deferred, or it may be the sudden stroke of the dread tyrant Death, no appeal to thy frozen sympathies? Canst thou suffer thy better nature to resume its deep and trance-like sleep again, and rob that poor widowed mother of her only hope on earth, that bright, glad creature, who carries sunshine to her otherwise desolate home, but to pinion her free and fetterless spirit beneath the iron rule and despotic sway of the village task-mistress?

We will leave the Misses Simpkins, and thou pleasest, reader mine, to the enjoyment of their envy-tinctured converse, and turn the page of Mrs. Layton's life.

An only child of wealthy parents, petted, caressed and idolized, she had sprung into womanhood, with every wish anticipated, every desire gratified ere half expressed, if within the reach of human possibility, what wonder, then, that she grew wayward and willful, and at length rashly dashed the cup of happiness of which she had drank so freely in her sunny youth from her lip, by disobeying her too fond and doating parents, in committing her life's destiny to the keeping of one who they, with the anxious foresight of love, too well knew would not hold the precious trust as sacred. Brave and handsome and gifted he might be, but the seeds of selfishness had been too surely sown within his heart; and he had won the idol of a worshiping crowd, more, perchance, from a feeling of exultation and pride in being able to bear away the prize from so many eager aspirants, than any deep-rooted affection he felt for the fair object of his solicitude. The novelty and the charm soon wore away, and then his beautiful bride was neglected for his former dissolute associates. He afterward entered the navy, and somewhat more than ten years after they were wedded, fell in a duel provoked by his own rash temper. From the moment that Mrs. Layton recovered from the trance-like swoon which followed the first sight of her husband's bleeding corpse, she seemed utterly, entirely changed. She had truly loved him, he who lay before her now, a victim of his own rash and selfish folly, and with all a woman's earnest devotion would have followed him to the remotest extremes of earth; but her feelings had been too long trampled upon, her heart too bruised and crushed ever to be upraised again. She had leaned upon a broken reed, and had awakened to find herself widowed, broken-hearted. And she arose, that desolate and bereaved one, and folding her child closer to her breast, went forth into the cold world friendless—alone! Once would her grief have been loud and passionate and wild, but she had passed through a weary probation, and had learned "to suffer and

be still." How, in that dark hour, did her lost mother's prayer-breathed words, her father's earnest entreaties come back to smite heavily upon her sorrow-stricken spirit—but remorse and repentance were now all too late. And yet not too late, she murmured inly, for had she not a duty to perform toward the little being, her only, and, oh! how heaven-hallowed, tie to earth, consigned to her guardianship and care. Did she not firmly resolve never by ill-judged and injudicious fondness to mark out a pathway filled with thorns for her darling. It may be that that widowed mother erred even in excess of zeal, for she would resist the natural promptings of her heart, and check the gushing affection which welled from the deepest, purest fountain in the human heart, lest its expression might prove injurious to the loved one in after years. And thus there grew a restraint and a seeming coldness on the part of the mother, a constant craving for love, which was never satisfied, and a feeling of fear on the child's, which shut them out from that pure trust and confidence, which are such bright links in the chain that binds a mother to her child.

This, then, was the Widow Layton who with her little one and nurse had sought our village, immediately after the decease of her husband, as a peaceful asylum from the noise and tumult of a world where, in happier days, she had played so conspicuous a part. It was not so much that she sedulously avoided all mention of her past history to the eager questioners around her, from a disinclination that it should be known, as that she little understood the character of the villagers themselves—oftentimes mistaking a really well-meant interest in her welfare for an idle and impertinent curiosity. Mrs. Layton had been highly born and nurtured, and there seemed to her delicate mind a something rude and unfeeling in the manner with which her too officious friends and neighbors would touch upon the sources of grief which were to her so sacred. And therefore, perhaps unwisely, she held herself aloof from them, replying to their different queries with that calm and easy dignity which effectually precluded all approach to familiarity, and engendered a dislike in the minds of those who were little accustomed to meet one who could not enter into all their feelings, plans and projects—which dislike was constantly kept alive and fostered by the united exertions of the two sister spinsters. Good Mrs. Jeffries, too, the fond old nurse who had never left her beloved mistress through all her varying fortunes, was all too faithful and true to reveal aught that that kind mistress might wish untold; and thus it was that the curiosity of the good people of Aberdeen was kept continually in check, and about the unsuspecting inmates of Woodbine Cottage was thrown a mystery that was becoming constantly augmented by their incomprehensible silence on the subject.

Weeks—months—years sped swiftly away, and the widow, by her free and unostentatious charities and her angel-ministering to the poor, the afflicted and the bereaved, had almost eradicated the first unpleasant

ing impression made upon the simple-hearted people of Aberdeen; so that, although the Misses Simpkins still held their nightly confabulations, they did not venture as at first, so openly to propagate their animadversions concerning the "mysterious stranger," but on the contrary, always made it a point to preface any sudden and amiable suggestion that presented itself to their minds with "not that I would say any thing against her, but it does seem a little singular," &c. But of Miss Fanny—sweet, witching Fanny Layton! who had grown in beauty and grace day by day, not one word did they dare to speak in her dispraise! For was there one in all Aberdeen who would not have resented the slightest intimation of disrespect to our lily of the valley—whose joy-inspiring and sorrow-banishing presence was welcomed delightedly by young and old, both far and near? And oh! was there ever music like her sweet, ringing laugh, or melody like the low-toned voice which was always eloquent of joyousness. Whether she sat in the humble cottage, lending kind and ready assistance to the care-worn matron, by playfully imprisoning the little hands of the children within her own petite palms, while she recounted to them some wonderful tale, her brilliant fancy, meantime, never soaring above their childish comprehension, although she was regarded by her little auditors as nothing less than a bright fairy herself, who was thus familiar with all that witching tribe, and who could with her own magic wand thus open to them stores of such strange and delightful things as was never before dreamed of in their youthful philosophy—while their patient, painstaking mother would now and then glance up from her never-ending task, with a smile of such beaming pleasure and gratitude as amply repaid the gentle being, who seemed in her loveful employ to be the presiding angel of that humble dwelling-place. Whether she would "happen-in" of a long, warm summer afternoon to take a cup of tea with a neighboring farmer's wife—an honor that never failed to throw that worthy woman into a perfect fever of anxiety and delight—who would proffer a thousand and one apologies for the deficiencies that only existed in her own perverse imagination, if, indeed, they existed even there, for her bright eyes were contradicting a pair of rosy lips all the while, as they glanced with a lurking—yet I am sure laudable—pride, from the "new chany sett" (which was wont on great occasions to be brought forward) to the rich treasures of her well-kept dairy, that her busy feet had been going pat-a-pat from cupboard to cellar, and cellar to cupboard, for a whole hour previous collecting, to place in all their tempting freshness before her beloved guest. Or whether she came with her simple offering of fresh flowers—her word of sympathy and comfort—or some choice dainty, that seemed "so nice" to the sick and suffering, who had turned away with loathing from every thing before, but who could not fail to find *this* delicious, for was it not made and brought by the hands of dear Miss Fanny's self? Still did her presence seem to make sunlight wherever she went!

Fanny was a young lady now—although you would scarce believe it, for she was a very child at heart, with all a child's unworldliness, unsuspecting confidence, and winning innocence. And yet there was deep, deep down in that loveful, earnest heart, the Joy and all Joy's sister spirits seemed to have this captive, a fount whose seal had never been found.

Oh, Fanny, dear, darling Fanny Layton! wouldst thou for thee the day when first that hidden seal was broken! When Hope and Doubt and Fear by turns played sentinel to the hidden treasure, the door which, when once flung back, never can be reclosed again! When joy and gladness but tarried a little while to dispute their prior right to reveal undisturbed in that buoyant heart of thine, and then went wearily forth, leaving for aye a dreary void, and a deep dark shadow, where all had been but brightness and beauty before! Oh, why must the night-time of sorrow come to thee, thou gentle and pure-hearted one! Thou for whom such fervent and fond prayers have ascended, as should, methinks, have warded off from thee each poisoned shaft, and proved an amulet guard thee from all life's ills! Thy sixteenth summer, was it not a very, very happy one to the sweet Fanny Layton? But happiness, alas! in this cold world of ours, is never an unfading flower; although so coveted and so sought, still will drop from the eager hands which grasped it, and die while the longing eyes are watching its frail brightness with dim and shadowful foreboding!

Just on the outskirts of our village there stood a silent, secluded little nook, which the thick-growing trees quite enclosed, only permitting the bright sun to glance glimmeringly through their interwoven leaves and look upon the blue-eyed violets that hid their mute confabulations—each and all perking up their pretty heads to receive the diurnal kiss of the god-father Sol—in little lowly knots at their feet. Kind reader, I am sure I cannot make you know how very lovely it was, unless you yourself have peeped into this sheltered spot—seen the cool, soft shadows stretching across the velvet turf, and making the bright patches of sunlight look brighter still—have stood by the murmuring brook on which the sun-bright leaves overhead are mirrored tremulously, and upon whose brink there grows so many a lovely "denizen of the wild"—gazed admiringly upon the beautiful white rose Dame Nature hath set in the heart of this hidden sanctuary, as a seal of purtyal innocence—and more than this, have turned from these to watch the fairy form flitting from flower to flower, with so light a step that one might mistake for some bright fay sent on a love-mission to the actual world of ours—if one did not know that this was Fanny Layton's dream-dell—that in this lovely spot she would spend hours during the long, warm summer days, poring over the pages of some favorite author, or twining the sweet wild flowers in fragrant wreaths to bedeck her invalid mother's room—perhaps, staying for awhile those busy fingers, to indulge in those dreamy, delicious reveries with which the scene and hour so harmonized.

One day—and that day was an era in poor Fanny's

life which was never afterward to be forgotten—our lovely heroine might have been seen tripping lightly over the smooth sward, the green trees rustling musically in the summer breeze, and Nature's myriad tones "concerting harmonies" on hill and dale. And one needed but to see the smiling lip, and those clear, laughter-loving eyes peeping from beneath just the richest and brightest golden curls in the world, to know what a joyous heart was beating to that fairy-light and bounding step. Wonder none could be, that many an eye brightened as she passed, and many a kindly wish—that was never the less trustful and sincere for that it was couched in homely phrase—sped her on her way. Dream-dell was reached at length—the flowering shrubs which formed the rural gate-way parted, and Fanny threw herself on the waving grass, with a careless grace which not all the fashionable female attitudinizers in the world could have imitated, so full of unstudied ease and naturalness it was—with her small cottage bonnet thrown off that wealth of clustering curls which were lifted by the soft summer wind, and fell shadowingly over the brightest and most beaming little face upon which ever fond lover gazed admiringly—with eyes which seemed to have caught their deep and dewy blue from the violets she clasped in one small hand, and on which they were bent with a silent glance of admiration—for Fanny was a dear lover of wild-wood flowers, as who is not who bears a heart untouched by the sullying stains of earth? One tiny foot had escaped from the folds of her simple muslin dress, and lay half-buried in the green turf—a wee, wee foot it was, so small, indeed, that it seemed just the easiest thing possible to encase it within the lost slipper of Cinderella, if said slipper could but have been produced; at least so said a pair of eyes, as plainly as pair of eyes *could* say it, which peering from behind a leafy screen, were now upon it fixed in most eager intensity, and now wandered to the face of the fair owner thereof, who was still bent over the flowers in the small hand, as if seeking some hidden spell in their many-colored leaves.

That pair of eyes were the appurtenances belonging to a face that might have proved no uninteresting study to the physiognomist, albeit it would have puzzled one not a little, methinks, to have formed a satisfactory conclusion therefrom, so full of contradictions did it seem. A mass of waving hair fell around a brow high and well-developed, though somewhat darkly tinged by the warmth, mayhap, of a southern sun, and the eyes were large and lustrous, yet there was a something unfathomable in their depths, which made one doubt if they were truly the index of the soul, and might not be made to assume whatever expression the mind within willed. At present, however, they were filled only with deep admiration mingled with surprise, while around the mouth, which, in repose, wore a slightly scornful curve, there played a frank and winning smile, as, advancing with a quiet courtesy that at once bespoke him a man of the world, despite slouched hat and hunting-frock, the intruder upon our heroine's solitude exclaimed, with half-earnest, half-jesting gal-

lantry, "Prithee, fair woodland nymph, suffer a lone knight, who has wandered to the confines of a Paradise unawares, to bow the knee in thy service, and as atone-ment meet for venturing unbidden into thy hidden sanctum, to proffer thee the homage of his loyal heart!"

Fanny was but a simple country maiden, all unskilled in the light and graceful nothings which form the substance of worldly converse, and so the warm, rich crimson crept into her cheek,

"The color which his gaze had thrown
Upon a cheek else pale and fair,
As lilies in the summer air."

and the wee foot forthwith commenced beating a tattoo upon the heads of the unoffending flowers around, who breathed forth their perfumed sighs in mute reproachfulness; but she was still a woman, and so with all a woman's ready tact she replied, though with the flush deepening on her cheek, and a scarce-perceptible tremor in her voice,

"Indeed, sir stranger, since thou hast given me such unwonted power, I must first use my sceptre of command in banishing all intruders into my august presence, and invaders of this 'hidden sanctum,' which is held sacred to mine own idle feet alone!"

And there was a merry look of mischievous meaning stealing in and out of those bright eyes as they were for a moment uplifted to the face of the stranger, and then again were shadowed by the drooping lid. Whether it was that said "intruder" detected a something in the tone or the demure glance of the fair girl which contradicted the words she spoke, or whether that very glance transfixed him to the spot, history telleth not, but stay he did; and if his tarrying was very heartily objected to by his companion, if the words which fell from his lip in utterance how musical, for the space of two fastly-fleeting hours, were not pleasing to the ear of the maiden, then, indeed, did that soft, bright glow which mantled her fair cheek, and the rosy lip, half-parted and eloquent of interest, sadly belie the beating heart within, as the twain walked lingeringly homeward, the dark shadows lengthening on the green grass, and the setting sun flinging a flood of golden-tinted light upon the myriad leaves which were trembling to the love-voice of the soft summer breeze.

Softly was the latch of the wicket lifted, and light was the maiden's step upon the stair, as she sought her own little chamber. Was she gazing forth from the open window to admire the brilliancy of that gorgeous sunset? Was it to drink in the beauty and brightness of that sweet summer eve, or to feel the soft breeze freshly fanning her flushed cheek? Nay, none of these. See how earnestly her gaze is bent upon the retreating form of the stranger; and now that he is lost to view, behold her sitting with head resting on one little hand, quite lost in a reverie that is not like those of Dream-dell memory, for now there comes a tangible shape in place of those ideal ones, and the echo of a manly voice, breathing devotion and deference in every tone, still is lingering in her enchanted ear. For the first time she forgets to carry her offering of fresh flowers to her mother's room. Ah! her busy fingers have been strewing

the bright leaves around unconsciously, and she blushing gathers the few remaining ones, and, with a pang of self-reproach, hastens to her mother's side.

It is with a sigh of relief that Fanny beholds her invalid parent sleeping sweetly—a relief that was augmented by the question which burst suddenly upon her mind, "Can I tell her that I have had a stranger-companion in my wanderings?" Wonder not at the query, gentle reader, for remember that the life of our sweet Fanny had not been blessed with that loving confidence which is the tenderest tie in the relation of mother and child. Her love was ever intermingled with too much fear and restraint from earliest youth, for that interchange of counsel and trust which might have been a sure safeguard against many of earth's ills. And it was perhaps that very yearning to fill the only void left in her happy heart which prompted her to give the helm of her barque of life, so soon and so confidently into the hands of a stranger.

Day succeeded day, and still the lovers, for they were lovers now, were found at their sweet trysting spot, seeking every pretext for frequent meetings, as lovers will, until many were the heads in Aberdeen which were shaken in wise prognostication; and the Misses Simpkins, to their unspeakable relief, had found a new theme whereon to exercise their powers conversational, while the children of the village mourned the absence of their kind "Fairy," and wished with all their little hearts that Miss Fanny would send away that "naughty man" who kept her from their homes.

Poor Fanny! the hidden seal had been touched at length, and on the deep waters beneath was shining Love's own meteor-light—a light that was reflected on every thing around.

"It was as her heart's full happiness
Poured over all its own excess."

How swiftly the days flew by, "like winged birds, as lightly and as free." And, oh! how priceless, peerless was the gift she was yielding to the stranger in such child-like confidence and trust. There was so much up-looking in her love for him; it seemed so sweet to recognize the thoughts which had lain dormant in her own soul, for want of fitting expression, flowing from his lip clothed in such a beauty-breathing garmenture. And now Fanny Layton was a child no longer. She had crossed the threshold, and the "spirit of unrest" had descended upon her, albeit as yet she knew it not. Her heart seemed so full of sunshine, that when she ventured to peep into its depths, she was dazzled by that flood of radiance—and how could she descry the still shadow. Alas! that on this earth of ours with the sunlight ever comes the shadows, too, which was sleeping there, but to widen and grow deeper and darker when love's waters should cease to gush and sparkle as at the first opening of that sweet fount.

But the day of parting came at length—how it had been dwelt upon with intermingling vows, promises, caresses on his part, with trust, and tenderness, and tears on hers! A sad, sad day it was for Fanny Layton,

the first she had ever known that was ever heralded by sorrow's messenger. How she strove to dwell upon Edward Morton's words, "It will not be for long," and banish from her heart those nameless, undefinable fears which *would* not away at her bidding. They looked no longer blue—the green earth no longer glad; and traces of tears, the bitterest she had ever shed, were on that poor girl's cheek, as she went forth to meet her beloved, for the last time.

It matters not to say how each familiar haunt was visited that day; how each love-hallowed spot was witness to those low murmured words which were earth's dearest music; how time wore on, as time will, whether it bears on its resistless tide a freight of joys or sorrows, pleasures, or pains, until at last the last word had been said, the last silent embrace taken; and now poor Fanny Layton stood alone gazing through blinding tears upon the solitary horseman who rode swiftly away, as if another glance the fair creature who stood with straining gaze on pallid cheek and drooping form, would all mean him. Was it this, or was it that in that hour he felt his own unworthiness of the sacred trust reposed in him?

We will believe, dear reader, that whatever six influences may have exercised dominion over his heart; however he may have been swerved from his plighted faith by dreams of worldly ambition, or wealth, or power; however cold policy may have up-rooted all finer feeling from his soul, we will believe that no thoughts of treachery, no admitted falsehood mingled with that parting embrace and blessing; that although he had bowed at many a shrine before, and therefore could not feel all the depth and purity of the unworldly affection which had won, still he did not, could not believe it possible that that priceless love would be bartered for power and station, he did mean, when he placed the white rose, plucked from the heart of Dream-dell, in the little trembling hand which rested on his shoulder, and murmured "Fanny, darling, ere this bud has scarce withered, I shall be with you again," that it should be even as he said. Alas! alas! for the frailty of human nature!

That night poor Fanny pressed the precious rest to her quivering lip, and sobbed herself, like a child, to sleep.

The next day wore away—the next—the next—still no tidings from the absent one; and he had promised to write as soon as he arrived "in town." What could it mean?

Oh, that weary watching! The hours moved, oh so leaden-paced and slow! Every day the poor girl waited for the coming of the post-man; and every day, with a pang at her heart, and tear-dimmed eyes, she saw him pass the door. "Edward has been detained; he will come yet, I'm sure," a fond inner voice whispered; "perhaps he has sent no letter, because he'll be here himself so soon!" Poor Fanny! another week, and still no letter, no tidings. "Oh! he must be ill!" she whispered, anxiously, but never thought him false. Oh, no! she was too single-hearted, too relying in her trust for a doubt so dreadful; but her step grew heavier day by day—her cheek as

very, very pale, except at the post-man's hour, when it would burn with a feverish brightness, and then fade to its former pallid hue again; her sweet voice was heard no longer trilling forth those thrilling melodies which had gladdened the heart of young and old to hear. The visits to Dream-dell were less and less frequent, for now how each remembrance so fondly connected with that spot, came fraught with pain; the works of her favorite author's lay opened, but unread, upon her knee; and the fastly-falling tears half-blotted out the impassioned words she had once read with *him* with so happy a heart-thrill.

The widow saw with anxiety and alarm this sudden change; but she was an invalid—and the poor suffering one strove to hide her sickness of the heart, and mother though she was, Mrs. Layton discovered not the canker-worm which was nipping her bud of promise, but would whisper, "You confine yourself too much to my room, my child, and must go out into the bright sunshine, so that the smile may come back to your lip, the roses to your cheek."

One day, now three months after Edward Morton's departure, Miss Jerusha Simpkins was seen threading her way to Woodbine Cottage. She held a newspaper carefully folded in her hand, and on her pinched and withered face a mingled expression of caution and importance was struggling.

Lifting the latch of the embowered door, the spinster walked into the small parlor, where Fanny Layton was engaged in feeding her pet canaries; poor things! they were looking strangely at the wan face beside the cage, as if they wondered if it could be the same which used to come with wild warblings as sweet and untutored as their own. Fanny turned to welcome the intruder, but recognized Miss Simpkins with a half-drawn sigh, and a shrinking of the heart, for she was ever so minute in her inquiries for that "runaway Mr. Morton."

"A beautiful day, Miss Fanny," commenced the spinster, looking sharply around, (she always made a point of doing two things i. e. entering the houses of her neighbors without knocking, and then taking in at a glance not only every thing the room contained, but the occupation, dress, &c. of the inmates for after comment,) and then throwing back her bonnet, and commencing to fan herself vigorously with the folded paper, "I thought I must run round to-day and see how your mother did, and bring her to-day's paper. I happened to be standing by the window when the penny-post came by, and Nancy says to me, 'Jerusha,' says she, 'do run to the door and get the Times—I have n't seen it for an age,' for we aint no great readers at our house; so I steps to the door and gets one from neighbor Wilkins—he is a very pleasant-spoken man, and often drops in of a morning to have a chat with me and Nancy. Well, what should I see the first thing (for I always turn to the marriages and deaths) but Mr. Edward Morton's

marriage to the elegant and rich Miss—Miss—dear me! I've forgot the name now—do you see if you can make it out," handing her the paper; "but, bless me! what is the matter, Miss Fanny? I do n't wonder you're surprised; Nancy and me was—for we did think at one time that he had an attachment to Aberdeen; but, la! one can't put any dependence on these wild-flys!"

The last part of the cruel sentence was wholly lost upon poor Fanny, who sat with fixed and stony gaze upon the dreadful announcement, while it seemed as if her heart-strings were breaking one by one. In vain Miss Simpkins, thoroughly alarmed at length, strove to rouse her from this stupor of grief. In vain did her dear old nurse, who ran in affrighted at the loud ejaculations of the terrified but unfeeling creature who had dealt the blow, use every epithet of endearment, and strive to win one look from the poor sufferer, into whose inmost soul the iron had entered, upon whose heart a weight had fallen, that could never, never be uplifted again on earth. Every effort alike was useless; and for days she sat in one spot low murmuring a plaintive strain, rocking to and fro, with the white rose, *his* parting gift, tightly clasped in her pale fingers, or gazing fixedly and vacantly upon the birds who sang still, unconsciously above her head. After a time she became more docile, and would retire to rest at night, at the earnest entreaties of her poor old nurse—but reason's light, from that fearful moment, was darkened evermore. She would suffer herself to be led out into the open air, and soon grew fond again of being with her old playmates, the children; but her words were unintelligible now to them, and she would often throw down the wreath she was twining, and starting up, would exclaim, in a tone that thrilled to one's very heart, "Oh, has he come? Are you sure he has not come yet—*my rose* is almost *withered*?"

Poor, poor Fanny Layton! She would go to church regularly—it was there, dear reader, that her faded face had brought to me such bewildered remembrings of the Fanny Layton of other years—and always dressed in the same mock-bridal attire. And there was not an eye in that village-church but glistened as it rested upon the poor, weary, stricken one, in her mournful spirit-darkness, and no lip but murmured brokenly, "Heaven bless her!"

This was the last drop in the cup of the bereaved desolate widow. She soon found that rest and peace "which the world cannot give or take away." She sleeps her last, long, dreamless sleep.

It was not long ere another mound was raised in the humble church-yard, on which was ever blooming the sweetest and freshest flowers of summer, watered by the tears of many who yet weep and lament the early perishing of that fairest flower of all. And a marble slab, on which is simply graven a dove, with an arrow driven to its very heart, marks the last earthly resting-place of our Lily of the Valley.

THE SPANISH PRINCESS TO THE MOORISH KNIGHT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Thou dar'st not love me!—thou can'st only see
The great gulf set between us—had'st thou *love*
'T would bear thee o'er it on a wing of fire!
Wilt put from thy faint lip the mantling cup,
The draught thou'st prayed for with divinest thirst,
For fear a poison in the chalice lurks?
Wilt thou be barred from thy soul's heritage,
The power, the rapture, and the crown of life,
By the poor guard of danger set about it?
I tell thee that the richest flowers of heaven
Bloom on the brink of darkness. Thou hast marked
How sweetly o'er the beetling precipice
Hangs the young June-rose with its crimson heart—
And would'st not sooner peril life to win
That royal flower, that thou might'st proudly wear
The trophy on thy breast, than idly pluck
A thousand meek-faced daisies by the way?
How dost thou shudder at Love's gentle tones,
As though a serpent's hiss were in thine ear.
Albeit thy heart throbs echo to each word.
Why wilt not rest, oh weary wanderer,
Upon the couch of flowers Love spreads for thee,
On banks of sunshine?—voices silver-toned
Shall lull thy soul with strange, wild harmonies,
Rock thee to sleep upon the waves of song.
Hope shall watch o'er thee with her breath of dreams.
Joy hover near, impatient for thy waking,
Her quick wing glancing through the fragrant air.

Why dost thou pause hard by the rose-wreathed gate,
Why turn thee from the paradise of youth,
Where Love's immortal summer blooms and glows,
And wrap thyself in coldness as a shroud?
Perchance 't is well for *these*—yet does the flame
That glows with heat intense and mounts toward heaven
As fitly emblem holiest purity,
As the still snow-wreath on the mountain's brow.

Thou dar'st not say I love, and yet thou *lovest*,
And think'st to crush the mighty yearning down,
That in thy spirit shall upspring forever!
Twinned with thy soul, it lived in thy first thoughts—
It haunted with strange dreams thy boyish years,
And colored with its deep, empurpled hue,
The passionate aspirations of thy youth.
Go, take from June her roses— from her streams
The bubbling fountain-springs— from life, take *love*,
Thou hast its all of sweetness, bloom and strength.

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares
To live out all the life God lit within;
That battles with the passions hand to hand,
And wears no mail, and hides behind no shield!
That plucks its joy in the shadow of death's wing—
That drains with one deep draught the wine of life,
And that with fearless foot and heaven-turned eye,
May stand upon a dizzy precipice,
High o'er the abyss of ruin, and *not fall*!

THE LIGHT OF OUR HOME.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Ox, thou whose beauty on us beams
With glimpses of celestial light;
Thou halo of our waking dreams,
And early star that crown'st our night—
Thy light is magic where it falls;
To thee the deepest shadow yields;
Thou bring'st unto these dreary halls
The lustre of the summer-fields.
There is a freedom in thy looks
To make the prisoned heart rejoice;—
In thy blue eyes I see the brooks,
And hear their music in thy voice.
And every sweetest bird that sings
Hath poured a charm upon thy tongue;
And where the bee enamored clings,
There surely thou in love hast clung:—
For when I hear thy laughter free,
And see thy morning-lighted hair,
As in a dream, at once I see
Fair upland scopes and valleys fair.
I see thy feet empearled with dew,
The violet's and the lily's loss;
And where the waving woodland woods
Thou lead'st me over beds of moss;—
And by the busy rannel's side,
Whose waters, like a bird afraid,
Dart from their fount, and, flashing, glide
Athwart the sunshine and the shade.
Or larger streams our steps beguile;—
We see the cascade, broad and fair,

Dashed headlong down to foam, the while
Its iris-spirit leaps to air!

Alas! as by a loud alarm,
The fancied turmoil of the falls
Hath driven me back and broke the charm
Which led me from these alien walls:—

Yes, alien, dearest child, are these
Close city walls to thee and me:
My homestead was embowered with trees,
And such thy heritage should be:—

And shall be;—I will make for thee
A home within my native vale
Where every brook and ancient tree
Shall whisper some ancestral tale.

Now once again I see thee stand,
As down the future years I gaze,
The fairest maiden of the land—
The spirit of those sylvan ways.

And in thy looks again I trace
The light of her who gave thee birth;
She who endowed thy form and face
With glory which is not of Earth.

And as I gaze upon her now,
My heart sends up a prayer for thee,
That thou may'st wear upon thy brow
The light which now she beams on me.

And thou wilt wear that love and light
For thou 'rt the bud to such a flower:—
Oh fair the day, how blest and bright,
Which finds thee in thy native bower!

AN INDIAN-SUMMER RAMBLE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

It was now the middle of October. White frosts had for some time been spreading their sheets of pearl over the gardens and fields, but the autumn rainbows in the forests were wanting. At last, however, the stern black frost came and wrought its customary magic. For about a week there was a gorgeous pageantry exhibited, "beautiful, exceedingly." But one morning I awoke, and found that the mist had made a common domain both of earth and sky. Every thing was merged into a gray dimness. I could just discern the tops of trees a few feet off, and here and there a chimney. There was a small bit of fence visible, bordering "our lane," and I could with difficulty see a glimmering portion of the village street. Some gigantic cloud appeared to have run against something in the heavens and dropped down amongst us. There were various outlines a few rods off, belonging to objects we scarce knew what. Horses pushed out of the fog with the most sudden effect, followed by their wagons, and disappeared again in the opposite fleecy barrier; pedestrians were first seen like spectres, then their whole shapes were exhibited, and finally they melted slowly away again, whilst old Shadbolt's cow, grazing along the grassy margin of the street, loomed up through the vapor almost as large as an elephant.

About noon the scene became clearer, so that the outline of the village houses, and even the checkered splendors of the neighboring woods could be seen; so much of Nate's sign, "Hammond's sto—" became visible, and even Hamble's great red stage-coach was exhibited, thrusting its tongue out as if in scorn of the weather.

In the afternoon, however, the mist thickened again, and the whole village shrunk again within it, like a turtle within its shell. The next morning dawned without its misty mask, but with it rose a gusty wind that commenced howling like a famished wolf. Alas! for the glories of the woods! As the rude gusts rushed from the slaty clouds, the rich leaves came fluttering upon them, blotting the air and falling on the earth thick as snow-flakes. Now a maple-leaf, like a scalloped ruby, would fly whirling over and over; next a birch one would flash across the sight, as if a topaz had acquired wings; and then a shred of the oak's imperial mantle, flushed like a sardonyx, would cut a few convulsive capers in the air, like a clown in a circus, and dash itself headlong upon the earth. Altogether it was an exciting time, this fall of the leaf. Ah! a voice also was constantly whispering in my ear, "we all do fade as the leaf!"

I took a walk in the woods. What a commotion was there! The leaves were absolutely frantic.

Now they would sweep up far into the air as if they never intended to descend again, and then taking curvatures, would skim away like birds; others would cluster together, and then roll along like a great quivering billow; others again would circle around in eddies like whirlpools, soaring up now and then in the likeness of a water-spout, whilst frequently tall columns would march down the broad aisles of the forest in the most majestic manner, and finally fall to pieces in a violent spasm of whirling atoms. Even after the leaves had found their way to the earth they were by no means quiet. Some skipped uneasily over the surface; some stood on one leg, as it were, and pirouetted; some crept further and further under banks; some ran merry races over the mounds, and some danced up and down in the hollows. As for the trees themselves, they were cowering and shivering at a tremendous rate, apparently from want of the cloaks of which every blast was thus stripping them.

A day or two after came the veritable soft-looking, sweet-breathing Indian-Summer—"our thunder." No other clime has it. Autumn expires in a rain-storm of three months in Italy; and it is choked to death with a wet fog in England; but in this new world of ours, "our own green forest land," as Halleck beautifully says, it swoons away often in a delicious trance, during which the sky is filled with sleep, and the earth hushes itself into the most peaceful and placid repose. There it lies basking away until with one growl old Winter springs upon Nature, locks her in icy fetters, and covers her bosom with a white mantle that generally stays there until Spring comes with her soft eye and blue-bird voice to make us all glad again.

Well, this beautiful season arrived as aforesaid, and a day "turned up" that seemed to be extracted from the very core of the season's sweetness. The landscape was plunged into a thick mist at sunrise, but that gradually dwindled away until naught remained but a delicate dreamy film of tremulous purple, that seemed every instant as if it would melt from the near prospect. Further off, however, the film deepened into rich smoke, and at the base of the horizon it was decided mist, bearing a tinge, however, borrowed from the wood-violet. The mountains could be discerned, and that was all, and they only by reason of a faint jagged line struggling through the veil proclaiming their summits. The dome above was a tender mixture of blue and silver; and as for the sunshine, it was tempered and shaded down into a tint like the blush in the tinted hollow of the sea-shell.

It was the very day for a ramble in the woods; so Benning, Watron, and I, called at the dwelling of three

charming sisters, to ask their mamma's consent (and their own) to accompany us. These three Graces all differed from each other in their styles of beauty. The eyes of one were of sparkling ebony, those of the other looked as if the "summer heaven's delicious blue" had stained them, whilst the third's seemed as though they had caught their hue from the glittering gray that is sometimes seen just above the gold of a cloudless sunset.

We turned down the green lane that led from the village street, and were soon in the forests. The half-muffled sunlight stole down sweetly and tenderly through the chaos of naked branches overhead; and there was a light crisp, crackling sound running through the dry fallen leaves, as though they had become tired of their position, and were striving to turn over. So quiet was the air that even this faint sound was distinctly audible. Hark! whang! whang! there rings the woodman's axe—crack! crash! b-o-o-m!—Hurrah! what thunder that little keen instrument has waked up there, and what power it has! Say, ye wild, deep forests, that have shrunk into rocky ravines, and retreated to steep mountains, what caused ye to flee away from the valleys and uplands of your dominion? Answer, fierce eagle! what drove thee from thy pine of centuries to the desolate and wind-swept peak, where alone thou couldst rear thy brood in safety? Tell, thou savage panther, what made the daylight flash into thy den so suddenly, that thou didst think thy eyeballs were extinguished?

And thou, too, busy city, that dost point up thy spires where two score years ago the forest stood a frown upon the face of Nature—what mowed the way for thee? And, lastly, thou radiant grain-field, what prepared the room for thy bright and golden presence? Whew! if that is n't a tremendous flight, I do n't know what is! But the axe, as Uncle Jack Lummis says of his brown mare, is "a tarnal great critter, any how!"

How Settler Jake's cabin will gleam those approaching winter nights from the "sticks" that axe of his will give him out of the tree he has just prostrated. It is really pleasant to think of it. There will be the great fire-place, with a huge block for a back-log; then a pile will be built against it large enough for a bonfire—and then such a crackling and streaming! why the dark night just around there will be all in a blush with it. And the little window will glow like a red star to the people of the village; and then within, there will be the immense antlers over the door, belonging to a moose Jake shot the first year he came into the country, all tremulous with the light, and the long rifle thrust through it will glitter quick and keen; and the scraped powder-horn hung by it will be transparent in redness; even the row of bullets on the rude shelf near the window will give a dull gleam, whilst our old acquaintance, the axe, will wink as if a dozen eyes were strewn along its sharp, bright edge. And then the brown and tortoise-shell cat belonging to the "old woman" will partake of the lustre; and the old woman herself—a little, active, bustling body, will be seated

in one corner of the fire-place, after having swept clean the hearth; and "Sport" will have coiled a long body on a bear-skin near her. Lastly, the settler himself will be sitting upon a stool opposite "Betsey," with his elbows on his knees, smoking a pipe as black as his face at the "fire-logging." But stop—where was I? Oh, in the woods!"

"Look! look!" cries Susan, the owner of the gray orbs, with an accent of delight, "see that beautiful black squirrel eating!"

We all looked, and sure enough, there is the object in a nook of warm bronze light, with its paws to his whiskered face, crackling nuts, one after another, as fast as possible. But he stops, his paws still uplifted, looks askance for a moment and away he shoots then through the "brush-fence" at our side like a dart.

We soon find the tree whence he gathered his nuts. It is a noble hickory, with here and there a bare leaf clinging to its boughs. A stone or two lay the globes that hold the nuts to the earth. They commenced cracking, and with a little exertion uncover the snow-white balls. We are now all determined to rob the tree. It has no business displaying its round wealth so temptingly. And, besides, it will, if let alone, most probably come by from the little black school-house out yonder to "play truant." So it is unanimously voted that Benning, who is light and active, should climb the tree. Up he goes, like one of those little striped woodpeckers that are so often seen in the web tapping up the trees, and immediately his busy feet make the branches dance, whilst the green globe drop like great hail-stones on the earth. We then commence stripping the nuts from their covers, and soon the base of the tree is covered with them. We then stow the ivories away in our bags, and start a new havoc.

We come now to the brush-fence. It is a *poite* *cheval-de-frize*. It looks at us with a sort of defiant bristling air, as if it said as Wilson, the horse-jockey, says when some one endeavors to hoodwink him in a bargain, "You can't come it!"

We won't try here, but a little lower down there is a gap made by John Huff's cow, that uses her horns so adroitly in the attack of a fence, no matter how difficult, that I verily believe she could pick a lock. We pass through the kindly breach and skirt the fence for some little distance to regain the path. The fence on this side is densely plumed with blackberry vines. What a revel I held there two months ago. The fruit hung around in rich masses of ebony, and little atom composing the cone having a glittering spot upon it like a tiny eye. How the black berries melted on my tongue in their dead-ripe richness. One bush in particular was heavy with the clusters. After despoiling the edges I opened the heart, and there, hidden snugly away, as if for the wood-fairies, were quantities of the sable clusters, larger and more splendid than any I had seen. I immediately made my way into the defences of that fortress. There was a merciless sacking there, reader, allow me to

tell you. But that is neither "here nor there" on the present occasion.

How beautifully the soft, tender dark light slumbers on objects where the great roof of the forest will allow it. There is an edge of deep golden lace gleaming upon that mound of moss, and here, the light, breaking through the overhanging beech, has so mottled the tawny surface of the leaves beneath as to make it appear as if a leopard-skin had been dropped there.

B-o-o-m, b-o-o-m, boom-boom—whi-r-r-r-r—there sounds the drum of the partridge. We'll rouse his speckled lordship probably below, causing him to give his low, quick thunder-clap so as to send the heart on a leaping visit to the throat.

We now descend the ridge upon which we have been for some time, to a glade at the foot. The sweet haze belonging to the season is shimmering over it. It is a broad space surrounded on all sides by the forest. The first settler in this part of the country had "located" himself here, and this was his little clearing. His hut stood on an eminence in one corner. He lived there a number of years. He was a reserved, unsocial man, making the forest his only haunt, and his rifle his only companion. He was at last found dead in his cabin. Alone and unattended he had died, keeping to the last aloof from human society. The hut was next occupied by a singular couple—an old man and his idiot son. The father was of a fierce, savage temper, but seemed very fond, although capriciously so, of his child. Sometimes he would treat him with the greatest tenderness, then again, at some wayward action of the idiot, he would burst upon him with an awful explosion of passion. The old man had evidently been a reckless desperado in other days, and many in the village suspected strongly that he had once been a pirate. He was addicted to drinking, and now and then, when bitten by the adder, would talk strangely. He would commence narrating some wonderful hurricane he had experienced on the Spanish Main, and would launch out upon the number of times he had headed boarding parties, and once, in a state of great intoxication at the village tavern, he rambled off into a story about his having made an old man walk the plank. He would, however, check himself on all these occasions before he went far. He became involved in a fight one time with a great lounging fellow about the village, whose propensity to bully was the only salient point in his character. They clinched—the old man was thrown, and the bystanders had just time to pull the bully away, to prevent a long keen knife in the grasp of Murdock (for such was the old man's name) from being plunged into his side.

Suddenly the idiot-boy disappeared. The passers-by had frequently seen him (for he was an industrious lad) working in the little patch belonging to the cabin, but from a certain time he was seen no more, and the old man lived alone in his cabin. A change, too, gradually grew over him. He became silent and deeply melancholy, and his countenance settled into an expression of stern, rigid sorrow. His eye was

awful. Wild and red, it seemed as if you could look through it into a brain on fire.

At last he commenced rubbing his right hand with his left. There he would fasten his gaze, and chafe with the most determined energy. He would frequently stop and hold the hand to his eye for a moment, and then recommence his strange work. To the inquiries of the village people concerning his son, he would give no answer. He would roll upon the inquirer for an instant his fierce, mad eye, and then prosecute his mysterious chafing more rigorously than ever.

Things continued so for about a fortnight after the disappearance of the idiot, when one dark night the village was alarmed by the appearance of flames from the clearing. Hurrying to the spot, they were just in time to see the blazing roof of the hut fall in. The next morning disclosed, amidst the smouldering ashes, a few charred bones. Murdock was not again seen or heard of from that night.

The glade is now quiet and lonely as if human passions had never been unloosed there in the terrific crime of parricide—the consequent remorse merging into madness, and a fiery retributory death. Upon the grassy mound, which the frost has not yet blighted, a beautiful white rabbit has just glided. The lovely creature darts onward, then crouches—now lays his long ears flat upon his shoulders, and now points them forward in the most knowing and cunning manner. He plays there in his white, pure beauty, as if in purposed contrast to the blood-stained and guilty wretch who expired on the same spot in his flaming torture. But the little shape now points his long, rose-tinted ears in our direction, and then he does not disappear as much as melt from our sight like the vanishing of breath from polished steel. We then enter fully into the glade. One of the trees at the border is a magnificent chestnut. I remember it in June, with its rich green leaves hung over with short, braided cords of pale gold. These braided blossoms have yielded fruit most plenteously. How thickly the chestnuts, with their autumn-colored coats and gray caps, are scattered around the tree, whilst the large yellow burrs on the branches, gaping wide open, are displaying their soft velvet inner lining in which the embedded nuts have ripened, and which in their maturity they have deserted.

After changing the position of the little glossy things from the earth to our satchels, we cross the glade, and strike a narrow road that enters the forests in that direction. We pass along, our feet sinking deep in the dead leaves, until we come to an opening where a bridge spans a stream. It is a slight, rude structure, such as the emigrating settler would (and probably did) make in a brief hour to facilitate his passage across. Let us sketch the picture to our imagination for a moment. We will suppose it about an hour to sunset of a summer's day. There is a soft richness amidst the western trees, and the little grassy opening here is dappled with light and shade. The emigrant's wagon is standing near the brink, with its curved canvas top, white as silver, in a slanting beam, and the broad tires of its huge

wheels stained green with the wood-plants and vines they have crushed in their passage during the day. The patient oxen, which have drawn the wagon so far, are chewing their cud, with their honest countenances fixed straight forward. Around the wagon is hung a multitude of household articles—pans, pails, kettles, brooms, and what not; and on a heap of beds, bedding, quilts, striped blankets, &c., is the old woman, the daughter, about eighteen, and a perfect swarm of white-headed little ones. The father, and his two stalwart sons, are busy in the forest close at hand. How merrily the echoes ring out at each blow of their axes, and how the earth groans with the shock of the falling trees. The two largest of the woodland giants are cut into logs—the others are also divided into the proper lengths. The logs are placed athwart the stream several feet distant from each other—the rest are laid in close rows athwart, and lo! the bridge. Over the whole scene the warm glow of the setting sun is spread, and a black bear, some little distance in the forest, is thrusting his great flat head out of a hollow tree, overseeing the proceedings with the air of a connoisseur.

The bridge is now old and black, and has decayed and been broken into quite a picturesque object. One of the platform pieces has been fractured in the middle, and the two ends slant upwards, as if to take observations of the sky; and there is a great hole in the very centre of the bridge. Add to this the moss, which has crept over the whole structure, making what remains of the platform a perfect cushion, and hanging in long flakes of emerald, which fairly dip in the water, and the whole object is before you. The stream has a slow, still motion, with eddies here coiling up into wrinkles like an old man's face, and there dimpling around some stone like the smiling cheek of a young maiden, but in no case suffering its demureness to break into a broad laugh or ripples. In one spot tall bullrushes show their slender shapes and brown wigs; in another there is a collection of waterfalls; in another there are tresses of long grass streaming in the light flow of the current, whilst in a nook, formed by the roots of an immense elm on one side, and a projection of the bank on the other, is a thick coat of stagnant green—a perfect meadow for the frogs to hold their mass meetings in, differing from ours, however, from the fact of theirs being composed of all talkers and no listeners.

Let us look at the stream a little, which has here expanded into a broad surface, and view its "goings on." There is a water spider taking most alarming leaps, as if afraid of wetting his feet; a dragon-fly is darting hither and yon, his long, slender body flashing with green, golden and purple hues; a large dace has just apparently flattened his nose against the dark glass inward, dotting a great and increasing period outward. A bright birch-leaf, "the last of its clan," has just fallen down, and been snapped at most probably by a little spooney of a trout, thinking it a yellow butterfly; and on the bottom, which, directly under our eyes is shallow, are several water-insects crawling along like locomotive spots

of shadow and reflected through the tremulous medium into distorted shapes. However, we have lingered here long enough—let us onward.

What on earth is that uproar which is now striking our ear. Such hoarse notes, such rapid fluttering whizzings, deep rumbling sounds, and such a race of dead leaves surely betoken something. We turn an elbow of the road, and a flashing of blue wings and darting of blue shapes in the air, now circling round, now shooting up, and now down, with a large beech tree for the centre, meet our eyes. The tumult is explained. A colony of wild pigeons busy amongst the beech-nuts, which the frost has showered upon the earth. The ground for some distance around the tree is perfectly blue with the picking, and fighting, and scrambling. It is ludicrous to see them. Here a score or two are busy, looking like a collection of big-paunched, blue-coated aldermen at a city feast; there, all are hurrying in jostling, and tumbling over one another like passengers of a steamboat when the bell rings for dinner. By the side of yonder bush there is a perpetual duel transpiring between two pugnacious pigeons dashing out their wings fiercely at each other. Angry tones, their beautiful purple necks all swollen and their red eyes casting devouring looks, while two others are very quietly, yet swiftly, as if making the most of their time, causing all the nuts in sight and which probably induced the quarrel, disappear down their own throats. See! here is a pigeon who has over-estimated his capacity of swallowing. He has encountered a larger nut than usual, he is exhibiting the most alarming symptoms of choking. He stretches his neck and opens his bill like a scissor in the act of crowing, at the same time dashing up and down on his pink legs as if his toes had caught fire. However, he has mastered the nut at last with a vigorous shake of his neck, and bobs industriously again at his feast.

Determining to have some of the brown lacewing-mast, we make a foray amongst the gorging bees and succeeded in causing a cloud of them to take wing and in securing a quantity of the spoil.

We then start again on our way, but do not advance far before—b-r-r-r-r-r—off bursts a party and shoots down the vista of the road, with the dog sunshine glancing from his mottled back. If the "Spitfire" was here, how he would yelp and dash and dart backward and forward, and shake his tail so as to render it doubtful whether it would not fly off in a tangent.

Rattat, tattat, tat—tat—t-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—there is a great red-headed woodpecker, or woodcock, as it is called by the country people, looking like a miniature man with a crimson turban and sable spurs attacking the bark of yon old oak. He is making sounding-board of the scamed mail of the venereal monarch, to detect by the startled writhing with the grub snugly ensconced, as it thinks, there, in order to transfix it with his sharp tongue through the hole made by his bill. He ceases his work though we approach—and now he flies away.

A mile farther, we come to the strawberry-field

belonging to Deacon Gravespeech, the outlines of whose dark, low farm-house are etched on the mist which is again slowly spreading over the landscape, for it is now near sunset. Having left the forest, we see the mild red orb, like an immense ruby, just in the act of sinking in the bank of pale blue which now thickens the Western horizon. But what have we here? A splendid butternut tree, with quantities of the oval fruit scattered about amidst the brown leaves, in their coats of golden green. What a rich lustre is upon them, made brighter by the varnish, and how delightful their pungent perfume. Let us crack a few of the strong, deeply-fluted shells. In their tawny nooks nestle the dark, golden-veined meats, which with the most delicious sweetness crumble in the mouth.

Of all the fruits of the Northern forests give me the butternut; and, speaking of fruits puts me in mind of the strawberry field. I was here with a small party one day last June. The field was then scattered thickly over with the bright crimson spotting fruit, and the fingers of all of us were soon dyed deeply with the sweet blood. There is great skill in picking strawberries, let me tell you, reader, although it is a trifle. Go to work systematically, and do n't get excited. Gather all as you go, indiscriminately. Do n't turn to the right for two splendid berries, and leave the one in front, for it is just as likely, before you gather the two, a cluster, with five ripe tempting fellows, will cause you to forget the others, and in whirling yourself around, and stretching over to seize the latest prize, your feet and limbs not only destroy the first and second, but a whole collection of the blushing beauties hid away in a little hollow of buttercups and dandelions.

Well, "as I was saying," I was here with a small party, and had fine sport picking, but the next day a precept, at the suit of Peter Gravespeech, was served upon Hull and myself, (the two gentlemen of the party,) issued from "Pettifogger's Delight," as the office of Squire Tappit, the justice, was called throughout the village: action, trespass. "For the fun of the thing" we stood trial. The day came, and all the vagabonds of the village,—those whose continual cry is that they "can never get any thing to do," and therefore drive a brisk business at doing nothing,—were in attendance. The justice was a hot-tempered old fellow, somewhat deaf, and,—if his nose was any evidence,—fond of the brandy bottle.

The witness of the trespass, who was a "hired hand" of Deacon Gravespeech, was present, and after the cause had been called in due order, was summoned by the deacon (who appeared in proper person) to the stand. He was generally very irascible, a good deal of a bully, rather stupid, and, on the present occasion, particularly drunk.

"Now, Mr. Hicks," said the deacon, respectfully, (knowing his man,) after he had 'kissed the book,' "now, Mr. Hicks (his name was Joe Hicks, but universally called 'Saucy Joe,') please tell the justice what you know of this transaction."

"Well, squire, I seed 'em!" replied Joe, to this appeal, facing the justice.

"Who?" ejaculated the justice, quickly.

"Who!" answered Joe, "why, who do you spose, but that 'ere sour-faced feller, (pointing at Hull,) what looks like a cow swelled on clover, and that 'ere little nimshi, who is n't bigger than my Poll's knitten needle. They was with four female critters."

"Well, what were they about?" asked the deacon.

"What was they about!" (a little angrily,) "you know as well as I do, deacon, for I telled ye all about it at the time."

"Yes, but you must tell the justice."

"Answer, witness!" exclaimed the justice, somewhat sternly.

"Oh! you need n't be flusterfied, Squire Tappit; I knowed ye long afore ye was squire, and dranked with ye, too. For that matter, I stood treat last!"

"That 's of no consequence now, Mr. Hicks," interposed the deacon, throwing at the same time a deprecatory glance at the old justice, whose nose was growing redder, and whose eye began to twinkle in incipient wrath.

"Let the gentleman proceed with his interesting developments," said Hull, rising with the most ludicrous gravity, and waiving his hand in a solemn and dignified manner.

"Well," said Joe, a little mollified at the word 'gentleman,' "ef I must tell it agin, I must, that 's all. They was a picken strawberries like Old Sanko."

"How long do you think they were there, trampling down the grass?" asked the deacon.

"Why, I spose from the time I seed 'em"—here he stopped abruptly, glanced out of the window toward the tavern, spit thirstily, and then looked at the deacon.

"Let the gentleman proceed," again cried Hull, half rising, in mock respect.

"Proceed!" said the justice, angrily.

"Well, as I was a sayen, from the time I seed 'em— But I say, deacon, I 'm monstrous dry. You 're temp'rance I know; but sposen as how you treat me and old Squire Tappit there to some red eye. He wo n't refuse, no how you can fix it, and as for me, I am so dry I really can't talk."

"Go on with your story, you scoundrel!" shouted the justice, exasperated beyond all bounds, "or I'll commit you to prison."

"Commit me to prison, you old brandy-jug!" yelled Joe, swinging off his ragged coat at a jerk, and throwing it on the floor, "commit me, you mahogany-nosed old serpent!" advancing close to the justice, with both of his great fists ready.

"Let the gentleman proceed," here broke in Hull again, in an agony of laughter.

And, sure enough, the "gentleman" did proceed. Launching out his right fist in the most approved fashion at the nose of the justice, Joe was in an instant the center of a perfect Pandemonium. The constable rushed in to protect the justice, who was shouting continually, "I command the peace;" the bystanders, ready for a fight at any time, followed his example, and, for a few minutes, there was a perfect

chaos of arms, legs, and heads, sticking out in every direction.

The first thing Hull and I saw were the heels of the justice flourishing in the air, and the last was Joe going off to jail in the grasp of the constable one way, and the deacon sneaking off another. We never heard afterward of the suit, but "Let the gentleman proceed," was for a long time a by-word amongst us in the village.

After crossing the strawberry field we came to a "cross-road" leading to the turnpike. In a few minutes we arrived at "Cold Spring," where a little streak of water ran through a hollowed log, green with moss, from the fountain a short distance in the forest, and fell into a pebbly basin at the road-side.

We here refreshed ourselves with repeated damps of the sweet, limpid element, and then, resuming our walk, soon found ourselves upon the broad, grassy turnpike, with the village upon the summit of the hill, about half a mile in front.

The sun had long since plunged into the sea-colored haze of the West; the thickening landscape looked dull and faded; the mist was glimmering before the darkened forests; the cows were wending homeward, lowing; the woodsmen passed us with axes on their shoulders; and, mounting the hill, saw here and there, a light sparkling in the village, following the example of the scattered stars that were timidly glancing from the dome of the purple heavens.

THE LOST PET.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

When Mary's brother went to sea,
He lingered near the door,
Beside the old, familiar tree,
He ne'er had left before,
And though gay boyhood loves to seek
New regions where to tread,
A pearl-drop glittered on his cheek
As tenderly he said—
"The gentle dove I reared with care,
Sister, I leave to thee,
And let it thy protection share
When I am far at sea."
When e'er for Willy's loss she grieved,
His darling she caressed,
That from her hand its food received,
Or nestled in her breast;
And sometimes, at the twilight dim,
When blossoms bow to sleep,
She thought it murmuring asked for him
Whose home was on the deep.
And if her mother's smile of joy
Was lost in anxious thought,
As musing of her sailor boy
Some gathering tempest wrought,
She showed his pet, the cooing dove,
Perched on her sheltering arm,
And felt how innocence and love
Can rising wo disarm.
When summer decked the leafy bowers,
And pranked the russet plain,
She bore his cage where breathing flowers
Inspired a tuneful strain;
And now and then, through open door,
Indulged a wish to roam,

Though soon, the brief excursion o'er,
The wanderer sought its home.
She laughed to see it brush the dew
From bough and budding spray,
And deemed its snow-white plumage grew
More beauteous, day by day.
The rose of June was in its flush,
And 'neath the fragrant shade
Of her own fullest, fairest bush
The favorite's house was staid,
While roving, bird-like, here and there,
Amid her flow'rets dear,
She culled a nosegay, rich and rare,
A mother's heart to cheer.
A shriek! A flutter! Swift as thought
Her startled footstep flew,
But full of horror was the sight
That met her eager view—
Her treasure in a murderer's jaws!
One of that feline race
Whose wily looks and velvet paws
Conceal their purpose base.
And scarce the victim's gushing breast
Heaved with one feeble breath,
Though raised to hers, its glance expressed
Affection even in death.
Oh, stricken child! though future years
May frown with heavier shade,
When woman's lot of love and tears
Is on thy spirit laid—
Yet never can a wilder cry
Thy heart-wrung anguish prove
Than when before thy swimming eye
Expired that wounded dove.

FIEL A LA MUERTE, OR TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS QUINZE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," ETC.

(Concluded from page 91.)

PART III.

For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, dark and tall.
Who enters by such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.—WALTER SCOTT.

It would be wonderful, were it not of daily occurrence, and to be observed by all who give attention to the characteristics of the human mind, how quickly confidence, even when shaken to its very foundations, and almost obliterated, springs up again, and recovers all its strength in the bosoms of the young of either sex.

Let but a few more years pass over the heart, and when once broken, if it be only by a slight suspicion, or a half unreal cause, it will scarce revive again in a life-time; nor then, unless proofs the strongest and most unquestionable can be adduced to overpower the doubts which have well-nigh annihilated it.

In early youth, however, before long contact with the world has blunted the susceptibilities, and hardened the sympathies of the soul, before the constant experience of the treachery, the coldness, the ingratitude of men has given birth to universal doubt and general distrust, the shadow vanishes as soon as the cloud which cast it is withdrawn, and the sufferer again believes, alas! too often, only to be again deceived.

Thus it was with St. Renan, who a few minutes before had given up even the last hope, who had ceased, as he thought, to believe even in the possibility of faith or honor among men, of constancy, or purity, or truth in women, no sooner saw his Melanie, whom he knew to be the wife of another, solitary and in tears, no sooner felt her inanimate form reclining on his bosom, than he was prepared to believe any thing, rather than believe her false.

Indeed, her consternation at his appearance, her evident dismay, not unnatural in an age wherein skepticism and infidelity were marvelously mingled with credulity and superstition, her clear conviction that it was not himself in mortal blood and being, did go far to establish the fact, that she had been deceived either casually or—which was far more probable—by foul artifice, into the belief that her beloved and plighted husband was no longer with the living.

The very exclamation which she uttered last, ere she sunk senseless into his arms, uttered, as she imagined, in the presence of the immortal spirit of the injured dead, "I am true, Raoul—true to the last, my beloved!" rang in his ears with a power and a meaning which convinced him of her veracity.

"She could not lie!" he muttered to himself, "in the presence of the living dead! God be praised! she is true, and we shall yet be happy!"

How beautiful she looked, as she lay there, unconscious and insensible even of her own existence. If time and maturity had improved Raoul's person, and added the strength and majesty of manhood to the grace and pliability of youth, infinitely more had it bestowed on the beauty of his betrothed. He had left her a beautiful girl just blooming out of girlhood, he found her a mature, full-blown woman, with all the flush and flower of complete feminine perfection, before one charm has become too luxuriant, or one drop of the youthful dew exhaled from the new expanded blossom.

She had shot up, indeed, to a height above the ordinary stature of women—straight, erect, and graceful as a young poplar, slender, yet full withal, exquisitely and voluptuously rounded, and with every sinuous line and swelling curve of her soft form full of the poetry and beauty both of repose and motion.

Her complexion was pale as alabaster; even her cheeks, except when some sudden tide of passion, or some strong emotion sent the impetuous blood coursing thither more wildly than its wont, were colorless, but there was nothing sallow or sickly, nothing of that which is ordinarily understood by the word pallid, in their clear, warm, transparent purity; nothing, in a word, of that lividness which the French, with more accuracy than we, distinguish from the healthful paleness which is so beautiful in southern women.

Her hair, profuse almost to redundancy, was perfectly black, but of that warm and lustrous blackness which is probably the hue expressed by the ancient Greeks by the term hyacinthine, and which in certain lights has a purplish metallic gloss playing over it, like the varying reflections on the back of the raven. Her strongly defined, and nearly straight eyebrows, were dark as night, as were the long, silky lashes which were displayed in clear relief against the fair, smooth cheek, as the lids lay closed languidly over the bright blue eyes.

It was a minute or two before Melanie moved or gave any symptoms of recovering from her fainting fit, and during those minutes the lips of Raoul had been pressed so often and so warmly to those of the fair insensible, that had any spark of perception remained to her, the fond and lingering pressure could



THE END OF THE WORLD



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virgin whiteness. Marvel not then that I ask as much of you."

"Ask anything, St. Renan. It is granted."

"In France we can hope for nothing. But there are other lands than France. We must fly; and thanks to these documents which you have wrung from them, and the proofs which I can easily obtain, this cursed marriage can be set aside, and then, in honor and in truth you can be mine, mine own Melanie."

"God grant it so, Raoul."

"It shall be so, beloved. Be you but firm, and it may be done right speedily. I will sell the estates of St. Renan—by a good chance, supposing me dead, the Lord of Yrvilliac was in treaty for it with my uncle. That can be arranged forthwith. Conduct yourself according to your wont, cool and as distant as may be with this villain of Ploermel; avoid above all things to let your father see that you are buoyed by any hope, or moved by any passion. Treat the king with deliberate scorn, if he approach you over boldly. Beware how you eat or drink in his company, for he is capable of all things, even of drugging you into insensibility, and here," he added, taking a small poniard, of exquisite workmanship, with a gold hilt and scabbard, from his girdle, and giving it to her, "wear *this* at all times, and if he dare attempt violence, were he thrice a king, *use it*!"

"I will—I will—trust me, Raoul! I *will* use it, and that to his sorrow! My heart is strong, and my hand brave *now*—now that I know you to be living. Now that I have hope to nerve me, I will fear nothing, but dare all things."

"Do so, do so, my beloved, and you shall have no cause to fear, for I will be ever near you. I will tarry here but one day; and ere you reach Paris, I will be there, be certain. Within ten days, I doubt not I can convert my acres into gold, and ship that gold across the narrow strait; and that done, the speed of horses, and a swift sailing ship will soon have us safe in England; and if that land be not so fair, or so dear as our own France, at least there are no tyrants there, like this Louis; and there are laws, they say, which guard the meanest man as safely and as surely as the proudest noble."

"A happy land, Raoul. I would that we were there even now."

"We will be there ere long, fear nothing. But tell me, whom have you near your person on whom we may rely. There must be some one through whom we may communicate in Paris. It may be that I shall require to see you."

"Oh! you remember Rose, Raoul—little Rose Faverney, who has lived with me ever since she was a child—a pretty little black-eyed damsel."

"Surely I do remember her. Is she with you yet? That will do admirably, then, if she be faithful, as I think she is; and unless I forget, what will serve us better yet, she loves my page Jules de Marliena. He has not forgotten her, I promise you."

"Ah! Jules—we grow selfish, I believe, as we grow old, Raoul. I have not thought to ask after one of your people. So Jules remembers little Rose,

and loves her yet; that will, indeed, secure her, ere had she been doubtful, which she is not. She is as true as steel—truer, I fear, than even I; for she has approached me bitterly four evenings since, and sworn she would be buried alive, much more willingly than be married to the Marquis de Ploermel, though she was only plighted to the Vicomte Raoul." page! Oh! we may trust in her with all certainty."

"Send her, then, on the very same night that you reach Paris, so soon as it is dark, to my uncle's house in the Place de St. Louis. I think she knows it, and let her ask—not for me—but for Jules. Then I will know something definite of our fate, and fear nothing, love, all shall go well with Love such as ours, with faith, and right, and honor to support it, cannot fail to win, blow or wind may. And now, sweet Melanie, the day is wearing onward, and I fear that they may as you. Kiss me, then, once more, sweet girl, as farewell."

"Not for the last, Raoul," she cried, with a smile, casting herself once again into her lover's arms, and meeting his lips with a long, rapturous kiss.

"Not by a thousand, and a thousand! But as an angel, farewell for a little space. I hate to bid you leave me, but I dare not ask you to stay; even as I tremble lest you should be missed and they should send to seek you. For were they but to suspect that I am here and have seen you, it would, at the best, double all our difficulties. Fare you well, sweetest Melanie."

"Fare you well," she replied; "fare you well, my own best beloved Raoul," and she put up the glittering dagger, as she spoke, into the bosom of her dress; but as she did so, she paused and said, "I wish *this* had not been your first gift to me, Raoul, for they say that such gifts are fatal, to love at least if not to life."

"Fear not! fear not!" answered the young man laughing gayly, "our love is immortal. It may be the best steel blade that was ever forged on Minstithy to cut it asunder. Fare you—but, hush! it comes here; it is too late, yet fly—fly, Melanie!"

But she did not fly, for as he spoke, a tall, grey-dressed cavalier burst through the coppice on the side next the château d'Argenson, exclaiming, "O my fair cousin!—this is your faith to my good brother of Ploermel is it?"

But, before he spoke, she had whispered to Raoul, "It is the Chevalier de Pontreïn, de Ploermel's brother. Alas! all is lost."

"Not so! not so!" answered her lover, also in whisper, "leave him to me, I will detain him. Fly by the upper pathway and through the orchard to the château, and remember—you have not seen this day. So much deceit is pardonable. Fly, I say, Melanie! Look not behind for your life, whatever you may hear, nor tarry. All rests now on your steadiness and courage."

"Then all is safe," she answered firmly and aloud, and without casting a glance toward the cavalier, who was now within ten paces of her side, or taking the smallest notice of his words, she kissed her husband

to St. Renan, and bounded up the steep path, in the opposite direction, with so fleet a step as soon carried her beyond the sound of all that followed, though that was neither silent nor of small interest.

"Do you not hear me, madam. By Heaven! but you carry it off easily!" cried the young cavalier, setting off at speed, as if to follow her. "But you must run swifter than a roe if you look to 'scape me;" and with the words, he attempted to rush past Raoul, of whom he affected, although he knew him well, to take no notice.

But in that intent he was quickly frustrated, for the young count grasped him by the collar as he endeavored to pass, with a grasp of iron, and said to him in an ironical tone of excessive courtesy,

"Sweet sir, I fear you have forgotten me, that you should give me the go-by thus, when it is so long a time since we have met, and we such dear friends, too,"

But the young man was in earnest, and very angry, and struggled to release himself from St. Renan's grasp, until, having no strong reasons for forbearance, but many for the reverse, Raoul, too, lost his temper.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "I believe that you do not know me, or you would not dare to suppose that I would suffer you to follow a lady who seeks not your presence or society."

"Let me go, St. Renan!" returned the other fiercely, laying his hand on his dagger's hilt. "Let me go, villain, or you shall rue it!"

"Villain!" Raoul repeated, calmly, "villain! It is so you call me, hey?" and he did instantly release him, drawing his sword as he did so. "Draw, De Pontrien—that word has cost you your life!"

"Yes, villain!" repeated the other, "villain to you teeth! But you lie! it is your life that is forfeit—forfeit to my brother's honor!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Raoul, savagely. "Ha-ha-ha! your brother's honor! who the devil ever heard before of a pandar's honor—even if he were Sir Pandarus to a king? Sa! sa!—have at you!"

Their blades crossed instantly, and they fought fiercely, and with something like equality for some ten minutes. The Chevalier de Pontrien was far more than an ordinary swordsman, and he was in earnest, not angry, but savage and determined, and full of bitter hatred, and a fixed resolution to punish the familiarity of Raoul with his brother's wife. But that was a thing easier proposed than executed; for St. Renan, who had left France as a boy already a perfect master of fence, had learned the practice of the blade against the swordsmen of the East, the finest swordsmen of the world, and had added to skill, science and experience, the iron nerves, the deep breath, and the unwearied strength of a veteran.

If he fought slowly, it was that he fought carefully—that he meant the first wound to be the last. He was resolved that De Pontrien never should return home again to divulge what he had seen, and he had the coolness, the skill, and the power to carry out his resolution.

At the end of ten minutes he attacked. Six times within as many seconds he might have inflicted a

severe, perhaps a deadly wound on his antagonist; and he, too, perceived it, but it would not have been surely mortal.

"Come, come!" cried De Pontrien, at last, growing impatient and angry at the idea of being played with. "Come, sir, you are my master, it seems. Make an end of this."

"Do not be in a hurry," replied St. Renan, with a deadly smile, "it will come soon enough. There! will that suit you?"

And with the word he made a treble feint and lounged home. So true was the thrust that the point pierced the very cavity of his heart. So strongly was it sent home that the hilt smote heavily on his breast-bone. He did not speak or groan, but drew one short, broken sigh, and fell dead on the instant.

"The fool!" muttered St. Renan. "Wherefore did he meddle where he had no business? But what the devil shall I do with him? He must not be found, or all will out—and that were ruin."

As he spoke, a distant clap of thunder was heard to the eastward, and a few heavy drops of rain began to fall, while a heavy mass of black thunder-clouds began to rise rapidly against the wind.

"There will be a fierce storm in ten minutes, which will soon wash out all this evidence," he said, looking down at the trampled and blood-stained greensward. "One hour hence, and there will not be a sign of this, if I can but dispose of him. Ha!" he added, as a quick thought struck him, "The Devil's Drinking-Cup! Enough! it is done!"

Within a minute's space he had swathed the corpse tightly in the cloak, which had fallen from the wretched man's shoulders as the fray began, bound it about the waist by the scarf, to which he attached firmly an immense block of stone, which lay at the brink of the fearful well, which was now—for the tide was up—brimful of white boiling surf, and holding his breath between resolution and abhorrence, hurled it into the abyss.

It sunk instantly, so well was the stone secured to it; and the fate of the Chevalier de Pontrien never was suspected, for that fatal pool never gave up its dead, nor will until the judgment-day.

Meantime the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and a mimic torrent, rushing down the dark glen, soon obliterated every trace of that stern, short affray.

Calmly Raoul strode homeward, and untouched by any conscience, for those were hard and ruthless times, and he had undergone so much wrong at the hands of his victim's nearest relatives, and dearest friends, that it was no great marvel if his blood were heated, and his heart pitiless.

"I will have masses said for his soul in Paris," he muttered to himself; and therewith, thinking that he had more than discharged all a Christian's duty, he dismissed all further thoughts of the matter, and actually hummed a gay opera tune as he strode homeward through the pelting storm, thinking how soon he should be blessed by the possession of his own Melanie.

No observation was made on his absence, either by the steward or any of the servants, on his return, though he was well-nigh drenched with rain, for they remembered his old half-boyish, half-romantic habits, and it seemed natural to them that on his first return, after so many years of wandering, to scenes endeared to him by innumerable fond recollections, he should wander forth alone to muse with his own soul in secret.

There was great joy, however, in the hearts of the old servitors and tenants in consequence of his return, and on the following morning, and still on the third day, that feeling of joy and security continued to increase, for it soon got abroad that the young lord's grief and gloominess of mood was wearing hourly away, and that his lip, and his whole countenance were often lighted up with an expression which showed, as they fondly augured, that days and years of happiness were yet in store for him.

It was not long before the tidings reached him that the house of D'Argenson was in great distress concerning the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the Chevalier de Pontrien, who had walked out, it was said, on the preceding afternoon, promising to be back at supper-time, and who had not been heard of since.

Raoul smiled grimly at the intimation, but said nothing, and the narrator judging that St. Renan was not likely to take offence at the imputations against the family of Ploermel, proceeded to inform him, that in the opinion of the neighborhood there was nothing very mysterious, after all, in the disappearance of the chevalier, since he was known to be very heavily in debt, and was threatened with deadly feud by the old Sieur de Plouzurde, whose fair daughter he had deceived to her undoing. Robinet, the smuggler's boat, had been seen off the Penmarcks when the moon was setting, and no one doubted that the gay gallant was by this time off the coast of Spain.

To all this, though he affected to pay little heed to it, Raoul inclined an eager and attentive ear, and as a reward for his patient listening, was soon informed, furthermore, that the bridegroom marquis and the beautiful bride, being satisfied, it was supposed, of the chevalier's safety, had departed for Paris, their journey having been postponed only in consequence of the research for the missing gentleman, from the morning when it should have taken place, to the afternoon of the same day.

For two days longer did Raoul tarry at St. Renan, apparently as free from concern or care about the fair Melanie de Ploermel, as if he had never heard her name. And on this point alone, for all men knew that he once loved her, did his conduct excite any observation, or call forth comment. His silence, however, and external nonchalance were attributed at all hands to a proper sense of pride and self-respect; and as the territorial vassals of those days held themselves in some degree ennobled or disgraced by the high bearing or recreancy of their lords, it was very soon determined by the men of St.

Renan that it would have been very disgraceful and humiliating had their lord, the Lord of Douarn and St. Renan, condescended to trouble his head about the little demoiselle d'Argenson.

Meanwhile our lover, whose head was in truth occupied about no other thing than that very same demoiselle, for whom he was believed to feel a contempt so supreme, had thoroughly investigated his affairs, thereby acquiring from his old steward the character of an admirable man of business, and made himself perfectly master of the real value of his estates, droits, dues and all connected with the same, and had packed up all his papers, and such of his valuables as were movable, so as to be transported easily by means of pack-horses.

This done, leaving orders for a retinue of some twenty of his best and most trusty servants to follow him as soon as the train and relays of horses could be prepared, he set off with two followers only, return, riding post, as he had come, from Paris.

He was three days behind the lady of his love at starting; but the journey from the western extremity of Bretagne to the metropolis is at all times a long and tedious undertaking; and as the roads and means of conveyance were in those days, he found it no difficult task to catch up with the carriages of the marquis, and to pass them on the road long enough before they reached Paris.

Indeed, though he had set out three days behind them, he succeeded in anticipating their arrival by as many, and had succeeded in transacting more than half the business on which his heart was bent, before he received the promised visit from the pretty Rose Faverney, who, prompted by her desire to recover her intimacy with the handsome page, came punctually to her appointment. He had not, of course, admitted the good old churchman, his uncle, into all his secrets; he had not even told him that he had seen the lady, much less what were his hopes and views concerning her.

But he did tell him that he was so deeply mortified and wounded by her desertion, that he had determined to sell his estates, to leave France forever, and to betake himself to the new American colonies, as the St. Lawrence.

There was not in the state of France in those days much to admire, or much to induce wise men to exert their influence over the young and noble, to induce them to linger in the neighborhood of a court which was in itself a very sink of corruption. It was with no great difficulty, therefore, that Raoul obtained the concurrence of his uncle, who was naturally a friend to gallant and adventurous daring. The estates of St. Renan, the old castle and the home park, with a few hundred acres in its immediate vicinity only excepted, were converted into gold with almost unexampled rapidity.

A part of the gold was in its turn converted into a gallant brigantine of some two hundred tons, which was despatched at once along the coast of Douarnay bay, there to take in a crew of the hardy fishermen and smugglers of that stormy shore, all men well known to Raoul de St. Renan, and well content to

follow their young lord to the world's end, should such be his will.

Here, indeed, I have anticipated something the progress of events, for hurry it as much as he could in those days, St. Renan could not, of course, work miracles; and though the brigantine was purchased, where she lay ready to sail, at Calais, the instant the sale of St. Renan was determined, without awaiting the completion of the transfer, or the payment of the purchase-money, many days had elapsed before the news could be sent from the capital to the coast, and the vessel despatched to Brittany.

Every thing was, however, determined; nay, every thing was in process of accomplishment before the arrival of the fair lady and her nominal husband, so that at his first interview with Rose, Raoul was enabled to lay all his plans before her, and to promise that within a month at the furthest, every thing would be ready for their certain and safe evasion.

He did not fail, however, on that account to impress upon the pretty maiden, who, as Jules was to accompany his lord, though not a hint of whither had been breathed to any one, was doubly devoted to the success of the scheme, that a method must be arranged by which he could have daily interviews with the lovely Melanie; and this she promised that she would use all her powers to induce her mistress to permit, saying, with a gay laugh, that her permission gained, all the rest was easy.

The next day, the better to avoid suspicion, Raoul was presented to the king, in full court, by his uncle, on the double event of his return from India, and of his approaching departure for the colony of Acadie, for which it was his present purpose to sue for his majesty's consent and approbation.

The king was in great good humor, and nothing could have been more flattering or more gracious than Raoul de St. Renan's reception. Louis had heard that very morning of the fair Melanie's arrival in the city, and nothing could have fallen out more *apropos* than the intention of her quondam lover to depart at this very juncture, and that, too, for an indefinite period from the land of his birth.

Rejoicing inwardly at his good fortune, and of course, ascribing the conduct of the young man to pique and disappointment, the king, while he loaded him with honors and attentions, did not neglect to encourage him in his intention of departing on a very early day, and even offered to facilitate his departure by making some remissions in his behalf from the strict regulations of the Douane.

All this was perfectly comprehensible to Raoul; but he was far too wise to suffer any one, even his uncle, to perceive that he understood it; and while he profited to the utmost by the readiness which he found in high places to smooth away all the difficulties from his path, he laughed in his sleeve as he thought what would be the fury of the licentious and despotic sovereign when he should discover that the very steps which he had taken to remove a dangerous rival, had actually cast the lady into that rival's arms.

Nor had this measure of Raoul's been less effectual in sparing Melanie much grief and vexation, than it had proved in facilitating his own schemes of escape; for on that very day, within an hour after his reception of St. Renan, the king caused information to be conveyed to the Marquis de Ploermel that the presentation of Madame should be deferred until such time as the Vicomte de St. Renan should have set sail for Acadie, which it was expected would take place within a month at the furthest.

That evening, when Rose Faverney was admitted to the young lord's presence, through the agency of the enamored Jules, she brought him permission to visit her lady at midnight in her own chamber; and she brought with her a plan, sketched by Melanie's own hand, of the garden, through which, by the aid of a master-key and a rope-ladder, he was to gain access to her presence.

"My lady says, Monsieur Raoul," added the merry girl, with a light laugh, "that she admits you only on the faith that you will keep the word which you pledged to her, when last you met, and on the condition that I shall be present at all your interviews with her."

"Her honor were safe in my hands," replied the young man, "without that precaution. But I appreciate the motive, and accept the condition."

"You will remember, then, my lord—at midnight. There will be one light burning in the window, when that is extinguished, all will be safe, and you may enter fearless. Will you remember?"

"Nothing but death shall prevent me. Nor that, if the spirits of the dead may visit what they love best on earth. So tell her, Rose. Farewell!"

Four hours afterward St. Renan stood in the shadow of a dense trellis in the garden, watching the moment when that love-beacon should expire. The clock of St. Germain l'Auxerre struck twelve, and at the instant all was darkness. Another minute and the lofty wall was scaled, and Melanie was in the arms of Raoul.

It was a strange, grim, gloomy gothic chamber, full of strange niches and recesses of old stone-work. The walls were hung with gilded tapestries of Spanish leather, but were interrupted in many places by the antique stone groinings of alcoves and cupboards, one of which, close beside the mantlepiece, was closed by a curiously carved door of heavy oak-work, itself sunk above a foot within the embrasure of the wall.

Lighted as it was only by the flickering of the wood-fire on the hearth, for the thickness of the walls, and the damp of the old vaulted room rendered a fire acceptable even at midsummer, that antique chamber appeared doubly grim and ghostly; but little cared the young lovers for its dismal seeming; and if they noticed it at all, it was but to jest at the contrast of its appearance with the happy hours which they passed within it.

Happy, indeed, they were—almost too happy—though as pure and guiltless as if they had been hours spent within a nunnery of the strictest rule, and in the presence of a sainted abbess.

Happy, indeed, they were; and although brief, oft repeated. For, thenceforth, not a night passed but Raoul visited his Melanie, and tarried there enjoying her sweet converse, and bearing to her every day glad tidings of the progress of his schemes, and of the certainty of their escape, until the approach of morning warned him to make good his retreat ere envious eyes should be abroad to make espials.

And ever the page, Jules, kept watch at the ladder-foot in the garden; and the true maiden, Rose, who ever sate within the chamber with the lovers during their stolen interviews, guarded the door, with ears as keen as those of Cerberus.

A month had passed, and the last night had come, and all was successful—all was ready. The brigantine lay manned and armed, and at all points prepared for her brief voyage at an instant's notice at Calais. Relays of horses were at each post on the road. Raoul had taken formal leave of the delighted monarch. His passport was signed—his treasures were on board his good ship—his pistols were loaded—his horses were harnessed for the journey.

For the last time he scaled the ladder—for the last time he stood within the chamber.

Too happy! ay, they were too happy on that night, for all was done, all was won; and nothing but the last step remained, and that step so easy. The next morning Melanie was to go forth, as if to early mass, with Rose and a single valet. The valet was to be mastered and overthrown as if in a street broil, the lady, with her damsel, was to step into a light calèche, which should await her, with her lover mounted at its side, and high for Calais—England—without the risk—the possibility of failure.

That night he would not tarry. He told his happy tidings, clasped her to his heart, bid her farewell till to-morrow, and in another moment would have been safe—a step sounded close to the door. Rose sprang to her feet, with her finger to her lip, pointing with her left hand to the deep cupboard-door.

She was right—there was not time to reach the window—at the same instant, as Melanie relighted the lamp, not to be taken in mysterious and suspicious darkness, the one door closed upon the lover just as the other opened to the husband.

But rapid and light as were the motions of Raoul, the treacherous door by which he had passed into his concealment, trembled still as Ploermel entered. And Rose's quick eye saw that he marked it.

But if he saw it, he gave no token, made no allusion to the least doubt or suspicion; on the contrary, he spoke more gayly and kindly than his wont. He apologized for his untimely intrusion, saying that her father had come suddenly to speak with them, concerning her presentation at court, which the king had appointed for the next day, and wished, late as it was, to see her in the saloon below.

Nothing doubting the truth of his statement, which Raoul's intended departure rendered probable, Melanie started from her chair, and telling Rose to wait, for she would back in an instant, hurried out of the room, and took her way toward the great staircase.

The marquis ordered Rose to light her mistress, for

the corridor was dark; and as the girl went out so, a suppressed shriek, and the faint sounds of a momentary scuffle followed, and then all was still.

A hideous smile flitted across the face of de Ploermel, as he cast himself heavily into an arm-chair opposite to the door of the cupboard in which St. Renan was concealed, and taking up a silver bell which stood on the table, rung it repeatedly and loudly for a servant.

"Bring wine," he said, as the man entered. "Behark you, the masons are at work in the great hall and have left their tools and materials for building. Let half a dozen of the grooms come up hither, and bring with them brick and mortar. I hate the sight of that cupboard, and before I sleep this night shall be built up solid with a good wall of masonry work; and so here's a health to the rats within it and a long life to them!" and he quaffed off the wine in fiendish triumph.

He spoke so loud, and that intentionally, that Raoul heard every word that he uttered.

But if he hoped thereby to terrify the lover by discovering himself, and so convicting his fair and innocent wife, the villain was deceived. Raoul knew every word—knew his fate—knew that one word, one motion would have saved him; but that one word, one motion would have destroyed the fame of his Melanie.

The memory of the death of that unhappy Lord of Kerguelen came palpably upon his mind in that dread moment, and the comments of his dead father.

"I, at least," he muttered, between his clenched teeth, "I at least, will not be evidence against her. I will die silent—*fiel a la muerte!*"

And when the brick and mortar were piled by the hands of the unconscious grooms, and when the fatal trowels clanged and jarred around him, he spoke not—stirred not—gave no sign.

Even the savage wretch, de Ploermel, unable to believe in the existence of such chivalry, such honor, half doubted if he were not deceived, and the cupboard were not untenanted by the true victim.

Higher and higher rose the wall before the oak door; and by the exclusion of the light of the many torches by which the men were working, the victim must have marked, inch by inch, the progress of his living immersement. The page, Jules, had climbed in silence to the window's ledge, and was looking on as an unseen spectator, for he had heard all that passed from without, and suspected his lord's presence in the fatal precinct.

But as he saw the wall rise higher—higher—as he saw the last brick fastened in its place solid, immovable from within, and that without strife or opposition, he doubted not but that there was some concealed exit by which St. Renan had escaped, and he descended hastily and hurried homeward.

Now came the lady's trial—the trial that shall prove to de Ploermel whether his vengeance was complete. She was led in with Rose, a prisoner. *Lettres de cachet* had been obtained, when the treason of some wretched subordinate had revealed the secret of her intended flight with Raoul; and the

officers had seized the wife by the connivance of the shameless husband.

"See!" he said, as she entered, "see, the fool suffered himself to be walled up there in silence. There let him die in agony. You, madam, may live as long as you please in the Bastille, *au secret*."

She saw that all was lost—her lover's sacrifice was made—she could not save him! Should she, by a weak divulging of the truth, render his grand devotion fruitless? Never!

Her pale cheek did not turn one shade the paler, but her keen eye flashed living fire, and her beautiful lip writhed with loathing and scorn irrepressible.

"It is thou who art the fool!" she said, "who hast made all this coil, to wall up a poor cat in a cupboard, as it is thou who art the base knave and shameless pandar, who hast attempted to do murder, and all to sell thine own wife to a corrupt and loathsome tyrant!"

All stood aghast at her fierce words, uttered with all the eloquence and vehemence of real passion, but none so much as Rose, who had never beheld her other than the gentlest of the gentle. Now she wore the expression, and spoke with the tone of a young Pythoness, full of the fury of the god.

She sprung forward as she uttered the last words, extricating herself from the slight hold of the astonished officers, and rushed toward her cowed and craven husband.

"But in all things, mean wretch," she continued, in tones of fiery scorn, "in all things thou art frustrate—thy vengeance is naught, thy vile ambition naught, thyself and thy king, fools, knaves, and frustrate equally. And now," she added, snatching the dagger which Raoul had given her from the scabbard, "now die, infamous, accursed pandar!"

and with the word she buried the keen weapon at one quick and steady stroke to the very hilt in his base and brutal heart.

Then, ere the corpse had fallen to the earth, or one hand of all those that were stretched out to seize her had touched her person, she smote herself mortally with the same reeking weapon, and only crying out in a clear, high voice, "Bear witness, Rose, bear witness to my honor! Bear witness all that I die spotless!" fell down beside the body of her husband, and expired without a struggle or a groan.

Awfully was she tried, and awfully she died. Rest to her soul if it be possible.

The caitiff Marquis de Ploermel perished, as she had said, in all things frustrated; for though his vengeance was in very deed complete, he believed that it had failed, and in his very agony that failure was his latest and his worst regret.

On the morrow, when St. Renan returned not to his home, the page gave the alarm, and the fatal wall was torn down, but too late.

The gallant victim of love's honor was no more. Doomed to a lingering death he had died speedily, though by no act of his own. A blood-vessel had burst within, through the violence of his own emotions. Ignorant of the fate of his sweet Melanie, he had died, as he had lived, the very soul of honor; and when they buried him, in the old chapel of his Breton castle, beside his famous ancestors, none nobler lay around him; and the brief epitaph they carved upon his stone was true, at least, if it were short and simple, for it ran only thus—

Raoul de St. Renan.

Fiel a la Muerte.

THE POET'S HEART.—TO MISS O. B.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

Like rays of light, divinely bright,
Thy sunny smiles o'er all disperse;
And let the music of thy voice,
More softly flow than Lesbian verse.
By all the witchery of love,
By every fascinating art—
The worldly spirit strive to move,
But spare, O spare, the Poet's heart!

Within its pure recesses, deep,
A fount of tender feeling lies;
Whose crystal waters, while they sleep,
Reflect the light of starry skies.
Thy voice might prophet-like unclose
Its bonds, and bid those waters start,
But why disturb their sweet repose?
Spare, lady, spare the Poet's heart!

It cannot be that one so fair,
The idol of the courtly throng—
Would condescend his lot to share,
And bless the lowly child of song,

Would realize the soul-wrought dreams,
That of his being form a part,
And mingle with his sweetest themes;
Then spare, O spare, the poet's heart!

The poet's heart! ye know it not,
Its hopes, its sympathies, its fears;
The joys that glad its humble lot;
The griefs that melt it into tears.
'T is like some flower, that from the ground
Scarce dares to lift its petals up,
Though honeyed sweets are ever found
Indwelling in its golden cup.

Love comes to him in sweeter guise,
Than he appears to other men—
Heav'n-born, descended from the skies,
And longing to return again.
But bid him not with me abide,
If he can no relief impart;
Ah, hide those smiles, those glances hide,
And spare, O spare, the Poet's heart!

THE RETURN TO SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY GRETTA.

"You have come again," said the dark old trees,
As I entered my childhood's home.
"You have come again," said the whispering breeze,
"And wherefore have you come?"

"When last I played round your youthful brow
Its morning's light was there,
But you bring back a shadow upon it now,
And a saddened look of care.

"Have you come, have you left earth's noisy strife,
To seek your favorite flowers?
They are gone, like the hopes which lit your life,
Like your childhood's sunny hours.

"Have you come to seek for your shady dell,
For that spot in the moonlit grove,
Where first you were bound by the magic spell,
And thrilled to the voice of love?"

"Has your heart been true to that early vow,
And pure as that trickling tear?
Does that voice of music charm you now
As once it charmed you here?"

"Years have been short, and few, since last
As a child you roamed the glen;
But what have you learned since hence you passed,
What have you lost since then?"

"You have brought back a woman's ruddier cheek,
A woman's fuller form,
But where is the look so timid and meek,
The blush so quick and warm?"

"Have you come to seek for the smiles of yore,
For your brief life's faded light?
Do you hope to hear in these shades once more
The blessing and 'good-night'?"

"Do you come again for the kisses sweet,
Do you look as you onward pass
For the mingled prints of the tiny feet
In the fresh and springing grass?"

"Have you come to sit on a parent's knee
And gaze on his reverend brow?
Or to nestle in love and childish glee
On her bosom, that's pulseless now?"

"Why come you back? We can give you naught,
No more the past is ours,
Thine early scenes with their blessings fraught,
Thy childhood's golden hours."

I have come, I have come, oh haunts of youth,
With a worn and weary heart;
I have come to recall the love and truth
Of my young life's guileless part.

I have come to bend o'er the holy spot
Where I prayed by a father's knee—
Oh I am changed—but I ne'er forgot
His look, his smile for me.

I have not been true to my heart's first love
Here pledged 'neath the moonlit heaven,
But I come to kneel in the lonely grove
And ask to be forgiven.

I have not brought back the hopes of youth,
Or the gentle look so meek,
I mourn o'er my perished faith and truth
And the quick blush of my cheek.

But, oh ye scenes, that have once beguiled,
In the peaceful days of yore.
I would come again like a little child
With the trust I knew before.

I would call back every hope and fear,
The heart throbs full and high,
The prattling child that rambled here,
And ask if it were I?

And I would recall the murmured prayer,
And the dark eyes look of love,
While unseen angels hovered there
From the starry worlds above.

And I've come to seek one flower here,
Just one, in its fading bloom,
Though it must be culled with a quivering tear
From a parent's grassy tomb.

And I'll bear it away on my lonely breast,
As a charm 'mid earth's stormy strife,
An amulet, worn to give me rest,
On the billowy waves of life.

I wait not now by the dancing rill
For the steps of my playmates fair—
They are gone—but yon heaven is o'er me still,
And I'll seek to meet them there.

Parents, and friends, and hopes are gone,
And these memories only given,
But they shall be links, while the heart is lone,
In the "chain" that reaches heaven.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

BY GEORGE S. BURLINCH.

O BLESSED sunshine, and thrice-blessed rain,
How ye do warm and melt the rugged soil,—
Which else were barren, naughtless all my toil
And summon Beauty from her grave again,
To breathe live odors o'er my scant domain:
How softly from their parting buds uncoil
The furled sweets, no more a shriveled spoil

To the loud storm, or canker's silent bane:
Were it all sun, the heat would shrink them up,
Were it all shower, then piteous blight were sure
Now hangs the dew in every nodding cup,
Shooting new glories from its orbicled pare.
Sunshine and shower, I shrink from your extremes,
But with delight behold your blended gleams.

THE CHRISTMAS GARLAND.

BY MISS EMMA WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

CHRISTMAS is coming! The glad sound awakes a thrill of joy in many a heart. The children clap their tiny hands and laugh aloud in the exuberance of their mirth as bright visions of varied toys and rich confectionary flit before their minds. The sound of merry sports—the gathering of the social band—the banquet—all are scenes of joy. Shout on bright children, for your innocent mirth will rise as incense to Him who was even as one of you. The Son of God once reposed his head upon a mortal breast and wept the tears of infancy. Now risen to His throne of glory, his smile is still upon you, bright Blossoms of Blessedness.

Christmas is coming! is the cry of the young and gay, and with light hearts they prepare for the approaching festival. The holiday robes are chosen, and the presents selected which shall bring joy to so many hearts. The lover studies to determine what gift will be acceptable to his mistress, and the maiden dreams of love-tokens and honeyed words. Nor is the church forgotten amid the gathering of holiday array, for that, too, must be robed in beauty. The young claim its adornment as their appropriate sphere, and rich garlands of evergreen, mingled with scarlet berries, are twined around its pillars, or festooned along its walls. Swiftly speeds their welcome task, and a calm delight fills their hearts, as they remember Him who assumed mortality, and passed the ordeal of earthly life, that he might be, in all things, like unto mankind. Blessed be this thought, ye joyous ones, and if after-years shall bring sorrow or bitterness, ye may remember that the Holiest has trod that path before, and that deeper sorrow than mortality can suffer, once rested upon his guiltless head.

Christmas is coming! is the thought of the aged, and memory goes back to the joys of other years, when the pulses of life beat full and free, and their keen sensibilities were awake to the perception of the beautiful. Now the dim eye can no longer enjoy the full realization of beauty, and the ear is deaf to the melodies of Nature, but they can drink from the fountain of memory, and while looking upon the mirth of the youthful, recollect that once they, too, were light-hearted and joyous. Blessed to them is the approaching festival, and as they celebrate the birth of the Redeemer, they may remember that He bore the trials of life without a murmur, and laid down in the lone grave, to ensure the resurrection of the believer, while faith points to the hour when they shall inherit the glory prepared for them by His mission of suffering.

Christmas is coming! shouted we, the school-girls of Monteparaiso Seminary, as we rushed from the school-room, in glad anticipation of the holydays. How gladly we laid down the books over which we had been poring, vainly endeavoring to fix our minds upon their pages, and gathered in various groups to plan amusements for the coming festival. One week only, and the day would come, the pleasures of which we had been anticipating for months. Our stockings must be hung up on Christmas Eve, though the pleasure was sadly marred because each of us must, in our turn, represent the good Santa-Claus, and contribute to the stockings of our school-mates, instead of going quietly to bed, and finding them filled on Christmas morning by the good saint, or some of his representatives. How eagerly we watched the Hudson each morning, to see if its waves remained unfettered by ice, not only because the daily arrival of the steamboat from New York was an era in our un-eventful lives, but there were many of our number whose parents or friends resided in the city, from whom they expected visits or presents. We were like a prisoned sisterhood, yet we did not pine in our solitude, for there were always wild, mirth-loving spirits in our midst, so full of fun and frolic that the exuberance of their spirits was continually breaking out, much to the discomfort of tutors and governesses. When the holydays were approaching, and the strict discipline usually maintained among the pupils was somewhat relaxed, these outbreaks became more numerous, inasmuch that lessons were carelessly omitted, or left unlearned. When study hours were over misrule was triumphant. Lizzie Lincoln could not find a seat at the table where some of the older girls were manufacturing fancy articles for Christmas presents, and avenged herself by pinning together the dresses of the girls who were seated around the table, and afterward fastening each dress to the carpet. Fan Selby saw the manœuvre, and ran to her room, where she equipped herself in a frightful looking mask, which she had manufactured of brown paper, painted in horrid devices. Arrayed in this mask, and a long white wrapper, she came stalking in at the door of the sitting-room. In their fright the girls screamed and tried to rush from the table, when a scene of confusion ensued which beggars description. The noise reached the ears of the teachers, who came from different parts of the house to the scene of the riot, but ere they reached it, Fan had deposited the mask out of sight in her own room, and was again in her place, looking as innocent as if nothing had happened. She even aided the teachers in their search for the missing "fright." When this fruitless search was ended, and a monitor placed in the sit-

ting-room to prevent further riots, a new alarm was raised. Mary Lee blackened her face with burnt cork, and entered the kitchen by the outside door, begging for cold victuals, much to the terror of the raw Hibernians who were very quietly sitting before the fire, and telling tales of the Emerald Isle, for they feared a negro as they would some wild beast. They ran up stairs to give the alarm, but when they returned the bird had flown, and while a fruitless search was instituted throughout the basement, Mary was in her own room, hastily removing the ebony tinge from her face. Such were a few among the many wild pranks of the mischief spirits, invented to while away the time. Quite different from this was the employment of the "sisterhood." A number of the older pupils of the school had seated themselves night after night around the table which stood in the centre of the sitting-room, in nearly the same places, with their needle-work, until it was finally suggested, that, after the manner of the older people, we should form a regularly organized society. Each member should every night take her accustomed place, and one should read while the others were busy with their needle-work. To add a tinge of romance to the whole, we gave to each of our members the name of some flower as a soubriquet by which we might be known, and Lizzie Lincoln (our secretary) kept a humorous diary of the "Sayings and Doings of Flora's Sisterhood." Anna Lincoln was the presidentess of our society, and we gave her the name of Rose, because the queen of flowers seemed a fitting type of her majestic beauty. But the favorite of all was Clara Adams, to whom the name of Violet seemed equally appropriate. Her modesty, gentleness, and affectionate disposition had won the love of all, from Annie Lincoln, the oldest pupil, down to little Ella Selby, who lisped her praises of dear Clara Adams, and seemed to love her far better than she did her own mad-cap sister.

When we celebrated May-day Clara was chosen queen of May, though Lizzie Lincoln was more beautiful, and Anna seemed more queenly. It was the instinctive homage that young hearts will pay to goodness and purity, which made us feel as if she deserved the brightest crown we could bestow. If one of us were ill, Clara could arrange the pillows or bathe the throbbing temples more tenderly than any other, and bitter medicines seemed less disgusting when administered by her. Was there a hard lesson to learn, a difficult problem to solve, a rebellious drawing that would take any form or shadowing but the right one, Clara was the kind assistant, and either task seemed equally easy to her. While we sat around the table that evening, little Ella Selby was leaning on the back of Clara's chair, and telling, in her own childish way, of the manifold perfections of one Philip Sidney, a classmate of her brother in college, who had spent a vacation with him at her home. Ella was quite sure that no other gentleman was half so handsome, so good, or kind as Mr. Sidney, and she added,

"I know he loves Clara, for I have told him a great deal about her, and he says that he does."

The girls all laughed at her simple earnestness, and bright blushes rose in Clara's face. Many prophecies for the future were based on this slight foundation, and Clara was raised to the rank of a heroine. It needs but slight fuel to feed the flame of romance in a school-girl's breast, and these dreamings might have been indulged but for an interruption. An servant came, bringing a basket, with a note from the ladies engaged in decorating the church, requesting the young ladies of the school to prepare the letters for a motto on the walls of the church. The letters were cut from pasteboard, to be covered with small sprigs of box. Pleased with the novelty of our work, we were soon busily engaged, under the direction of Clara and Anna Lincoln. Even the "mischief spirits" ceased their revels to watch our progress. Thus passed that evening, and as the next day was Saturday, and of course a holyday, we completed our work. The garlands were not to be hung in the church until the Wednesday following, as Friday was Christmas day. We employed ourselves during study hours the intervening days in finishing the presents we had commenced for each other. On Wednesday morning Lucy Gray, one of our despatchers, brought a note from her mother, requesting that she might be excused from her afternoon lessons, and inviting the teachers and young ladies of the school to join them in dressing the church. Here was a prospect for us of some rare enjoyment; and how we plead for permission, and promised diligence and good behaviour for the future, that we remember their own school-days can easily imagine. At length permission was granted that Anna and Lizzie Lincoln, Fan Selby, Clara Adams, and I, accompanied by one of the teachers, might assist them for an hour or two in the afternoon. Never did hours seem longer to us than those that passed after the permission was given till we were on our way. The village was about half a mile from our seminary, but the walk was a very pleasant one, and when we reached the church our faces glowed with exercise in the keen December air. We found a very agreeable company assembled there, laughing and chatting gayly as they bound the branches of evergreen together in rich wreaths. Our letters were fastened to the walls, forming a beautiful inscription, and little remained to be done, save arranging the garlands. Clara and Fan Selby finished the wreath for the altar, and were fastening them in their place when a new arrival caused Fan to drop her wreath and hasten toward the new-comers, exclaiming,

"Brother Charles, I am so glad to see you!"

Then, after cordially greeting his companion, he asked eagerly of her brother,

"Have you come to take us home?"

"No, mad-cap," was the laughing reply, "was but too glad to be free for one Christmas from your wild pranks. Sidney is spending the Christmas holidays with me, and as the day was free we thought we would visit you. When we reached the village we learned that several of the young ladies of the school were at the church, and called, thinking that you might be of the number."

Turning to Sidney, Fan said, playfully, "Follow me, and I will introduce you to Ella's favorite, Clara Adams."

Before Clara had time to recover from her confusion caused by their entrance Fan had led Philip Sidney to her, and introduced him as the friend of whom little Ella had told her so much. The eloquent blushes in Clara's face revealed in part the dreams that had been excited in her breast, while Philip, with self-possessed gallantry, begged leave to assist her in her task, and uttered some commonplace expressions, till Clara was sufficiently composed to take her part in conversation. The teacher who accompanied us, alarmed at his attention, placed herself near them, but his manner was so respectful that she could find no excuse to interrupt their conversation. Philip Sidney was eminently handsome, and as his dark eye rested admiringly upon her, who will wonder that Clara became more than usually animated! nor is it strange that the low, musical tones of his voice, breathing thoughts of poetry with the earnestness of love, should awaken a new train of thought in the simple school-girl. She answered in few words, but the drooping of her fringed lids and the bright color in her cheek replied more eloquently than words. The moments flew swiftly, the garlands were placed, and the teacher who had watched them with an anxious eye, announced that it was time to return to the seminary. Philip knew too well the strictness of boarding-school rules to hope for a longer interview, yet even for the sake of looking longer on her graceful figure, and perchance stealing another glance from her bright eyes, he insisted upon seeing little Ella. Charles Selby objected, as it was growing late, and he had an engagement for the evening in the city. Reluctantly Philip bade Clara farewell, and from the door of the church watched her receding figure until she disappeared around the turn of the road. From that moment Clara was invested by her schoolmates with all the dignity of a heroine of romance, and half the giddy girls in school teased her mercilessly, and then laid their heads upon their pillows only to dream of lovers.

Christmas eve came. The elder ladies of the school accompanied our Principal to the church to listen to the services of the evening. We were scarcely seated when we perceived nearly opposite to us, that same Philip Sidney, who was the hero of our romance. Poor Clara! I sat by her side, and fancied I could hear the throbbing of her heart as those dark, expressive eyes were fixed again on hers, speaking the language of admiration too plainly to be mistaken. Then as the services proceeded, his countenance wore a shadow of deeper thought, and his eyes were fixed upon the speaker. Thus he remained in earnest attention till the services closed. When we left the church, a smile, and bow of recognition passed between him and Clara, but no word was spoken. Our sports that evening had no power to move her to mirth, but she remained silent and abstracted. The next Saturday Mrs. Selby came to see her daughter, and soon after her arrival, Fan laid

a small package on the table mysteriously, saying to Clara, "You must answer it immediately," and left the room. Clara broke the seal, and as she removed the envelope, a ring, containing a small diamond, beautifully set, fell to the floor. I picked it up, and looking on the inside, saw the name of Philip Sidney. As soon as she had read the note, she gave it to me, and placed the ring upon her finger. Then severing a small branch from a myrtle plant, which we kept in our room as a relic of home, she placed it, with a sprig of box, in an envelope, and, after directing it to Philip Sidney, gave it to Fan, who enclosed it in a letter to her brother. The note which Clara gave me was as follows:

"Forgive my presumption, dear Clara, in addressing you, so lately a stranger. Think not that I am an idle flatterer, when I say that your beauty and worth have awakened a deep love for you in my heart, and this love must be my excuse. I would have sought another interview with you, but I know the rules of your school would have forbid, and the only alternative remaining is to make this avowal, or be forgotten by you. I do not ask you now to promise to be mine, or even to love me, till I have proved myself worthy of your affection. My past life has been one of thoughtlessness and inaction, but it shall be my endeavor in future to atone for those misspent years. Your image will ever be with me as a bright spirit from whose presence I cannot flee, and whisper hope when my energies would fail. I only ask your remembrance till I am worthy to claim your love. If you do not see me or hear from me at the end of five years, you may believe that I have failed to secure the desired position in the world, or am no longer living. Will you grant me this favor—to wear the ring enclosed, and sometimes think of me? If so, send me some token by Mrs. S., to tell me that I may hope."

The evergreens, with their language of love and constancy were the token, and the ring sparkled upon Clara's finger, so that I knew well that Philip Sidney would not soon be forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

A GLANCE AT HOME.

THE little village of Willowdale is situated in one of those romantic dells which are found here and there among the hills of Massachusetts. A small stream, tributary to the Connecticut, flows through the village, so small that it is barely sufficient to furnish the necessary mill-seats for the accommodation of a community of farmers, but affording no encouragement to manufacturers. It is to this reason, perhaps, that we may attribute the fact that a place, which was amongst the earliest settlements of Massachusetts, should remain to this day so thinly inhabited. The rage for manufactures, so prevalent in New England, has led speculators to place factories on every stream of sufficient power to keep them in operation, and a spirit of enterprise and locomotion has caused railroads to pass through sections of the country hitherto unfrequented by others than tillers

of the soil. Cities have sprung up where before were only small villages, and brisk little villages are found, where a few years ago were only solitary farm-houses. But in spite of all such changes, Willowdale has escaped the ravages of these merciless innovators. The glassy river still glides on in its natural bed, and even the willows on its banks, from which the village takes its name, are suffered to stand, unscathed by the woodman's axe. The "iron horse" has never disturbed the inhabitants by his shrill voice, and the rattling of cars has not broken upon the stillness of a summer-day. The village is not on the direct route from any of the principal cities to others, consequently the inhabitants suffer little apprehension of having their fine farms cut up by rail-road tracks. The village consists of one principal street, with houses built on both sides, at sufficient distances from the street and each other, to admit of those neat yards, with shade-trees, flowers, and white fences, which are the pride of New England, and scattered among the surrounding fields are tasteful farm-houses.

There are two houses of worship in the place: the Episcopal church, which was erected by the first settlers, before the revolution; and the Congregationalist house, more recently built. There is but little trade carried on in the place, and one store is sufficient to supply the wants of the inhabitants. The Episcopal church stands on a slight eminence, at a little distance from the main street of the village, and a lane extending beyond it leads to the parsonage. A little farther down this lane is my father's house, and nearly opposite the house of Deacon Lee, the home of Clara Adams. Clara was left an orphan at an early age. Her father was the son of an early friend of the old rector. The latter, having no children, adopted Henry Adams, and educated him as his own son, in the hope of preparing him for the ministry, but with that perversity so common in human nature, the youth determined to become an artist. The rector, not wishing to force him unwillingly into the sacred office, consented that he should pursue his favorite art. He placed him under the tuition of one of the first painters in a neighboring city, hoping that his natural genius, aided by his ambition, might enable him to excel. Henry Adams followed his new pursuit with all the ardor of an impetuous nature, till the bright eyes of Clara Lee won his heart, and his thoughts were directed in a new channel, until he had persuaded her to share his lot. It proved, indeed, a darkened lot to the young bride. Her husband was a reckless, unsatisfied being, and though he ever loved her with all the affection of which such natures are capable, the warm expressions of his love, varied by fits of peevishness and ill-humor, were so unlike the calm, unchanging devotedness of her nature that she felt a bitter disappointment. Soon after the birth of their daughter his health failed, and he repaired to Italy for the benefit of a more genial climate, and in the hope of perfecting himself in his art. He lived but a few months after his arrival there, and the sad intelligence came like a death-blow to his bereaved wife. She lingered a

year at the parsonage, a saddened mourner, and her wearied spirit found its rest. The old rector would gladly have nurtured the little orphan as his child, but he could not resist the entreaties of Deacon Lee, her mother's brother, and reluctantly consented to have her removed to his house. Yet much of her time was spent at the parsonage, and growing up it were in an atmosphere of love, it is not strange that gentleness was the ruling trait of her character. Deacon Lee was one of that much-slandered class, the Congregationalist deacons of New England, who have so often been described with a pen dipping in gall, if we may judge from the bitterness of the sketches. Scribblers delight in portraying these rum-selling hypocrites, sly toppers, lovers of gain and fomenters of dissension, and so far has this been carried, that no tale of Yankee cunning or fraud is complete unless the hero is a deacon. It is true there are far too many such instances in our life, where eminence in the church is their only standing, and the name of religion is but a cloak for selfish vices, but it is equally true that among this class of men are the good, the true, and kind of this earth, whose lives are ruled by the same pure principles which they profess. Such was Deacon Lee, and it were well if there were more like him, to remove the stain which others of an opposite character have brought upon the office. He was one of those whom sorrow purifies, and had bowed in humble resignation to heavy afflictions. Of a large family only one son had lived to attain the years of manhood. The mother of Clara had been very dear to him, and he felt that her orphan child would supply, in a measure, the place of his own lost ones. His wife was his opposite, and theirs was one of those unaccountable unions where there is apparently no bond of sympathy. Stern and exact in the performance of every duty, she wished to enforce the same rigid observance upon others. The loss of her children had roused in her a zeal for religion, which, in one of a warmer temperament, would have led to fanaticism. While her husband was a worshiper from a love of God and his holy laws, she was prompted by fears of the wrath to come. He bowed in thankfulness, even while he wept their loss, to the Power that had borne his little ones to a brighter world, while her life gained new austerity from the thought that they had been taken from her as a judgment on her worldliness and idolatry. She loved to dwell upon the sufferings of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, and emulate their rigid lives, forgetting that it was the dark persecution of the times in which they lived that left this impress upon their characters. Her husband loved to commend the good deeds of their neighbors, while she was equally fond of censuring transgressors. Perhaps the result of their efforts was better than it would have been had both possessed the disposition of either one of them. Her firmness and energy atoned for the negligence resulting from his easy temper, and his sunny smile and kind words softened the asperity with which she would have ruled her household. Their son was engaged in mercantile business in a neigh-

laboring city, and their home would have been desolate but for the presence of little Clara. She was the sunshine of the old man's heart, and he forgot toil and weariness when he sat down by his own fireside, with the merry prattler upon his knee, and her little arms were twined about his neck. She was the image of his lost sister, and it seemed to him but a little while since her mother had sat thus upon his knee, and lavished her caresses upon him. In spite of the predictions of the worthy dame that she would be spoiled, he indulged her every wish, checking only the inclination to do wrong. Nor was the good lady herself without affection for the little orphan, but she wished to engraft a portion of her own sternness into her nature, and in her horror of prelaty she did not like to have such a connecting link between her family and that of the rector. She had never loved Clara's father, yet she could not find it in her heart to be unkind to the little orphan, so she contented herself with laying his faults and follies at the door of the church to which he belonged. Clara had been my playfellow from infancy, and at the village school we had pursued our studies together. When my parents decided to place me at a boarding-school on the banks of the Hudson, I plead earnestly with the deacon that Clara might go with me. Her aunt objected strenuously to her acquiring the superficial accomplishments of the world, but the old man for once in his life was firm, and declared that Clara should have as good an education as any one in the vicinity. Accordingly we were placed at Montpelier Seminary, where was laid the scene of the last chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN HOME.

Our school-days passed, as school-days ever will, sometimes happily, and again lingering as if they would never be gone. Clara was still the same sweet, simple-minded innocent girl, but her mirth was subdued by thoughtfulness, though the calm tranquillity of her life was unruffled by the new feeling that had found a place in her heart. She pursued her studies with constant assiduity, and at the close of our third year at school, was the first scholar in the institution. She was advanced beyond others of her age when she entered, and had improved every opportunity to the best of her abilities after becoming a member of the school. Three years was the period assigned for our school-days, and we were to return to Willowdale at the close of that time. Though we loved our school-mates dearly, we were happy to think of meeting once more with the friends from whom we had so long been separated. Anna Lincoln had left the year before, and Lizzie had taken her place as Presidentess of "the Sisterhood." Fan Selby had left off her wild pranks and become quite sedate. Mary Lee was less boisterous in her mirth than formerly, and the younger members of the school seemed ready to take the places of those who were about to leave. It was sad for us when we bade farewell to the companions of years, though

we were pleased with the thought of seeing more of the world than a school-girl's life would allow. I will not attempt to describe our joy when we were once more at our homes, nor the warm reception of those around our own firesides. Never was there a happier man than old Deacon Lee, as he led Clara to the window, that he might better see the rich bloom on her cheek, and the light of her eye. "Thank God!" was his fervent ejaculation, "that you have come to us in health. I was afraid that so much poring over books would make you look pale and delicate, as your poor mother did before she died. How much you are like what she was at your age." Then with a feeling of childish delight he opened the door of their rustic parlor, and showed her a small collection of new books, a present from the rector, and a neat piano, which he had purchased himself in Boston to surprise her on her return.

"You are still the same dear, kind uncle," said Clara, as she ran her fingers over the keys, and found its tone excellent; "you are always thinking of something to make me happy. How shall I ever repay your kindness?"

"By enjoying it," was his reply. "The old man has a right to indulge his darling, and nothing else in this world can make him so happy as to see your rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and hear your merry voice; but let us hear you sing; and lay."

Tears of delight glistened in the old man's eyes as she warbled several simple airs to a graceful accompaniment. Mrs. Lee sighed deeply, and would have given them a long lecture upon the vanities and frivolities of the world, had not Clara changed the strain, and sung some of her favorite hymns.

"Are you not tired?" asked her uncle, with his usual considerate kindness. "Come, let us go to the garden, and see the dahlias I planted, because I knew the other flowers would be killed by the frost before you came home."

"With pleasure," answered Clara; "but first let me sing a song that I have learned on purpose to please you."

Then she sung the beautiful words, "He doeth all things well." The old man's eyes beamed with a holy light as he listened to the exquisite music which expressed the sentiments that had pervaded his life. As she rose from the piano, he laid his hands upon her head caressingly, saying, "Blessed be His name, who guards my treasures in Heaven, and has still left me this rich possession on earth." The old lady, melted by the sight of his emotion, and the sentiment expressed, clasped her to her heart, and called her her own dear child.

Months glided on with swift wings, and even Mrs. Lee was forced to give up her arguments against a fashionable education. She had predicted that Clara would be a fine lady, and feel above performing the common duties of life; but every morning with the early dawn she shared the tasks of her aunt, and seemed as much at home in the dairy or kitchen as when seated at her piano. Her step was as light and graceful while tripping over the fields as it had been in the dance, and her fingers as skillful in making

her own and her aunt's dresses, as they had been at her embroidery. The good dame had learned to love the piano, and more than once admitted that she would feel quite lonely without it. So she was fain to retreat from her position, by saying that her old opinions held good as general rules, though Clara was an exception, for no one else was ever like her. At length her old feelings revived when a young farmer in the neighborhood aspired to the hand of Clara, and was kindly, though firmly, refused. She was sure that it came of pride, and that the novels she had read had filled her head with ideas of high life. But her good uncle came to the rescue, and declared that her inclinations should not be crossed, and he had no wish that she should marry till she could be happier with another than she was with them. Clara longed to tell him of her acquaintance with Philip Sidney, but she feared it would make him anxious, and resolved to say nothing till time had proved the truth of her lover. From this time forth the subject of her marriage was not mentioned, and Clara was left free to pursue her own inclinations. Her presence was a continual source of happiness to her uncle, and her life flowed on like a gentle stream, diffusing blessings on all around her, while a sense of happiness conferred threw a lustre around every hour.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

Five years had passed since the commencement of our tale, and Clara and I still remained at our homes in Willowdale. Life had passed gently with us, and the friendship formed in our school-days remained unbroken. It was sweet to recall those days; and we passed many a pleasant hour in the renewal of old memories. Clara had heard nothing from Philip Sidney, save once, about a year before, when a letter from Fan Selby informed her that he had called on them. He had inquired very particularly after Clara, and said that he intended to visit Willowdale the following year, but where the intervening time was to be passed she did not know. It seemed very strange to me that Clara should not doubt his truth from his long silence, but her faith remained unshaken.

It was the day before Christmas, and the young people of Willowdale were assembled to finish the decorations of the church. The garlands were hung in deep festoons along the walls, and twined around the pillars. The pulpit and altar were adorned with wreaths tastefully woven of branches of box mingled with the dark-green leaves and scarlet berries of the holly, the latter gathered from trees which the old rector had planted in his youth, and carefully preserved for this purpose. On the walls over the entrance was the inscription, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men," in letters covered with box, after the model of those we had seen in our school-days. We surveyed our work with pleasure, mingled with anxiety to discover any improvement that might be made, for we

knew that a stranger was that night to address us. The growing infirmities of the old rector had for a long time rendered the duties of a pastor very fatiguing to him, and he had announced to us on Sabbath before, that a young relative who had lately taken orders, would be with him on Christmas Eve and assist him until his health should be improved. The news was unwelcome to the older members of the congregation, who had been so long accustomed to hear instruction from their aged pastor that the thought of seeing another stand in his place was fraught with pain to them. He had been truly the friend, sharing their joys and sorrows—and his hearts were linked to him as children's to a parent. At the baptismal font, the marriage altar, and at the last sad rites of the departed, he had presided, and seemed as if the voice of a stranger must strike harshly upon their ears. But to the young there was pleasure in the thought of change; and though they dearly loved the old man, the charm of novelty was thrown around their dreams of his successor. No one knew his name, though rumor whispered that he had just returned from England, where he had spent the last year. No wonder, then, that we looked with critic eyes upon our work, eager to know how it must appear to one who had traveled abroad, and lingered among the rich cathedrals of our fatherland. Clara alone seemed indifferent, and was often rallied on her want of interest in the young stranger. I alone read her secret, as she glanced at the gem which sparkled upon her finger, for I knew that her thoughts were with the past—and Philip Sidney.

Christmas Eve arrived, as bright and beautiful as the winter nights of the North. A light snow covered the ground, and the Frost King had encrusted it with thousands of glittering diamonds. The broad expanse of the valley was radiant in the moonbeams, and the branches of the willows were glittering with frosty gems. The church was brilliantly lighted, and the blaze from its long windows left a bright reflection upon the pure surface of the snow. The merry ringing of sleigh-bells were heard in every direction, and numerous sleighs deposited their burden at the door. There was a general gathering of the young people from ours and the neighboring villages, to witness the services of the evening, no brighter eyes than a city assembly could boast, shined in the lamp-light. The garlands were more beautiful in this subdued light than they had been in the glare of day, and their richness was like a magic spell of beauty to enthrall the senses of the beholder. Clara and I were seated in one of the pews directly in front of the altar, occasionally looking back to see the new arrivals, and return the greetings of friends from other villages. Suddenly the organ swelled in a full peal of music, and the old pastor entered, followed by the youthful stranger. There was no time to scrutinize the features of the latter ere he knelt and concealed his face, yet there was something in the jetty curls that rested upon his snowy surplice, as his head laid within his folded hands that looked familiar, and Clara involuntarily grasped my hand. As he arose and opened the prayer-book to turn to the

services of the evening, he took a momentary survey of the congregation. That glance was enough to tell us that the stranger was Philip Sidney. As his eye met Clara's, a crimson flush spread over his pale face, his dark eye glowed, and his hand trembled slightly as he turned over the leaves. It was but a moment ere he was calm and self-possessed again, and when he commenced reading the services his voice was clear and rich. The deepest silence pervaded the assembly, save when the responses rose from every part of the house. Then the organ peals, and the sweet voices of the choir joined in the anthems, and again all was still. The charm of eloquence is universally acknowledged, and the statesman, the warrior, and votary of science have all wielded it as a weapon of might, but we can never feel its irresistible power so fully as when listening to its richness from the pulpit. The perfect wisdom of holy writ, the majesty of thought, and purity of sentiment it inspires, will elevate the mind of the hearer above surrounding objects, and when to this power is added beauty of language and a musical voice, the spell is deeper. Such was the charm that held all in silent attention while Philip Sidney spoke. The scene was one which would tend to fix the mind on the event it was designed to commemorate, and the sweet music of his words might remind one of the angel's song proclaiming "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men." Richer seemed its melody, and more beautiful his language, as he dwelt upon the love and mercy of the Redeemer's mission, and the hope of everlasting life it brought to the perishing. He led them back to the hour when moral darkness enshrouded the world, and mankind were doomed to perish under the frown of an offended God. There was but one ray to cheer the gloom, the prophetic promise of the Messiah who should come to redeem the world. To this they looked, and vainly dreamed that he should appear in regal splendor, to gather his followers and form a temporal kingdom. Far from this, the angel's song was breathed to simple shepherds, and the star in the East pointed out a stable as the lowly birth-place of the Son of God. He came, not to rule in splendor in the palaces of kings, but to bring the gospel of peace to the lowliest habitations, and fix his throne in the hearts of the meek and humble-minded. He claimed no tribute of this world's wealth as an offering, but the love and obedience of those whom he came to save. Earnestly the speaker besought his hearers to yield to their Saviour the adoration which was his due, and requite His all-excelling love with the purest and deepest affections of their hearts. Every eye was fixed upon the speaker, every ear intently listened to catch his words, and tears suffused the eyes so lately beaming with gayety. At the close of his eloquent appeal, there were few in that congregation unmoved. The closing prayers were read, the benediction pronounced, and the audience gradually left the house. Clara and I were the last to leave our seats, and as we followed the crowd that had gathered in the aisles before us she did not speak, but

the hand that rested in mine trembled like a frightened bird. Suddenly a voice behind us whispered the name of Clara. She turned and met the gaze of Philip Sidney. The trusting faith of years had its reward, and those so long severed met again. Not wishing to intrude upon the joy of that moment, I left them, and followed on with the old rector. We walked on in the little foot-path that led to our homes; and while Clara's hand rested upon his arm, the young clergyman told the tale of his life since their parting.

"But how did it come," asked Clara, "that you chose the sacred profession of the ministry?"

"I cannot fully trace the source of the emotions that led me to become a worshiper at the throne of the Holiest, unless it is true that the love of the pure and good of earth is the first pluming of the soul's pinions for heaven. I went to church that Christmas eve, urged only by the wish to look upon your face once more, yet, when there, the words of the speaker won my attention. I had listened to others equally eloquent many times before; but that night my heart seemed more susceptible to religious impressions. I felt a deep sense of the folly and ingratitude of my past life, and firmly resolved for the future to live more worthily of the immortal treasure that was committed to my charge. Prayerfully and earnestly I studied the Word of Life, and resolved to devote myself to the ministry. I wrote to my worthy relative, the rector of Willowdale, for his advice, and found, to my great joy, that he was your devoted friend. He condemned my rashness in the avowal I had made to you, and insisted that there should be no communication between us until I had finished my studies. I consented, on condition that he should write frequently and inform me of your welfare. One year ago I had completed my studies, and would have hastened to you, but my stern Mentor insisted that I should travel abroad, as he said, to give me a better knowledge of human nature, and test the truth of my early affection. I have passed the ordeal, and now, after an absence of five years, returned to you unchanged in heart."

The rest of the conversation was lost to me, as I reached my home; but that it was satisfactory to those engaged in it I know from the fact, that the next day I had the pleasure of congratulating Clara upon her engagement, with the full consent of her relatives. The remainder of the tale is quickly told. The old rector resigned his pastoral charge to Philip Sidney, with the full approbation of his parishioners; and it was arranged that the old rector and his wife should remain at the parsonage with the young clergyman and his bride. Deacon Lee became warmly attached to Philip, and felt a father's interest in the happiness of Clara, though he sometimes chid her playfully for keeping their early acquaintance a secret from him. As for Mrs. Lee, she was so proud of the honor of being aunt to a minister, that she almost forgot her dislike to prelacy. It is true she was once heard to say to one of her gossiping acquaintances, that she would have been better pleased if Clara had married a good Congregationalist minister, even if he had not preached quite so flowery sermons as Philip Sidney.

One bright day in the month of May following was their wedding-day. The bride looked beautiful in her pure white dress of muslin, with a wreath of May-blossoms in her hair. Blessings were invoked on the youthful pair by all, both high and low, and

sincere good wishes expressed for their future happiness. Here I will leave them, with the wish that the affection of early years may remain through life undimmed, and that the Christmas Garland, so linked with the history of their loves, may be their emblem.

HEADS OF THE POETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.—CHAUCER.

—Chaucer's healthy Muse,
Did wisely one sweet instrument to choose—
The native reed ; which, tutored with rare skill,
Brought other Muses* down to aid its trill !
A cheerful song that sometimes quaintly masked
The fancy, as the affections sweetly tasked ;
And won from England's proud and *foreign* court,
For native England's *songue*, a sweet report—
And sympathy—till in due time it grew
A permanent voice that proved itself the true,
And rescued the brave language of the land,
From that which helped to strengthen the invader's hand.
Thus, with great patriot service, making clear
The way to other virtues quite as dear
In English liberty—which could grow alone,
When English speech grew pleasant to be known ;
To spell the ears of princes, and to make
The peasant worthy for his poet's sake.

II.—SHAKSPEARE.

—'T were hard to say,
Upon what instrument did Shakspeare play—
Still harder what he did not ! He had all
The orchestra at service, and could call
To use, still other implements, unknown,
Or only valued in his hands alone !
The Lyre, whose burning inspiration came
Still darting upward, sudden as the flame ;
The murmuring wind-harp, whose melodious sighs
Seem still from hopefulest heart of love to rise,
And gladden even while grieving ; the wild strain
That night-winds wake from reeds that breathe in pain,
Though breathing still in music ; and that voice,
Which most he did affect—whose happy choice
Made sweet flute-accents for humanity
Out of that living heart which cannot die,
The Catholic, born of love, that still controls
While man is man, the tide in man's souls.

III.—THE SAME.

—His universal song
Who sung by Avon, and with purpose strong
Compelled a voice from native oracles,
That still survive their altars by their spells—
Guarding with might each avenue to fame,
Where, trophied over all, glows Shakspeare's name !
The mighty master-hand in his we trace,
If erring often, never commonplace ;
Forever frank and cheerful, even when wo
Commands the tear to speak, the sigh to flow ;
Sweet without weakness, without storming, strong,
Jest not o'erstrained, nor argument too long ;
Still true to reason, though intent on sport,
His wit ne'er drives his wisdom out of court ;

* The Italian. † Norman. ‡ The French.

A brooklet now, a noble stream anon,
Careering in the meadows and the sun ;
A mighty ocean next, deep, far and wide,
Earth, life and Heaven, all imaged in its tide !
Oh ! when the master bends him to his art,
How the mind follows, how vibrates the heart ;
The mighty grief o'ercomes us as we hear,
And the soul hurries, hungering, to the ear ;
The willing nature, yielding as he sings,
Unfolds her secret and bestows her wings,
Glad of that best interpreter, whose skill
Brings hosts to worship at her sacred hill !

IV.—SPENSER.

It was for Spenser, by his quaint device
To spiritualize the passionate, and subdue
The wild, coarse temper of the British Muse,
By meet diversion from the absolute :
To lift the fancy, and, where still the song
Proclaimed a wild humanity, to sway
Soothingly soft, and by fantastic wiles
Persuade the passions to a milder clime !
His was the song of chivalry, and wrought
For like results upon society ;
Artful in high degree, with plan obscure,
That mystified to lure, and, by its spells,
Making the heart forgetful of itself
To follow out and trace its labyrinth,
In that forgetfulness made visible !
Such were the uses of his Muse ; to say
How proper and how exquisite his lay,
How quaintly rich his making—with what art
He fashioned fairy realms and paints their queen,
How purely—with how delicate a skill—
It needs not, since his song is with us still !

V.—MILTON.

The master of a single instrument,
But that the Cathedral Organ ; Milton sings
With drooping spheres about him, and his eye
Fixed steadily upward, through its mortal cloud,
Seeing the glories of Eternity !
The sense of the invisible and true
Still present to his soul, and in his song ;
The consciousness of duration through all time,
Of work in each condition, and of hopes
Ineffable, that well sustain through life,
Encouraging through danger and in death,
Cheering, as with a promise rich in wings !
A godlike voice that, through cathedral towers
Still rolls, prolonged in echoes, whose deep tones
Seem born of thunder, that subdued to music
Soothe when they startle most ! A Prophet Bard,
With utterance equal to his mission of power,
And harmonies that, not unworthy heaven,
Might well lift earth to equal worthiness.

VI.—BURNS AND SCOTT.

—Not forgotten or denied,
 Scott's trumpet-lay, and Burns's violin-song;
 The one a call to arms, of action fond;
 The other, still discoursing to the heart—
 The lowly human heart—of loves and joys—
 Such as becom the cotter's calm fire-side—
 Cheerful and buoyant still amid a sadness—
 Such sadness as still couples love with care!

VII.—BYRON.

—For Byron's home and fame,
 It needed manhood only! Had he known
 How sorrow should be borne, nor sunk in shame,
 For that his destiny decreed to moan—
 His Muse had been triumphant over Time
 As still she is o'er Passion; still sublime—
 Having subdued her soul's infirmity
 To alimnt; and, with herself o'ercome,
 O'ercome the barriers of Eternity,
 And lived through all the ages, with a sway
 Complete, and unembarrassed by the doom
 That makes of Nature's porcelain, common clay!

VIII.—A GROUP.

*Shelly and Wordsworth;—Tennyson, Barrett, Horne and
 Browning;—Baily and Taylor;—Campbell and Moore.*

—As one who had been brought,
 By Fairy hands, and as a changeling left
 In human cradle, the sad substitute
 For a more smiling infant—Shelly sings
 Vague minstrelies that speak a foreign birth,
 Among erratic tribes; yet not in vain
 His moral, and the fancies in his flight
 Not without profit for another race!
 He left his spirit with his voice—a voice
 Solely spiritual, which will long suffice
 To wing the otherwise earthy of the time,
 And, with the subtler leaven of the soul,
 Inform the impetuous passions!

With him came

Antagonist, yet still with sympathy,
 Wordsworth, the Bard of the contemplative,
 A voice of purest thought in sweetest music!
 —These, in themselves unlike, together linked,
 Appear in unison in after days,
 Making progressive still, the mental births,
 That pass successively through rings of time,
 Each to a several conquest; most unlike
 That of its sire, yet borrowing of its strength,
 Where needful, and endowing it with new,
 To meet the new necessity which still
 Haunts the free progress of each conquering race.
 —Thus, Tennyson and Barrett, Browning, Horne,
 Blend their opposing faculties, and speak
 For that fresh nature, which in daily things
 Beholds the immortal, and from common forms
 Extorts the Eternal still! So Baily sings
 In Festus; so, upon a humbler rank,
 Testing the worth of social policies,
 As working through a single human will,
 The Muse of Taylor argues—Artevelde,
 Being the man who marks a popular growth,
 And notes the transit of a thought through time,
 Growing as still it speeds. . . .

Exquisite

The ballads of Campbell, and the lays of Moore,
 Appealing to our tastes, our gentler moods,
 The play of the affections, or the thoughts
 That come with national pride; and as we pause
 In our own march, delight the sentiment!
 But nothing they make for progress. They perfect
 The language, and diversify its powers—
 Please and beguile, and, for the forms of art,
 Prove what they are, and may be. But they lift
 None of our standards; help us not in growth;
 Compel no prosecution of our search,
 And leave us, where they found us—with the time!

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

Poor stricken one! whose toil can gain,
 And barely gain, the coarsest fare,
 From bitter thoughts and words refrain;
 Yield not to dark despair!

The blackest night that e'er was born
 Was followed by a radiant morn;
 Heed not the world's unfeeling scorn,
 Nor think life's brittle thread to sever;
 Hope on—hope ever!

Hope, though your sun is hid in gloom,
 And o'er your care-worn, wrinkled brow,
 Grief spreads his shadow—'t is the doom
 That falls on many now.

Grim Poverty, with icy hand,
 May bind to earth with ruthless band
 Bright gifted ones throughout the land;
 But struggle still that band to sever—
 Hope on—hope ever!

Sit not and pine that FORTUNE led
 Another on to grasp her wreath;
 The same blue sky is o'er thy head,
 The same green earth beneath,
 The same bright angel-eyes look down,

Each night upon the humblest clown,
 That sees the king with jeweled crown;
 Of these, stern fate can rob thee never—
 Hope on—hope ever!

What though the proud should pass thee by,
 And curl their haughty lips with scorn;
 Like thee, they soon must droop and die,
 For all of woman born,
 Are journeying to a shadowy land,
 Where each devoid of pride must stand,
 By hovering wings of angels' fanned;
 There sorrow can assail thee never—
 Hope on—hope ever!

Then plod along with tearless eye,
 Poor son of toil! and ne'er repine,
 The road through barren wastes may lie,
 And thorns, as oft hath mine;
 But there was ONE who came to earth,
 Star-heralded at hour of birth,
 Humble, obscure, unknown his worth,
 Whose path was thornier far. Weep never!
 Hope on—hope ever!

MEXICAN JEALOUSY.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

BY SCOTIER.

On the 15th of September, two days after the storming of Chapultepec, a small party of soldiers, in dark uniforms, were seen to issue from the great gate of that castle, and, winding down the Calzada, turn towards the City of Mexico. This occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning. The day was very hot, and the sun, glancing vertically upon the flinty rocks that paved the causeway, rendered the heat more oppressive.

At the foot of the hill the party halted, taking advantage of the shade of a huge cypress tree, to set down a litera, which four men carried upon their shoulders. This they deposited under one of the arches of the aqueduct in order the better to protect its occupant from the hot rays of the sun.

The occupant of the litera was a wounded man, and the pale and bloodless cheek, and fevered eye showed that his wound was not a slight one. There was nothing around to denote his rank, but the camp cloak, of dark blue, and the crimson sash, which lay upon the litera, showed that the wounded man was an officer. The sash had evidently been saturated with blood, which was now dried upon it, leaving parts of it shriveled like, and of a darker shade of crimson. It had staunched the life-blood of its wearer upon the 13th. The soldiers stood around the litter, their bronzed faces turned upon its occupant, apparently attentive to his requests. There was something in the gentle care with which these rude men seemed to wait upon the young officer, that bespoke the existence of a stronger feeling than mere humanity. There was that admiration which the brave soldiers feel for him who has led them in the field of battle, at their head. That small group were among the first who braved the frowning muzzles of the cannon upon the parapets of Chapultepec. The wounded officer had led them to those parapets.

The scene around exhibited the usual indications of a recent field of battle. There were batteries near, with dismounted cannon, broken carriages, fragments of shells, dead horses, whose riders lay by them, dead too, and still unburied. Parties were strolling about, busied with this sad duty, but heaps of mangled carcasses still lay above ground, exhibiting the swollen limbs and distorted features of decomposition. The atmosphere was heavy with the disagreeable odor, and the wounded man, turning upon his pillow, gently commanded the escort to proceed. Four stout soldiers again took up the litera, and the party moved slowly along the aqueduct, toward the Garita Belen. The little escort halted at intervals for rest and to change bearers. The fine trees that line the great aqueduct on the Tacubaya road, though much torn and mangled by the canno-

nade of the 13th, afforded a fine shelter from the sun-beams. In two hours after leaving Chapultepec the escort entered the Garita Belen, passed up the Paseo Nuevo, and halted in front of the Alameda.

Any one who has visited the City of Mexico will recollect, that opposite the Alameda, on its southern front, is a row of fine houses, which continue on to the Calle San Francisco, and thence to the Great Plaza, forming the Calles Correo, Plateros, &c. These streets are inhabited principally by foreigners particularly that of Plateros, which is filled with Frenchmen. To prevent their houses from being entered by the American soldiery upon the 14th, the windows were filled with national flags, indicating to what nation the respective owners of the house belonged. There were Belgians, French, English, Prussians, Spanish, Danes, and Austrians—in fact, every kind of flag. Mexican flags alone were not to be seen. Where these should have been, at this time, the white flag—the banner of peace—hung from the iron railings, or from the balcony. In front of the house that bore this simple ensign, the cart, with the litera, had accidentally stopped.

The eye of the wounded officer rested mechanically upon the little flag over his head, when his attention was arrested by noticing that this consisted of a small, white lace handkerchief, handsomely embroidered upon the corners, and evidently such as belonged to some fair being. Though suffering from the agony of his wound, there was something so attractive in this discovery, that the eyes of the invalid were immediately turned upon the window, or rather grating, from which the flag was suspended, and his countenance changed at once, from the listless apathy of pain to an expression of eager interest. A young girl was in the window, leaning her forehead against the *reja*, or grating, and looking down with more of painful interest than curiosity upon the pale face beneath her. It was the window of the entrance, slightly raised above the street, and the young girl herself was evidently of that class known to the aristocracy of Mexico as the "*lepereros*." She was tastefully dressed, however, in the picturesque costume of her class and country, and her beautiful black hair, her dark Indian eye, the half olive, half carmine tinge upon her soft cheek, formed a countenance at once strange, and strikingly beautiful. Her neck, bosom, and shoulders, seen over the window-stone, were of that form which strikes you as possessing more of the oval than the rotund, in short the model of the perfect woman.

On seeing the gaze of the wounded man so intently fixed upon her, the young girl blushed, and drew back. The officer felt disappointed and sorry, as

one feels when the light, or a beautiful object is suddenly removed from his sight; still, however, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon the window, as though unable to un rivet his gaze. This continued for some moments, when a beautiful arm was plunged through the iron grating, holding in the most delicate little fingers a glass of piñal.

A soldier stepped up, and taking the proffered glass, held it to the lips of the wounded officer, who gladly drank of the cool and refreshing beverage, without being able to thank the fair donor, who had withdrawn her hand at parting with the glass. The glass was held up to the window, but the hand that clutched it was coarse and large, and evidently that of a man. A muttered curse, too, in the Spanish language, was heard to proceed from within. This was heard but indistinctly. The invalid gazed at the window for some minutes, expecting the return of the beautiful apparition, then as if he had given up all hope, he called out a "gracias-adios!" and ordered the escort to move on. The soldiers, once more shouldering the *litera*, passed up the Calle Correo, and entered the Hotel Compagnon, in the street of Espiritu Santo.

For two months the invalid was confined to his chamber, but often, during that time, both waking and dreaming, the face of the beautiful Mexican girl would flit across his fevered fancy. At the end of this time his surgeon gave him permission to ride out in an easy carriage. He was driven to the Alameda, where he ordered the carriage to halt under the shade of its beautiful trees, and directly in front of the spot where he had rested on entering the city. He recognized the little window. The white flag was not now there, and he could see nothing of the inmates. He remained a considerable time seated in the carriage, gazing upon the house, but no face appeared at the cold iron grating, no smile to cheer his vigil. Tired and disappointed, he ordered his carriage to be driven back to the hotel.

Next day he repeated the manœuvre, and the next, and the next, with a like success. Probably he had not chosen the proper time of day. It was certainly not the hour when the lovely faces of the Mexican women appear in their balconies. This reflection induced him to change the hour, and, upon the day following, he ordered his carriage in the evening. Just before twilight, it drew up as usual under the tall trees of the Alameda. Imagine the delight of the young officer, at seeing the face of the beautiful Mexican through the gratings of the *reja*.

The stir made by the stopping of the carriage had attracted her. The uniform of its inmate was the next object of her attention, but when her eyes fell upon the face of the wearer, a strange expression came over her countenance, as if she were struggling with some indistinct recollections, and all at once that beautiful countenance was suffused with a smile of joy. She had recognized the officer. The latter, who had been an anxious observer of every change of expression, smiled in return, and bowed an acknowledgment, then turning to his servant, who was a Mexican, he told him, in Spanish, to approach the

window, and offer his thanks to the young lady for her act of kindness upon the 15th of September.

The servant delivered the message, and shortly afterward the carriage drove off. For several evenings the same carriage might be seen standing under the trees of the Alameda. An interesting acquaintance had been established between the young officer and the Mexican girl. About a week afterward, and the carriage appeared no more. The invalid had been restored to perfect strength.

December came, and upon the 15th of this month, about half an hour before twilight, an American officer, wrapped in a light Mexican cloak, passed down the Calle San Francisco, and crossed into the Alameda. Here he stopped, leaning against a tree, as though observing the various groups of citizens, who passed in their picturesque dresses. His eye, however, was occasionally turned upon the houses upon the opposite side of the street, and with a glance of stealthy, but eager inquiry. At length the well-known form of the beautiful "lepera" appeared at the window, who, holding up her hand, adroitly signaled the officer with her taper, fan-like fingers. The signal was answered. She had scarcely withdrawn her hand inside the *reja* when a dark, scowling face made its appearance at her side, her hand was rudely seized, and with a scream she disappeared. The young officer fancied he saw the bright gleaming of a stiletto within the gloomy grating.

He rushed across the street, and in a moment stood beneath the window. Grasping the strong iron bars, he lifted himself up so as to command a view of the inside, which was now in perfect silence. His horror may be imagined when, on looking into the room, he saw the young girl stretched upon the floor, and, to all appearances, dead. A stream of blood was running from beneath her clothes, and her dress was stained with blood over the waist and bosom. With frantic energy the young man clung to the bars, and endeavored to wrench them apart. It was to no purpose, and letting go his hold, he dropped into the street. The large gate of the house was open. Into this he rushed, and reached the *patio* just in time to catch a glimpse of a figure escaping along the *azotea*. He rushed up the steep stone stairway, and grasping the parapet, raised himself on the roof. The fugitive had run along a series of platforms of different heights, composed by the *azoteas* of houses, and had reached a low roof, from which he was about to leap into an adjoining street, where he would, in all probability, have made good his escape. He stood upon the edge of the parapet, calculating his leap, which was still a fearful plunge. It was not left to his choice whether to take or refuse it. A pistol flashed behind him, and almost simultaneously with the report he fell forward upon his head, and lay upon the pavement below, a bruised and bleeding corpse. His pursuer approached the parapet, and looked over into the street, as if to assure himself that his aim had been true, then turned with a fearful foreboding, and retraced his way over the *azoteas*. His fears, alas! were but too just. She was dead.

TO GUADALUPE.

BY MAYNE REID.

ADIEU! oh, in the heart's recess how wildly
Echo those painful accents of despair—
And spite our promise given to bear it mildly;
We little knew how hard it was to bear
A destiny so dark: how hard to sever
Hearts linked as ours, hands joined as now I grasp thee
In trembling touch: oh! e'er we part forever,
Once more unto my heart love's victim let me clasp thee!

It is my love's last echo—lone and lonely
My heart goes forth to seek another shrine,
Where it may worship prone, deeming only
Such images as thee to be divine—
It is the echo of the last link breaking,
For still that link held out while lingering near thee—
A secret joy although with heart-strings aching
To breathe the air you breathed—to see, to hear thee.

And this link now must break—our paths obliquing
May never meet again—oh! say not never—
For while thus speaking, still my soul is seeking
Some hope our parting may not be forever—
And like the drowning struggler on the billow,
Or he that eager watches for the day,
With throbbing brain upon a sleepless pillow—
'T is catching at the faintest feeblest ray.

Now faint and fainter growing, from thee going,
Seems every hope more vague and undefined—
Oh! as the fiend might suffer when bestowing
A last look on the heaven he left behind:
Or as earth's first-born children when they parted
Slowly, despairingly, from Eden's bowers,
Looked back with many a sigh—though broken-hearted,
Less hopeless was their future still than ours.

If we have loved—if in our hearts too blindly
We have enthroned that element divine—
In this, at least, hath fate dealt with us kindly;
Our mutual images have found a shrine—
An altar for our mutual sacrifice:
And spite this destiny that bids us sever,
Within our hearts that fire never dies—
In mine, at least, 't will burn and worship on forever.

Thee not upbraiding—thou hast not deceived me—
For from the first I knew *thy* compromise—
No, Guadalupe—this hath never grieved me—
I won thy love—so spoke thy lips and eyes:—
The consolation of this proud possessing
Should almost change my sorrow into bliss:
I have thy heart—enough for me of blessing—
Another may take all since I am lord of this.

Why we have torn our hearts and hands asunder—
Why we have given o'er those sweet caresses—
The world without will coldly guess and wonder—
Let them guess on, what care we for their guesses!
The secret shall be ours, as ours the pain—
A secret still unheeding friendship's pleading:
What though th' unfeeling world suspect a stain,
But little fears the world a heart with anguish bleeding!

'T is better we should never meet again—
Our love's renewing were but thy undoing:
When I am gone, time will subdue thy pain,
And thou wilt yield thee to another's wooing—
For me, I go to seek a name in story—
To find a future brighter than the past—
Yet 'midst my highest, wildest dreams of glory,
Sweet thoughts of thee will mingle to the last.

And though this widowed heart may love ~~me~~
For living without love, it soon would die—
There will be moments when it cannot smother
Thy sweet remembrance with a passing sigh.
Amidst the ashes of its dying embers
For thee there will be found one deathless thought;
Yes, dearest lady! while this heart remembers,
Believe me, thou shalt never be forgot.

Once more farewell! Oh it is hard to yield thee,
To lose for life, forever, thing so fair!
How bright a destiny it were to shield thee—
Yet since I am denied the husband's care,
This grief within my breast here do I smother—
Forego *thy* painful sacrifice to prove,
That I have been, what never can another,
The hero of thy heart, my own sweet victim love.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY G. C. FOSTER.

TORN from its stem to bloom awhile
Upon thy breast, the dazzling flower
Imbued new radiance from thy smile—
But, ah! it faded in an hour.
So thou, from peaceful home betrayed,
In beaming beauty floated by;
But ere thy summer had decayed,
We saw thee languish, faint and die.

Extempore. On a Broken Harp-string.
Too rude the touch—the broken cord
No more may utter music-word,
Yet lives each tone within the air,
Its trembling sighs awakened there.
So in my heart the song I sang,
When thou in rapture o'er me hung,
Still lives—yet thine is not the spell
To lure the music from its shell.

THE CHILD'S APPEAL.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

DAY dawned above a city's mart,
But not 'mid peace and prayer;
The shouts of frenzied multitudes
Were on the thrilling air.
A guiltless man to death was led,
Through crowded streets and wide,
And a fairy child, with waving curls,
Was clinging to his side.
The father's brow with pride was calm,
But trusting and serene,
The child's was like the Holy One's
In Raphaël's paintings seen.
She shrank not from the heartless throng,
Nor from the scaffold high;
But now and then with beaming smile
Addressed her parent's eye.
Athwart the golden flood of morn
Was poised the wing of Death,
As 'neath the fearful guillotine
The doomed one drew his breath.
Then all of fiercest agony
The human heart can bear
Was suffered in the brief career,
The wild, half-uttered prayer.
But she, the child, beseechingly
Upraised her eyes of blue,
And whispered, while her cheek grew pale,
"I am to go with you?"
The murmur of impatient fiends
Rung in her infant ear,

And purpose strong woke in her heart,
And spoke in accent clear;
"They tore my mother from our side
In the dark prison's cell,
Her eyes were filled with tears—she had
No time to say farewell.
"And you were all that loved me then,
But you are pale with care,
And every night a silver thread
Has mingled with your hair.
"My mother used to tell me of
A better land afar,
I've seen it through the prison bars
Where burns the evening star.
"Oh! let us find a new home there,
I will be brave and true,
You cannot leave me here alone,
Oh! let me die with you."
The gentle tones were drowned by shrill
And long protracted cries;
The father on his darling gazed,
The child looked on the skies.
Anon, far up the cloudless blue,
Unseen by mortal eye,
God's angels with two spirits passed
To purer realms on high.
The one was touched with earthly hues
And dim with earthly care,
The other, as a lily's cup
Unutterably fair.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I LOVE these gray and moss-grown walls,
This ivied porch, and trellised vine,
The lattice with its narrow pane,
A relic of the olden time;
The willow with its waving leaves,
Through which the low winds murmuring glide,
The gurgling ripple of the stream
That whispers softly at its side.
The spring-house in its shady nook,
Like lady's bower shadowed o'er—
With clustering trees—and creeping plants
That cling around the rustic door,
The rough hewn steps that lend their aid
To reach the shady cool recess,
Where humble duty spreads a scene
That hourly comfort learns to bless.
Upland the meadows lie around,
Fair smiling in the sun's last beam;
Beneath yon solitary tree
The lazy cattle idly dream;
Afar the reaper's stroke descends,
While faintly on the listening ear
The teamster's careless whistle floats,
Or distant song or call I hear.

And leaning on a broken stile,
With woods behind and fields before,
I watch the bee who homeward wends
With laden wing—his labors o'er;
The happy birds are warbling round,
Or nestle in the rustling trees—
'Mid which the blue sky glimmers down,
When parted by the passing breeze.

And slowly winding up the road
The wane has reached the old barn-floor,
Where plenty's hand has firmly heaped
The golden grain in richest store.
This 'mid the dream-land of my thoughts
With smiling lip I own is real,
Yet fancy's fairest visions blend
With all I see, and all I feel.

Then tell me not of worldly pride
And wild ambition's hopes of fame,
Or brilliant halls of wealth and pride,
Where genius sighs to win a name;
Give me this farm-house quaint and old,
These fields of grain, the birds and flowers,
With calm contentment, peace and health,
And memories of my earlier hours.

"'TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS."

WORDS BY MISS L. M. BROWN.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY KARL W. PETERSILIE,

Professor of Music at the Edgeworth Seminary, N. C.

Presented by George Willig, No. 171 Chesnut Street, Philad'a. [Copyright secured.]
Espressivo.



great-ness in pow-er and might, And ho-nor and splen-dor sink in

darkness of night, I've sought 'mid the crowd, pure plea-sure, but pain, As the

bee, that sips sweets, the poi-son too drained; Ah! 'twas all de-lu-sive, for

sor-rows would come, Oh, 'tis home where the heart is, where the heart is 'tis home.

SECOND VERSE.

I've courted the breath of a balm southern clime,
Where sweetest of flow'rs, soft tendrils entwine;
Have listed the song bird's notes borne on the air,
That wakens and wafts the rich odors elsewhere;
As tones on the ear so the dream of the past,
Softly plays round the heart-green isle of the waste;
Yes! 'twas all a life-dream, and still 'tis not gone,
Oh, 'tis home where the heart is, where the heart is
'tis home.

THIRD VERSE.

I've cross'd the blue sea, I've sought out a home
In the land of the free, freedom beckon'd me come;
And friends of the stranger have sooth'd the sad heart,
With kindness and sympathy, sweet balm for the smart;
The light of the soul, doth play round it still,
Like the perfume the urn, in which roses distil;
Thoughts of affection forbid me to roam,
Oh, 'tis home where the heart is, where the heart is
'tis home.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hawkstone: A Tale of and for England in 184--. New York: Stanford & Swords. 2 vols. 12mo.

We were attracted to this novel by seeing the words "fifth edition" on its title page. After reading it, it is easy to account for its popularity. It is at once a most exciting romance and a defence of an unpopular religious body. The author (said to be Professor Sewall,) belongs to the Oxford School of Episcopalians, or to adopt his own view of the matter, to the one Catholic church. The object of the novel is to present the ideas of Church and State held by that class of religionists who are vulgarly called Puseyites. This is done partly in the representation of character and narration of incident, which constitute the romance of the book, and partly by long theological conversations which occur between a few of the characters. The interest of the work never flags, and it is among the few religious novels which are not positive bores to all classes of readers. In respect to its theology, it gives the most distinct view of the doctrines of the High Church party of Oxford which we have seen. The author is as decisive and bitter in his condemnation of Romanism as of dissent. He considers that the peculiar doctrines and claims which distinguish the Roman Catholic church from the Church of England are *novelties*, unknown to the true church of the apostles and the fathers. He has no mercy for the Romanists, and but little for the young men of his own school who favor the Papacy. Those who are accustomed to associate Puseyism with a set of sentimentalists, who mourn the Reformation, wish for the return of the good old times of the feudal ages, and give Rome their hearts and Canterbury only their pockets, will find that such doctrines and practices find no favor in the present volumes. The greatest rascal in the novel is a piece of incarnate malignity named Pearce—a Jesuit, whom the author represents as carrying out the principles of Romanism to their logical results in practice.

But if the reader will find his common notions of Puseyism revolutionized by the present novel, he will be a little startled at its real doctrines and intentions. The author has the most supreme and avowed contempt for liberal ideas in Church and State; and for every good-natured axiom about toleration and representative government he spurns from his path as a novelty and paradox. There is nothing dominant in England which he does not oppose. The Whig party he deems the avowed enemies of loyalty, order and religion. The Conservatives, with Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington at their head, he conceives destitute of principle, and the destroyers of the British empire. There is not a concession made to liberal ideas within the present century which he does not think wicked and foolish. The manufacturing system and free trade, indeed the whole doctrines of the political economists in the lump, he looks upon alternately with horror and disdain. He seems to consider the State and Church as an organized body for the education of the people, whose duty is obedience, and who have no right to think for themselves in religion or politics, for they would be pretty sure to think wrong. All benevolent societies, in which persons of different religious views combine for a common object, he considers as productive of evil, and as an assumption of powers rightly belonging to the church. Indeed, in his system, it is wrong for any popular association to presume to meddle with ignorance and crime, un-

less they do it under the sanction and control of the church. He considers it the duty of a church minister to communicate every man in his parish who is guilty of sin—that is, who has the wickedness to be a papist or a sinner. But it is useless to proceed in the enumeration of our author's dogmatisms. If the reader desires to test them, let him conceive the exact opposite of every principle in politics, political economy and theology, as at present obtains in the world, and he will have the system of "Hawkstone."

A good deal of the zest of the novel comes from a throng of paradoxes in which the author wanders. He has a complete system of thought to kill out all the ideas of the English people, and render them the mere slaves of a hierarchy, and all for the most benevolent of purposes. In his theory he overlooks the peculiar constitution and character of the English people, and also all the abuses to which his system would inevitably lead. He desires to see a practical establishment of the most noxious and high-toned claims of his church. He is evidently half way between an idealist and a scoundrel, with hardly an atom of practical sagacity or knowledge of affairs. The cool dogmatism with which he confutes the great statesmen of his country, is particularly obnoxious as coming from a man utterly ignorant of the difficulties which a statesman has to encounter. It is curious to see how extremes meet; this theory of absolute "internationism" with that of socialism. A person reading the second volume, the account of Villiers' dealings with his tenantry, and his new regulations regarding manors, would almost think that Louis Blanc had graduated at Oxford, and left out in his French schemes the agency of the church, from a regard to the prejudices of his countrymen.

With all its peculiarities and heresies, however, the novel will well reward the attention of readers of all classes. It is exceedingly well written, and contains many scenes of uncommon power, pathos and beauty. With these advantages it may also claim the honor of being the most inimitable specimen of theological impudence and pretension which the present age has witnessed.

The Planetary and Stellar Worlds: A Popular Exposition of the Great Discoveries and Theories of Modern Astronomy. In a Series of Ten Lectures. By O. M. Mitchell, A. M. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Mitchell is not only an accomplished astronomer, in every respect qualified to be the interpreter of the mysteries of his science to the popular mind, but, if we may judge from the style of his book, is a fine, frank, warm-hearted, enthusiastic man. On every page he gives evidence of really loving his pursuit. By a certain sensitiveness of imagination, and quickness of sensibility, every thing he contemplates becomes alive in his mind, and is an object in which he takes a personal interest. This gives wonderful distinctness to his exposition of natural law, and his delineation of the characters and pursuits of men of science. His Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and Newton are not dry enumerations of qualities, but vivid portraits of persons. He seems in close intellectual fellowship with them as individuals, and converses of them in the style of a friend, whose accurate knowledge is equalled by his intense affection. So it is with his detail of the discovery of

a new law, or fact in science. His mind "lives along the line" of observation and reasoning which ended in its detection, and he reproduces the hopes, fears, doubts, and high enthusiasm of every person connected with the discovery. His delineation of Kepler is especially genial and striking. By following this method he infuses his own enthusiasm into the reader, bears him willingly along through the most abstruse processes of science, and at the end leaves him without fatigue, and ready for a new start. In the treatment of scientific discoveries, by minds like Mr. Mitchell's, we ever notice an unconscious personification of Nature, as a cunning holder of secrets which only the master-mind can wrest from her after a patient siege. The style of our author glows in the recital of the exploits of his band of astronomers, as that of a Frenchman does in the narration of Napoleon's campaigns. This is the great charm of his book, and will make it extensively popular, for by it he can attract any reader capable of being interested in a tale of personal adventure, ending in a great achievement. We can hardly bring to mind a popular lecturer or writer on science, who has this power to the extent which Mr. Mitchell possesses it. He himself has it by virtue of the mingled simplicity and intensity of his nature.

One of the most striking lectures in Mr. Mitchell's volume is that on the discoveries of the primitive ages, in which he represents the processes of the primitive observer, with his unarmed eye, in unfolding some of the laws of the heavens; and he indicates with great beauty what would be his point of departure, and what would be the limit of his discoveries. This lecture is a fine prose poem. There is a passage in the introductory lecture which grandly represents the continual watch which man keeps on the heavens, and the slow, silent and sure acquisitions of new truths, from age to age. "The sentinel on the Watchtower is relieved from duty, but another takes his place, and the vigil is unbroken. No—the astronomer never dies. He commences his investigations on the hill-tops of Eden—he studies the stars through the long centuries of antediluvian life. The deluge sweeps from the earth its inhabitants, their cities and their mountains—but when the storm is hushed, and the heavens shine forth in beauty, from the summit of Mount Arrarat the astronomer resumes his endless vigils. In Babylon he keeps his watch, and among the Egyptian priests he inspires a thirst for the sacred mysteries of the stars. The plains of Shinar—the temples of India—the pyramids of Egypt, are equally his watching places. When science fled to Greece, his home was in the schools of her philosophers: and when darkness covered the earth for a thousand years, he pursues his never-ending task from amidst the burning deserts of Arabia. When science dawned on Europe, the astronomer was there—toiling with Copernicus—watching with Tycho—suffering with Galileo—triumphing with Kepler."

We trust that this volume will have an extensive circulation. It will not only convey a great deal of knowledge to the general reader, but will also inspire a love for the science of which it treats.

Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is Bulwer's most successful attempt at writing an historical novel, but with all its merits, it is still rather an attempt than a performance. Considered as a history of the Norman invasion, it contains many more facts than can be found in Thierry, at least in that portion of his work devoted to Harold and William. Bulwer seems to have obtained his knowledge at the original sources, and the novel is certainly creditable to his scholarship. But he has

not managed his materials in an imaginative way, and fact and fiction are tied rather than fused together. The consequence is that the work is not homogeneous. At times it appears like history, but after the mind of the reader has settled down to a historical mood, the impression is broken by a violent intrusion of fable, or an introduction of modern sentiment and thought. It has therefore neither the interest of Thierry's exquisite narrative of the same events, nor the interest which might have been derived from a complete amalgamation of the materials into a consistent work of imagination. Considered also as a reproduction of ancient men and manners it is strikingly defective. With many fine strokes of the pencil, where the author confines himself to the literal fact, his portraits, as a whole, are overcharged with *Bulwerism*. His imagination is not a mirror. It can reflect nothing without vitiating it. He does not possess the power of passing a character through his mind and preserving its individuality. It goes in as Harold, or Duke William, or Lafranc, but it comes out as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

The novel contains much of that seductive sentiment, half romantic, half misanthropic, which is the characteristic of Bulwer's works, and it is expressed with his usual beauty and brilliancy of style. Here and there we perceive allusions to his own domestic affairs, which none but Lady Bulwer can fully appreciate. Every reader of the novel must be struck with its attempt at the moral tone. Edith, the heroine, is the bride of Harold's soul, and Platonism appears in all its splendor of self-denial and noble sentiments in a Saxon thane and his maiden. History pronounces this lady to be his mistress, and it certainly is a great stretch of the reader's charity to be compelled to view her in the capacity of saint. Not only, however, in the loves of Harold and Edith, but all over the novel, there is a constant intrusion of ethical reflections, which will doubtless much edify all young ladies of a tender age. These would be well enough if they appeared to have any base in solid moral principle, but they are somewhat offensive as the mere sentimentality of conscience and religion, introduced for the purposes of fine writing. Suspicion, also, always attaches to the morality which exhibits itself on rhetorical stilts, and the refinement which is always proclaiming itself refined. Since the time of Joseph Surface there has been a great decline in the market price of noble sentiments.

The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Reign of Victoria. By Mrs. Markham. A New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a new and revised edition of a work which has long been used in the education of boys and girls. Its information is, of course, milk for babes. We think that books of this class should be prepared by persons very different from Mrs. Markham. She, good lady, was the wife of an English clergyman by the name of Penrose, and she wrote English history as such a person might be supposed to write it. With every intention to be honest, her book has many facts and opinions which boys and girls will have to take more time to unlearn than they spent in learning, unless they intend to be children their whole lives.

There is, however, a story in the volume regarding the Duke of Marlborough, which we think few of our readers have seen. The duke's command of his temper was almost miraculous. Once, at a council of war, Prince Eugene advised that an attack on the enemy should be made the next day. As his advice was plainly judicious, he was much exasperated at the refusal of the duke's consent, and immediately called him a coward and challenged him.

Marlborough coolly declined the challenge, and the enraged prince left the council. Early the following morning he was awoke by the duke, who desired him instantly to rise, as he was preparing to make the attack, and added, "I could not tell you of my determination last night, because there was a person present who I knew was in the enemy's interest, and would betray us. I have no doubt we shall conquer, and when the battle is over I will be ready to accept your challenge." The prince, seeing the superior sagacity of Marlborough, and ashamed of his own intemperance, overwhelmed the duke with apologies, and the friendship of the two generals was more strongly cemented than ever. The anecdote is of doubtful origin, but it is an admirable illustration both of the character of Marlborough and Eugene.

Letters from Italy: and The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headley. New and Revised Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

We believe that these were Mr. Headley's first productions, and were originally published in Wiley & Putnam's Library. The present edition has a preface, devoted to the consideration of the new aspect Italy has assumed since the book was written, and a very judicious flagellation is given to that arch traitor and renegade, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, whom events have transformed from a trickster and tyrant into a patriot leader. We agree with Mr. Headley in thinking that the Italians are more likely to be endangered than benefited by his position at the head of their armies.

"The Alps and the Rhine" is, in our opinion, Mr. Headley's most agreeable work. The descriptions of scenery are singularly vivid and distinct, and are given in a style of much energy and richness. The chapters on Suwarrow's Passage of the Glarus, Macdonald's Pass of the Splügen, and the Battle of Waterloo, are admirably done. That on Macdonald is especially interesting. Those who doubt Mr. Headley's talents will please read this short extract: "The ominous sound grew louder every moment, and suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the mountain, and howled like an unchained demon, through the gorge below. In an instant all was blindness and confusion and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest that made the pine trees above it sway and groan, as if lifted from their rock-rooted places. But suddenly a still more alarming sound was heard—'An avalanche! an avalanche!' shrieked the guides, and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and striking the column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses with it in its wild plunge."

Principles of Zoology. Touching the Structure, Development, Distribution and Natural Arrangement of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct. Part I. Comparative Physiology. By Louis Agassiz and Augustus A. Gould. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

The name of Professor Agassiz, the greatest of living naturalists, on the title page of this volume, is of itself a guarantee of its excellence. The work is intended for schools and colleges, and is admirably fitted for its purpose, but its value is not confined to the young. The general reader, who desires exact and reliable knowledge of the subject, and at the same time is unable to obtain the larger works of Professor Agassiz, will find in this little volume an invaluable companion. It has all the necessary plates

and illustrations to enable the reader fully to comprehend its matter. The diagram of the crust of the earth, as related to zoology, is a most ingenious contrivance to present, at one view, the distribution of the principal types of animals, and the order of their successive appearance in the layers of the earth's crust. The publishers have done the work in a style of great neatness and elegance.

The Writings of Cassius Marcellus Clay, including Speeches and Addresses. Edited with a Preface and Memoir by Horace Greeley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a large and beautiful octavo, and is embellished with an admirable likeness of Mr. Clay. The people of this country are so well acquainted with the peculiarities of Cassius M. Clay's manner, that we will not pause to characterize it; and his views upon public subjects are so partisan that we leave their discussion to the politicians of the country. The eminent abilities of Mr. Greeley displayed in the execution of the duties of editor, and the memoir which introduces the work does full justice to the subject.

The Odd Fellows' Amulet, or the Principles of Odd Fellowship Defined; the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. By Rev. D. V. Bond. Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co.

This is a beautiful little volume, admirably illustrated. It is well written; will be read with interest by a general reader, and should be in the possession of every member of the great and beneficent order which it advocates and vindicates.

The Baronet's Daughters, and Harry Montague. By Mrs. Grey, who is recognized as one of the most accomplished female novelists of the present day, has recently presented to the public another interesting volume, bearing the above title. There are two stories, both of which are sustained by the ability which characterizes the whole of Mrs. Grey's works, and are well calculated to make a sultry afternoon pass agreeably away. The American publisher is Mr. T. B. Peterson, who furnishes a neat and uniform edition of Mrs. Grey's novels.

TO OUR READERS.

The Proprietors of "Graham's Magazine," desirous of maintaining for it the high reputation it has secured in the estimation of the people of the United States, are determined to spare no pains to increase its value, and make it universally regarded as the best literary publication in the country. To this end they have placed in the hands of several of our best engravers a series of plates, which will be truly remarkable for their superiority in design and execution. As usual, the pens of the best American writers will be employed in giving grace and excellence to its pages, and in addition to articles which have been secured from new contributors of acknowledged ability, they have the pleasure of announcing that an engagement has been effected with J. BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq., whose writings are so extensively known and admired, by which his valuable assistance will be secured in the editorial department of this Magazine exclusively. This arrangement will, we are assured, be hailed with pleasure by the host of friends which the Magazine possesses throughout the Union, and in an earnest that no efforts will be omitted to show the same the proprietors entertain of past favors, by rendering this work still more attractive and deserving of patronage for the future.



Sir W. C. Ross R.A.

A. B. Ross.

THE GENTLEMAN'S GENTLE.

Engraved Expressly for Gents. & Ladies.



"I will tell you, Enna," she said, as she caressingly rested her head on my shoulder, "why I have never married; but to do that I must relate the history of my rather uneventful life. My story has but little interest, but it will gratify the curiosity of one who loves me. My childhood was spent with an old aunt. She took me when I was a delicate wee thing, and I remained with her until her death, which took place when I was nearly grown. She was a dear, good old lady, and with her my life passed most happily; my short visits home gave me little pleasure, for my mother was a very worldly, ambitious woman, and displayed but little tenderness for me, which, when contrasted with my aunt's fondness and indulgence, made me feel quite as a stranger in my family; and when Aunt Mary died, I wept as bitterly, and felt as lonely and bereft of friends, as though I did not possess a mother, father, and sisters. The two years after my aunt's death were spent in close attention to those accomplishments which had been neglected in my education as unnecessary, and which my mother deemed so essential; and not a day passed without my poor mother's exclamations of despair over me.

"One comfort there is, however," she would say, "your aunt's little fortune of a few thousands will be exaggerated in society, and people will forget your *mauvaise honte* in giving you credit for being an heiress."

"But the report of my being an heiress was not needed, for when I entered society, to my mother's amazement, I created quite a sensation. I had been looked upon as a pretty girl always; but my mother had so often declared that I was so inanimate and innocent, she never would be able to do any thing with me, and my pretty face would be of no service to me, that I looked upon myself as quite an ordinary person, and was as much surprised at my belle-hood as my family. I wonder my little head was not turned with the attentions I received, so unused as I had been to admiration; it might have been, however, had not a disappointment—a bitter, heart-aching disappointment, wearied me of all this adulation and attention.

"Soon after my entrance into society, I became acquainted with a Mr. Morton—agreeable, good-looking, and attentive he was, of course—quite an acquisition to me in my circle of admirers. His worldly qualifications were not of so brilliant a nature as to attract my prudent mother's fancy, for he was only a young lawyer of slender means and moderate practice. I do not think she ever dreamed of the interest he excited in me, but looked upon him as one of the crowd of attendants necessarily surrounding a belle. But how differently I regarded him. The piles of costly bouquets I received daily, gained but little attention from me, unless I discerned among them the tiny bunch of sweet-violets, tea-roses, and mignonette, which he once in a great while sent me. In my ball-tablets my eyes sought the dances marked down for him; and when he was my partner, the dance, generally so wearisome, was only too short, too delightful; the reminiscence of

that happy time makes a silly girl of me again. My mother never imagined he aspired to my hand—she would have looked aghast at the bare mention of such a probability; but she regarded him as a friend, and he was a great favorite with her. She used to say young men like Harry Morton, that knew their places, were invaluable acquaintances for a belle; thus were we thrown a great deal together. She was so blind to his real position with me, quick-sighted as she generally was in other things, I was permitted to have him for my partner in dancing, even for several quadrilles during an evening; he was my constant attendant in my daily rides on horse-back, and my mother never hesitated to call upon him if we were at any time in need of an escort to a ball or opera. He was upon the footing of a brother or cousin in the family; but, ah! how dear was he to me. Without any actual explanation, I felt sure of Harry Morton's love. I never had any doubts or jealousies—we seemed to perfectly understand each other. I never looked forward to our future—I was too quietly happy in the present. I only dated from one meeting to another—from the dinner to the party, when he would be ready to hand us from our carriage, to take me off my father's arm in compliance with my mother's constant inquiry and request of, 'Where's Harry Morton? Here, Harry, do take charge of Mary,' a request which he always seemed delighted to obey. Then, after the happy good-night, I would lie my head on the pillow to dream of him and the morning ride we would take together. Why he never spoke to me of his love I cannot tell. It might have been that feelings of delicacy restrained him; my father was rich, while he was but a poor young lawyer; then report had made me an heiress in my own right, as well as a belle, to my worldly mother's great content. That he loved me I am sure, though he never told me with his lips.

"One morning my mother said to me, 'Do not make any engagement for to-morrow, Mary; we must dine *en famille* with dear old Mrs. Langley; we have not been there for a month.'

"Now this Mrs. Langley was a person of great consideration in my mother's eyes. She was very wealthy, and, moreover, had been at the head of the fashionable world for many years. Since my entrance into society, she had been quite an invalid, and rarely appeared in public, but it gratified her exceedingly to have her friends around her, for she dreaded yielding up her command in the world. My mother was an especial favorite of hers; and after I had taken such a prominent situation in society, she expressed great regard for me. Once in a month or so we spent a day with her. She lived in great style—a stately dinner, and a stupid, grand, heavy evening was the amount of the visit. How I used to dread the coming of the day; it was the only time I was separated from Harry, for Mrs. Langley being very exclusive, and making no new acquaintances, he had no *entrée* there. I used to sing for her, arrange her worsteds, tell her of the parties and different entertainments, and read to her her son's last letter. She had only one son, and he had been in Europe for

two or three years. He was her idol, and she never tired talking of him. Dear old lady, my conscience smote me many times for the feelings of impatient weariness and *ennui* I would give way to during one of her tedious dinner parties.

"The following morning after my mother had announced the visit of penance, Harry Morton made his appearance in our drawing-rooms, as usual, with the other morning visitors. Every one was talking of a new singer who was to make her *débüt* on that evening.

" 'May I join your party at the concert this evening?' Harry asked me, in a low voice.

" 'I regret exceedingly,' I replied, 'that we are not going to the concert. I have already promised mamma to spend a quiet day and evening with an old friend of hers. You must listen attentively to this new *donna*, and tell me all about her voice if you go.'

" 'I do not think I shall go,' he replied, in low, earnest tones, 'for I could not enjoy the concert if not with you.' A turn in the general conversation drew us more into notice, and some ladies and gentlemen entering, put an end to all further intercourse between us; how long I remembered and cherished those last words of his. When I made my appearance in my mother's room at 5 o'clock, shawl and hood in hand, she regarded me from head to foot smilingly.

" 'What new caprice to-day?' she said, 'and yet I must confess it is very becoming to you.'

" 'I had felt too languid to dress much, and as the weather was warm, spring being quite far advanced, I had chosen a simple white mull robe for the visit to our old friend, knowing that we should meet with but few visitors there. This I explained apologetically to my mother, who tapped me with her fan good-naturedly, saying that beauties were cunning creatures, they liked to show once in a while they could defy the aid of ornament. The first few months of my entrance into society my mother superintended, with great attention, all my *toilettes*; but near the close of the season she fell into the general opinion, that what ever I did was exactly right; and poor little me, that one short half-year before had no right to express an opinion upon so grave a subject as dress, was now constantly appealed to; and whatever style I adopted was perfect in her eyes. Society had placed its stamp upon me, I could pass current as a coin of high value to her.

" 'When I reached Mrs. Langley's, I found the old lady attended by but one gentleman, who, beside ourselves, was her only visitor. What was my surprise to hear her introduce him as her son, Templeton Langley. The dinner passed more pleasantly than usual, for Mr. Langley made himself very agreeable. After dinner he proposed we should go to the concert, as he felt an interest in the new *prima donna*, having heard her at her *débüt* in Europe. I made an objection, which was overruled by Mrs. Langley's expressing a desire—strange for her—to go likewise; and we went. I had not been ten minutes in the room when, on lifting my eyes, the first person I saw

was Harry Morton looking sternly at me. Foolish! I grew embarrassed, my face burned, and my whole frame trembled with nervous agitation. He did not approach me, but gave me only a cold bow. 'He thinks me guilty of falsehood,' I said to myself. How wretchedly passed the evening, and yet I have no doubt I was an object of envy to many of my young lady friends. The rich *distingué*, Templeton Langley showed himself my devoted admirer, while his mother, the acknowledged leader of *ton*, sat beside us smiling approvingly. My indifferent, cold manner, my simple costume, and my beautiful face completed that evening the conquest of the fastidious fashionable young man. You cannot imagine the delight of my mother, when day after day from Templeton Langley constantly beside me, she could scarcely restrain her exultation; while I, poor child, listened with aching, throbbing senses for the approach of one who never came near me. Two or three weeks passed in a whirl of gayety. It was the close of the season, and one or two brides in our circle made the parties very constant. Mrs. Langley proposed that our family should join her son and herself in their summer visit to the Lakes; accordingly we did so, and we spent more than three months traveling. Ere the close of those three months, Templeton Langley offered himself to me. I could not describe to you the scene that ensued between my mother and myself when I rejected him. She was a worldly woman, and my conduct seemed perfectly wild to her. She remonstrated, persuaded, then reproached me in impatient, angry tones. My father was a quiet, amiable man, and rarely interfered with my mother in her management, but he fortunately shook off enough of his lethargy to come to my rescue at this time.

" 'If Mary does not love Mr. Langley,' he said, 'why urge her to marry him? Do not scold the poor child,' and he drew me toward him tenderly.

" Templeton Langley was rather an indifferent person in every way. His wealth, combined with his situation in the fashionable world, placed him in a fictitious light; but he had little intelligence, no originality, and only a passable personal appearance. I was constantly drawing the comparison between him and Harry Morton. Harry was so handsome, so brilliant in conversation—and this thought rendered poor Mr. Langley, with all his fastidious, elegant manners, quite unbearable to me. To think of being tied to such a man for life was perfect martyrdom for me; and although hitherto so yielding, I showed myself on this occasion obstinate. Floods of tears I shed, and my mother fancied at first she could overcome my 'ridiculous sentimentality,' as she called it, but in vain; and finding a friend in my father, I remained firm. I felt more sorry for old Mr. Langley, who was, indeed, terribly distressed, but she treated me very kindly, and exonerated me from all blame. She was, however, really very fond of me, and had set her heart upon having me for a daughter. Mr. Langley returned to Europe, and for many months our circle of friends were quite at a loss to know whether he had offered, been accepted,

or refused, or whether he had only flirted with me. My mother felt too disappointed to boast of the rejection; and, moreover, she was so occupied in bringing out my sister, Emma, as to have little time to think of me or my affairs. My sister was but seventeen, three years younger than I, but much nearer my age in appearance. I found myself now of but secondary consideration in my mother's eyes. I fear she really disliked me then. She was an ambitious woman, and had set her heart upon my making a brilliant match; this favorite hope of hers I had blighted, and feeling little interest in society, I became of less consequence, for my sad, absent manner made me, of course, uninteresting; therefore, as my reign as a belle was over, my poor mother now sought to dismiss me from her mind and occupy herself with other objects.

"Harry Morton had gone to the Southwest ere we returned from our summer's journey, and we never met again. A year or so afterward I heard of his marriage with a dashing southern belle, and he is now a distinguished man at the South. After these perplexing, unfortunate misunderstandings, my health failed, and for a long while I was an invalid, rarely appearing in society. My two sisters, Emma and Alice, were more lucky than I, for they married happily, and with my mother's gratified approbation—for they each made the 'best match of their season.' Neither one was so pretty as I had been, and as my mother used to ejaculate,

" 'Thank Heaven! neither Emma nor Alice are belles; they at least will not trouble me with their exaggerated notions about love and all that nonsense.'

"I passed a miserable, wretched existence for a year or more after Harry and I were separated. How earnestly I prayed for death, so completely prostrated was my spirit by my disappointment. I felt as lonely as I had at the time of dear Aunt Mary's death. In time, however, I aroused myself from my morbid feelings, and in reading and study found at first occupation, then strength and content.

"The week after my youngest sister was married my father was stricken down with paralysis. I was the only one at home with my parents, for my bride sister had sailed for Europe the day after her wedding, and Emma was far distant in her Southern home, having married a wealthy South Carolinian two years before. Faithfully I devoted myself to my father, and when my mother, a year afterward, was seized with a painful, lingering disease, I made myself so necessary to her comfort, that she at last acknowledged, that what had appeared to be her greatest trouble had proved her greatest blessing. She altered very much before her death, and lost entirely all those worldly feelings which had actuated her during her early life. She suffered for many years at times agonizing pain, and during this time I was sole companion and nurse to my parents. Often I thanked Providence for having denied to me my early love, granting to me in lieu an opportunity of fulfilling the most holy of duties. See, Enna, to what an unromantic and yet enviable state of mind I at last attained. Believe me, dearest, we never should grieve over unavoidable troubles, for many times they are but the rough husk of that sweet kernel—a hidden blessing."

ZENOBIA.

BY MYRON L. MASON.

'T was holyday in Rome. Her sevenfold hills
Were trembling with the tread of multitudes
Who thronged her streets. Hushed was the busy hum
Of labor. Silent in the shops reposed
The implements of toil. A common love
Of country, and a zeal for her renown,
Had warmed all hearts, and mingled for a day
Plebian ardor with patrician pride.
The sire, the son, the matron and the maid,
Joined in bestowing on their emperor
The joyous benedictions of the state.
Alas! about that day's magnificence
Was spread a web of *shame*! The victor's sword
Was stained with cowardice—his dazzling fame
Tarnished by insult to a fallen woman.
Returning from his conquests in the East,
Aurelian led in his triumphant train
Palmyra's beauteous queen, Zenobia,
Whose only crime had been the love she bore
To her own country and her household gods.

Long had the Orient owned the sovereign sway
Of Rome imperial, and in forced submission
Had bowed the neck to the oppressor's yoke.
The corn of Syria, her fruits and wares,

16*

The pearls of India, Araby's perfumes,
The golden treasures of the mountains, all
Profusely poured in her luxurious lap,
Crowned to the full her proud magnificence.
Rome regal, throned on her eternal hills,
With power supreme and wide-extended hand,
Plundered the prostrate nations without stint
Of all she coveted, and, chiefly thou,
O Liberty, the birthright boon of Heaven.
But Rome had passed her noon; her despotism
Was overgrown; an earthquake was at work
At her foundations; and new dynasties,
Striking their roots in ripening revolutions,
Were soon to sway the destinies of realms.

The East was in revolt. The myriad seeds
Of dark rebellion, sown by tyranny,
And watered by the blood of patriots slain,
Were springing into life on every hand.
Success was alternating in this strife
'Twixt power and right, and anxious Victory,
With balance poised, the doubtful issue feared.
Amid the fierce contention, 'mid the din
Of war's sublime encounter, and the crash
Of falling systems old, Palmyra's queen

Followed her valiant lord, Palmyra's king.
 Ever beside him in the hour of peril,
 She warded from his breast the battle's rage;
 And in the councils of the cabinet
 Her prudent wisdom was her husband's guide.

Domestic treason, with insidious stab,
 Snatched from Zenobia's side her gallant lord,
 And threw into her hand the exigencies
 Of an unstable and capricious throne.
 Yet was her genius not inadequate.
 The precepts of experience, intertwined
 With intellectual power of lofty grade,
 Combined to raise Palmyra's beauteous queen
 High in the golden scale of moral greatness.
 Under the teachings of the good Longinus
 The streams of science flowed into her mind;
 And, like the fountain-fostered mountain lake,
 Her soul was pure as its ethereal food.
 The patronage bestowed on learned men
 Declared her love for letters. The rewards,
 Rich and unnumbered, she conferred on merit
 Her own refined, exalted taste betrayed.
 Her graceful and majestic figure, crowned
 With beauty such as few but angels wear,
 Like the rich casing that surrounds the gem,
 Heightened the splendor of her brilliant genius.
 Equally daring on the battle-field
 And in the chase, her prudence and her courage,
 Displayed in many a hot emergency,
 Had twined victorious laurel round her brow.
 Under her rule Palmyra's fortunes rose
 To an unequalled altitude, and wealth
 Flowed in upon her like a golden sea,
 Her wide dominion, stretching from the Nile
 To the far Euxine and Euphrates' flood—
 Her active commerce, whose expanded range
 Monopolized the trade of all the East—
 Her stately capital, whose towers and domes
 Vied with proud Rome in architectural grace—
 Her own aspiring aims and high renown—
 All breathed around the Asiatic queen
 An atmosphere of greatness, and betrayed
 Her bold ambition, and her rivalry
 With the imperial mistress of the world.

But 't is the gaudiest flower is soonest plucked;
 The sturdiest oak first feels the builder's axe.
 Palmyra's rising greatness had awaked
 The jealousy of Rome, and Fortune looked
 On her prosperity with envious eye.
 Under the golden eagles of the empire,
 Aurelian's soldiers swept the thirsty sands,
 And poured into Palmyra's palmy plains,
 A mighty host hot for the battle-field.
 Borne on her gallant steed, the warrior queen
 The conflict sought, and led her eager troops
 Into the stern encounter. Like the storm
 Of their own desert plain, innumerable,
 They rushed upon the foe, and courted danger.
 Amid the serried ranks, whose steel array
 Glowed in the noonday sun, and threw a flood
 Of wavy sheen into the fragrant air,
 Zenobia rode; and, like an angry spirit,
 Commissioned from above to chastise men,
 Where'er she moved was death. There was a flash
 Of scorn that lighted up her fiery eye,
 A glance of wrath upon her countenance—
 There was a terror in her frenzied arm
 That struck dismay into the boldest heart.
 Alas for her, Fortune was unpropitious!

Her fearless valor found an overmatch
 In the experienced prudence of Aurelian;
 And scarcely could the desert's hardy sons
 Cope with the practiced legions of the empire.
 The battle gained, Palmyra taken, sacked—
 Its queen a captive, hurled from off a throne,
 Stripped of her wide possessions, forced to see
 In humblest attitude for even life—
 The haughty victor led his weary legions
 Back to Italia's shores, and in his train
 His fallen rival, loaded with chains of gold,
 Forged from the bullion of her treasury.

'T was holyday in Rome. The morning sun,
 Emerging from the palace-created hills
 Of the Campagna, poured a flood of light
 Upon the slumbering city, summoning
 Its teeming thousands to the festival.
 A playful breeze, rich-laden with perfume
 From groves of orange, gently stirred the leaves,
 And curled the ripples on the Tiber's breast,
 Bearing to seaward o'er the flowery plain
 The rising peans' joyful melodies.
 Flung to the wind, high from the swelling dome
 That crowned the Capitol, the imperial banner,
 Brodered with gold and glittering with gems,
 Unfurled its azure field; and, as it caught
 The sunbeams and flashed down upon the throng
 That filled the forum, there arose a shout
 Deep as the murmur of the cataract.
 In that spontaneous outburst of applause
 Rome spoke; and as the echo smote the hills
 It woke the slumbering memory of a time
 When Rome was free.

A trumpet from the walls
 Proclaimed the day's festivities begun.
 Preceded by musicians and sweet singers,
 A long procession passed the city-gate,
 And, traversing the winding maze of streets,
 Climbed to the Capitol. Choice victims, dressed
 With pictured ornaments and wreaths of flowers,
 An offering to the tutelary gods,
 Led the advance. Then followed spoils immense,
 Baskets of jewels, vases of wrought gold,
 Paintings and statuary, cloths and wares,
 Of costliest manufacture, close succeeded
 By the rich symbols of Palmyra's glory,
 Torn from her temples and her palaces,
 To grace a triumph in the streets of Rome.
 With toilsome step next walked the captive queen;
 And then the victor, in his car of state,
 With milk-white horses of Thessalian breed,
 And in his retinue a splendid train
 Of Rome's nobility. In one long line
 The army last appeared in bright array,
 With banners high displayed, filling the air
 With songs of victory. The pageant proud
 Quickened remembrance of departed days,
 And warmed the bosoms of the multitude
 With deep devotion to the commonwealth.

High in his gilded chariot, decked in robes
 Of brodered purple, and with laurel crowned,
 Rode the triumphant conqueror, in his hand
 The emblems of his power. The capital
 Of his wide empire was inflamed with zeal
 To do him honor and exalt his praise.
 The world was at his feet; his sovereign will
 None dared to question, and his haughty word
 Was law to nations. Yet his heart was troubled.
 In the dim distance he discerned the slight

Of Freedom, on swift pinions heralding
 Enfranchisement to the oppressed of earth.
 He knew the feeble tenure of dominion
 Based on allegiance with reluctance paid;
 And read the future overthrow of Rome
 In the unyielding spirit of his victim.
 Uncovered in the sun, weary and faint,
 Bowed to the earth with chains of ravished gold,
 With feet unsandaled, walked Zenobia,
 Slave to the craven tyrant's cruelty.
 Neither her peerless beauty, nor her sex,
 Nor yet her grievous sufferings could melt
 The despot's stony heart. She, who surpassed
 Her conqueror in all the qualities
 Of head or heart which crown humanity
 With nobleness and high preëminence—
 She, whose *misfortunes* in a glorious cause,
 And not her *errors*, had achieved her ruin—
 Burdened with ignominy and disgrace
 For her resplendent *virtues*, not her *crimes*—
 She who had graced a palace, and dispensed
 Pardon to penitence, reward to worth,
 And tempered justice with benevolence—
 Wickedly torn from her exalted station,
 Now walked a captive in the streets of Rome,
 E'en at the feet of the oppressors' steeds.
 Yet was her spirit all untamed. Disdain
 Still sat upon her countenance, and breathed
 Unmeasured scorn upon her persecutors.
 The blush of innocence upon her cheek,
 The burning pride that flashed within her eye,
 The majesty enthroned upon her brow,
 Told, in a language which the tyrant *felt*,
 That her unconquered spirit soared sublime ●
 In a pure orbit whither *his* sordid soul
 Could ne'er attain. Had he a captive led
 Some odious wretch, whose sanguinary crimes,
 Long perpetrated under sanction of a strength
 No arm could reach, had spread a pall of mourning
 Over a people's desolated homes,
 He then had *right* to triumph o'er his victim.
 But 't was not thus. Insatiable ambition
 Had led him to unsheath his victor sword
 Against a monarch whose distinctive sway
 Ravished from Rome no tittle of her *right*;
 And, to augment the aggregate of wrong,
 That monarch was a woman, whose renown,

Compared with his, was gold compared with brass.
 As o'er the stony street the captive paced
 Her weary way before the victor's steeds,
 And marked the multitudes insatiate gaze,
 The look of calm defiance on her face
 Told that she bowed not to her degradation.
 Her thoughts were not at Rome. Unheeded all,
 The billows of the mad excitement dashed
 About her, and broke harmless at her feet.
 Dim reminiscences of former days
 Burst like a deluge on her errant mind;
 Leading her backward to the buried past,
 When in the artless buoyancy of youth
 She sat beneath Palmyra's fragrant shades
 And gleaned the pages of historic story,
 Red with Rome's bloody catalogue of wrong.
 Little she dreamed Palmyra's palaces
 Should e'er be scenes of Roman violence;
 Little she dreamed that *hers* should be the lot
 (A captive princess led in chains) to crown
 The splendor of a Roman holyday.
 Alas! the blow she thought not of had fallen.
 A bloody struggle, like a dreadful dream,
 Had briefly raged, and all to her was lost,
 Save the poor grace of a degraded life.
 Her sun of glory was gone down in blood—
 The glittering fabric of her power despoiled
 To swell the triumph of her conqueror.
 But in the wreck of her magnificence,
 With eye prophetic, she foresaw the ruin
 Of the proud capital of all the world.
 She saw the quickening symptoms of rebellion
 Among the nations, and she caught their cry
 For *freedom* and for *vengeance*!

..... Hark! the Goth
 Is thundering at the gate, His reckless sword
 Leaps from the scabbard, eager to vindicate
 The cause of the oppressed. A thousand years
 The sun has witnessed in his daily course
 The tyranny of Rome, now crushed *forever*.
 The mighty mass of her usurped dominion,
 By its own magnitude at last dissevered,
 Is crumbling into fragments; and the shades
 Of long-forgotten generations shriek
 With fiendish glee over the yawning gulf
 Of her perdition.

TEMPER LIFE'S EXTREMES.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

'T is wise, in summer-warmth, to look before,
 To the keen-nipping winter; it is good,
 In life's hours, to lay aside some store
 Of thought, to leaven the spirit's duller mood;
 To mould the sodded dyke, in sunny hour,
 Against the coming of the wasteful flood;
 Still tempering Life's extremes, that Wo no more

May start abrupt in Joy's sweet neighborhood.
 If Day burst sudden from the bars of Night,
 Or with one plunge leaped down the sheer abyss,
 Painful alike were darkness and the light,
 Bearing fixed war through shifting victories;
 But sweet their bond, where peaceful twilight lingers,
 Weaving the rosy with the sable fingers.

THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812-15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

(Continued from page 136.)

CHAPTER V.

The Revenge.

THE report of the pistol fired by Julia had also been heard upon the pirate brig. To Florette it gave assurance of the safety of the fair fugitive. The pirate sprang to his feet, forgetful of his wound, but fell back helpless upon the companion-way, and soon relapsed into his former thoughtful state, supposing the sound had come from the deck of the Raker, though it had seemed much too near and distinct to appear possible that such was the case.

The escape of Julia was not discovered until the following morning. The wrath of the pirate was fearfully vindictive. Even Florette became alarmed when he fiercely accused her of some share in the disappearance of the captive girl. This she tremblingly denied, suggesting the opinion that Julia must have jumped overboard, in her despair, induced by the threats of the pirate. The loss of the boat was also noticed, but not connected with the escape of Julia, it being supposed that it had been carelessly fastened. As a very natural consequence of his anger, the pirate sought some person on whom he could vent his fury.

"Call aft the other woman," shouted he, "unless she, too, has jumped overboard."

A grim smile was interchanged between the men who heard this order. John's true sex had not been long kept concealed after he had reached the pirate brig, and he had nearly fallen a victim to the rage the unpleasant discovery excited in the men, but his ludicrous and abject expressions of terror, though they awoke no emotions of pity, yet excited the merriment of his captors, and turned their anger into laughter. A man's garments were thrown to him, in which he speedily equipped himself, being indeed in no slight degree relieved by the change. Since that time he had kept himself as much aloof as possible from the crew, anxiously and fearfully expectant of some sudden catastrophe, either that his brains would be blown out without affording him an opportunity to expostulate, or that he would be called upon to walk the plank.

He was roused by a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder.

"O dear, do n't," cried John.

"The captain has sent word for'ard arter you, and faith ye had better be in a hurry, for he's a savage when he's mad."

"O! now I've got to do it."

"Do what?"

"Why walk the plank to be sure."

"Arrah, jewel! do n't be onaisy now."

"Wont I's, do n't you think?"

"Not a bit of it, darling. I think he will be after running you up to the yard-arm."

"But I can't run up it."

"Ha! ha! but come along, honey."

Half dragging John after him, the sailor led him to the quarter-deck.

"Here 's the lady, captain, an' faith she's a sweet one."

The truth of the case had already been explained to the pirate.

"You cowardly fool," said he, "did you expect to escape by such a subterfuge? Pat, run him up to the yard-arm."

"Yes, captain, and that will be a relief to him, for he was mighty afraid he'd have to walk the plank."

"He was? well then he shall."

The vindictiveness of the pirate commander, who had only changed the mode of John's death because he thought that by so doing he should render it more fearful and bitter to the victim, was the means of saving the poor cockney's life. So do revenge and malice often overreach themselves.

A long plank was laid out over the side of the brig and John commanded to walk out on it. He showed a strong disinclination to obeying, but a huge pistol placed against his forehead quickly influenced his decision, and with a cry of anguish he stepped out upon it. As the board tipped he turned to spring back to the brig, but slipping up, fell upon the board, which he pulled after him into the water.

"Fool," cried the captain to one of his men "what did you let the board loose for, he will stay now till the chase picks him up—fire into him."

A dozen balls were fired at John, and it seems he was hit, for he let go the board and sunk.

"There, captain, he's done for."

The brig by this time had reached a considerable distance from the place where John had been committed to the deep, and when he rose to the surface as he soon did, he was out of danger from their shot.

"O dear!" cried he, "I sha n't ever get ashore; I never could swim much."

The waves threw him against the plank.

"O! a shark! a shark!" shouted John, "now do n't;" and he grasped hold of the plank in a frisky

of fear. He soon discovered the friendly aid it would afford him, and held on to it with the tenacity of despair.

In less than half an hour the Raker came up. John was noticed from its deck, and a brawny tar seizing a rope and taking two or three turns of it round his left arm sprang overboard to rescue the half unconscious cockney.

As the sailor seized him, John, supposing it to be a shark, uttered a loud cry and lost all sensation. In this condition he was hauled up to the deck of the privateer, where, upon recovering his senses, he found to his great surprise and joy, that instead of being in the belly of some voracious fish, like Jonah of old, he was in safety, and surrounded by the crew of his former vessel, the Betty Allen, including his master.

The poor fellow was severely wounded by a pistol shot, in the arm, but regardless of this he was wild in his demonstrations of joy, especially when told that his young mistress had also escaped.

Captain Greene found that he had gained little, if any, upon the pirate during the night, and became convinced that he must again commence firing upon her, trusting to some lucky ball to carry away a spar, or failing, to allow the villains to escape the punishment they so richly deserved, not only for their inhuman treatment of the crew of the Betsy Allen, but doubtless for numerous other crimes committed upon the seas, as savage in their conception, and more successful in their execution.

The long gun was again uncovered, and a shot dispatched from its huge portals after the pirate brig. The first ball fired fell short of the brig, striking the water directly in its wake, and ricochetting again threw up the water beyond it.

A succeeding ball, however, did some execution, crashing through her top-gallant fore-castle, but without in any degree lessening her speed. As every fire from the Raker lessened her speed, Capt. Greene became exceedingly anxious that no balls should be thrown away, and commanded Lieut. Morris to point the gun, having more confidence in his skill than in that of the gunner. The young officer aimed the gun carefully, and as it was fired three cheers arose from his crew, as they perceived the pirate's mizzen-mast fall away.

"She is ours," cried the lieutenant.

"Stand by, men, to take in sail," shouted the captain. "We will draw near enough," continued he to Morris, "to fire into her at our leisure, a pirate is not entitled to a more honorable warfare, and he seems also to greatly outnumber us in men."

As the privateer approached the pirate they could not but admire the singular beauty of her build. She rose and fell upon the waters as gracefully as a free and wild ocean bird. The long red lines of her port-holes swept with a gentle curve from stem to stern, and her stern was so sharp that the bowsprit seemed rather to terminate than to join it. Twelve carronades occupied a double row of port-holes, and the deck seemed crowded with men, all armed with cutlasses and pistols.

"A formidable looking set," said Captain Greene, as he laid aside his glass, "keep the gun lively."

An ineffectual fire opened upon the privateer from the pirate, but though they had a swivel of pretty heavy calibre, turning on its axis amidship in such a manner as to menace at will each point of the horizon, it was evident that its force was far less than the long gun of the privateer.

A well aimed shot brought down the pirate's fore topsail-yard, which hung in the slings, and succeeding shots did much injury to her masts and rigging, and at length the main-topmast fell over the side.

The scene on board the pirate, during this unequal warfare, was one approaching perplexity and disorder. Their commander stood by the helm, gazing at the privateer, his brow clouded with angry thought, and giving little heed to the movements of his crew. He was aroused from his abstraction by the voice of one of his officers.

"Captain, this is bad business, what is to be done?"

The captain gazed at him in silence.

"The crew are alarmed, and demand of you some relief from this harassing state. Our guns will not reach the chase, and we cannot leave her in this crippled state."

At this moment a heavy ball from the privateer whizzed by them and buried itself in the main-mast of the brig.

The captain seemed fully aroused. His eyes flashed with their wonted fire. He turned toward his crew, and saw at a glance the state of depression which had fallen upon them all. He even overheard some muttered words of complaint.

"Pat," says one, "this seems to be playing a rough game, where nothing is to be won on our side."

"Faith, an' ye may say that, but we stand a chance to gain one thing."

"What may that be, Pat?"

"O, a two-inch rope, and a run up to the fore yard-arm."

"The devil! That's not a pleasant thought, Pat."

"No, but they say it's an aisy death."

"Silence, men," was heard in the deep tones of the captain's voice.

In a moment all was still, and every eye turned toward the companion-way, on which the captain stood, resting one hand upon the main-boom, as he was exceedingly weak from the wound inflicted by the ball of Captain Horton.

"My brave fellows," said their leader, "do not be alarmed, we shall not be hanged this time. Is our situation any worse than it has been in times heretofore? Trust in me. Have I ever deceived you—have I ever failed yet? You know I have not. Where we cannot conquer by fair battle, we must use stratagem. Be watchful and ready, and we will yet not only escape yonder vessel, but stand upon her deck as masters."

The confidence with which he spoke inspired his followers with like feeling, and with countenances relighted by hope, they returned to their several stations. Their reliance upon their commander was

unbounded. He had so often triumphed when even greater difficulties opposed, that they already felt sure of ultimate delivery, now that he had been restored to his former energy—they had mistaken the lethargy into which pain and weakness had thrown him for the torpor of despair. Again the joke and laugh went round, and already they began to compute their respective shares of booty in the vessel so soon to be theirs, they knew not how.

"Haul down the ensign, in token that we surrender," cried the captain.

A murmur of indignation and surprise arose from the crew.

"What, men, do you doubt me? 'Tis but a feint. Haul down the flag and take in sail."

The men obeyed with alacrity, for they already clearly comprehended the plan of their leader. It was his intention to entice the privateer alongside, and, well aware of his own superiority in numbers, to make a sudden onset upon her deck, and thus, contrary to all laws of honorable warfare, seize by foul means what could not be obtained in any other way.

These pacific indications were viewed with some surprise on board the privateer.

"By Heaven!" cried Lieut. Morris, "she's tired of this game soon."

"Well, she had no other way to do; as it was we should have sunk her without receiving a shot."

"It was a losing game for her, true enough."

"Lay the brig alongside of her," shouted Captain Greene to his men.

As his men with a cheer began to unfurl all sail, Captain Horton approached the commander of the privateer. He had up to this period ventured no interference, both from matter of delicacy, and because he saw nothing to disapprove of in the course pursued by Captain Greene.

"My dear sir," said he, as he laid his hand upon the arm of the captain of the privateer, "allow me to say a word."

"Certainly, sir," replied the courteous commander. "I ought sooner than this to have asked your advice."

"I would not place too great confidence in the pirate's signal of surrender."

"Do you apprehend foul play?"

"Recollect the savage brutality which the fiend has already evinced, and judge for yourself whether he is worthy of being trusted at all."

"You are right, sir. Lieut. Morris," continued he, turning to his young officer.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Load the long gun with grape and canister, and wheel it abaft—load the larboard guns the same way. Now, my men, do n't run too near her. She must send a boat aboard."

The privateer approached within half a cable's length of the pirate.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Captain Greene.

No answer came from the pirate, but her head was rounded to, so as to bear directly down on the Raker.

"Answer me, or I'll fire into you."

"Fire and be d—d," came from the deck of the

pirate, and at the same time a broadside was sent into the Raker, which killed two or three men at guns, and severely wounded Captain Greene.

"Lieut. Morris," cried he, "take the command of the vessel," and falling on the deck he was immediately carried below.

The young officer was fully equal to the emergency of the occasion. At a glance he perceived that the pirate in the confusion which ensued from his unexpected broadside, had fallen foul of the privateer's rigging, and the crowd of his crew in his bow and fore-rigging, all with cutlasses drawn, and ready spring aboard the privateer, plainly announced his intention to board.

"All hands to repel boarders," shouted Morris, drawing his cutlass he sprang forward, followed by his men.

A well contested struggle ensued, the American seamen, indignant at the foul deceit which had been practiced upon them, fought like tigers, and for a time kept the pirates at bay—they had indeed, notwithstanding their superior numbers, nearly driven them from the deck, when the form of their commander appeared among them. In consequence of his wound he had, contrary to his custom, entrusted the command of the boarders to his first lieutenant, and had remained upon his own vessel watching the fight. He sprang among his crew, with a sword drawn, and a tight sash bound around his waist from which the dark blood was slowly issuing, his wound having burst away from its ligatures.

"Cowards!" he shouted, "do ye yield—retreat to their one."

Leaping to their front, he struck down a sailor and plunged into the thickest of the fight. Remotely by the presence of their leader, who had so often led them to victory, a new spirit seemed to light up the fainting courage of the pirates, and with a fierce yell they rushed forward. The American crew was compelled to fall back before the fierce assault. At the head of his men Lieut. Morris several times crossed swords with the pirate captain, but the swiftness of the fight separated them. Perceiving that his men were slowly yielding, though in good order, Lieutenant Morris, cool and collected, cheered their courage, and at this moment thought of the long gun which had been drawn up, loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, against the companion-way, and a man with a lighted match stationed by it.

"Fall back to the quarter-deck," cried the young officer.

They retreated in close array, and uncovered the mouth of the huge gun. At the sight of this a cry of dismay broke from the foremost of the pirates, who broke the front rank, and many of them escaped for the time by leaping into the sea.

"Fire," cried Lieut. Morris. In a moment he was obeyed. Wild cries of agony arose amid the gathering smoke, which, as it rolled away, revealed a horrible sight. Not a living pirate stood upon the deck of the privateer. A dense mass of bodies, writhing in pain, lay upon the fore-deck, and many of the pirates who had jumped into the sea were seen scrambling

up the sides of their own vessel; the pirate chief lay dead at the head of his followers, foremost in death, as he had been in life. It was a terrible and revolting scene—the scuppers literally ran with blood, the bulwarks were bespattered with brains and pieces of scalps; several limbs were strewn about, and the entire deck covered with the dead or dying.

While the crew of the *Raker* stood for a time awestruck at the desolation they had themselves made, the pirates, ferocious to the last, had regained their own ship and cut her adrift, and as they paid off fired a broadside into the *Raker*, which injured several of her men. Roused by this, the privateersmen rushed to their guns. The larboard guns, in obedience to the order of Captain Greene, were already loaded with grape; while with the starboard Morris commanded his men to keep up a steady fire at the masts and rigging.

A fortunate shot from the *Raker* struck the helmsman on board the pirate, shattering at the same time the tiller. In a moment the brig was up in the wind, and taken aback, throwing the pirates into confusion.

"Ready about," cried Morris, leaping from the carronade-slide on which he had raised himself, and taking in at a glance the exposed position of the enemy—"head her round, and stand ready to give the rascals a taste from our larboard quarter."

The *Raker* ranged across the bows of the pirate, and before he could regain his headway, raked him with a tremendous broadside of the same deadly missiles which had already destroyed so many of their comrades. The wild cries of anguish which arose from the clouds of smoke told with what destructive effect the death-bolts had been hurled.

The pirate now paid off and returned an ineffectual broadside, but rendered ungovernable by the loss of her head-sails and tiller, he immediately broached-to again, and the privateer poured in another terrible discharge of grape and canister, raking him fore and aft, then heaving-to and taking up a position on his bow, she fired broadside after broadside into him in rapid and deadly succession. The main-mast now fell over the side, and the pirate at the same time fell off before the wind, and drew out of the deep mantle of smoke which had for some time covered both vessels. As the smoke slowly curled up from the deep it was seen that not a living man was visible upon the deck of the pirate. Several of her guns were dismounted, and her masts so cut away that she lay upon the waters a helpless and disabled wreck. Yet the red ensign of death, though rent into ribbons, still fluttered from the peak, and the young lieutenant hesitated to board, having learned caution from the treachery of the pirate.

While the crew of the *Raker* were thus occupied in watching their enemy, a light female form was seen to issue from the hatchway and gaze around the deck of the pirate. She passed from body to body, but seemed not to find what she sought. At length she turned her eyes, streaming with tears, toward the *Raker*, and pointing to the flag above her, as if to indicate that there was no one to lower it, she knelt upon the deck, bowing her head upon her hands.

Her long hair fell over her forehead and trailed upon the blood-stained deck, as she knelt in mute despair among the dying and the dead. It was a mournful and singular picture of woe, and there were eyes long unused to tears that filled to overflowing as they gazed upon her.

A boat was immediately lowered, and Lieutenant Morris with a dozen of his crew were soon in possession of the pirate's deck. Upon examining the brig it was found that she was fast filling with water, and after conveying to the *Raker* all that they could lay hands on of value, including a large amount of precious metal, she was left to her fate. Not one of her crew was found living, so destructive had been the continual discharge of grape from the *Raker*. Florette accompanied them on board, and wept bitterly as she saw the dead body of the pirate commander lying in front of his slaughtered followers, but suffered herself to be led below by Julia, who received her with kindness and gratitude.

All sail was now set upon the privateer, and she bore away from the sinking craft of the pirate upon her former course. The latter vessel, traversed in every direction by the *Raker's* terrible fire, was rapidly settling into the ocean. Suddenly, with a sound like the gushing of an immense water-spout, a huge chasm opened in the waves—the doomed brig seemed struggling as if with conscious life, and then lashing the waters with her shattered spars and broken masts, went down forever beneath the deep waters, over whose bosom she had so long rode as a scourge and a terror, with blood and desolation following in her wake.

Among the effects of the pirate captain which had been conveyed on board the *Raker*, a manuscript was found, which seemed to be an autobiography of his life. For what purpose he had written it can never be known—most probably from an impulsive desire to give vent on paper to thoughts and feelings which he could not breathe to any living person, and which he doubtless supposed would never be perused by human eye—they show that, savage, and lawless, and blood-thirsty as he had become, strong and terrible motives had driven him into his unnatural pursuit, and perchance a tear of pity may fall for him, as the gentle reader peruses the private records of the scourge of the ocean.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pirate's Story.

I am the youngest son of a gentleman of the northern part of England. My father's family is as good as any in the county, for without laying claim to any title of nobility, our blood is as pure and our lineage as ancient as the most boasted in England. I had but one brother, who succeeded at our father's death to the broad lands and rich heritage of our name. The accursed law of primogeniture, to which I owe all the evil that has befallen me, of course debarred me from all share in the family estate. I had refused to enter the army, the church or the navy, though my inclinations were in favor of the latter profession;

yet a stronger claim than ambition or a roving life kept me on the paternal estate. It was not that I envied my brother the possession of the wide bounds over which he ruled, or that I found less happiness in witnessing his, for I loved my brother, as God is my witness, here, in my lonely cabin, with this great sea around me, and this broad sky above me; here, though no eye may ever see these lines, I write, do I repeat it, I loved my brother dearly and proudly. It was love that kept me idle at home while other young men of England, belonging to the same position in society as myself, and in the same unfortunate category of younger sons, were carving out for themselves fame and wealth in the service of their country.

Helen Burnett was the loveliest girl I have ever seen, and I loved her with all the passionate devotedness of a young and ardent heart; she was to me the light of life, for all was dark when I was not with her. She was the only daughter of our village curate, and resided near our family mansion. We had sported together beneath the venerable trees of the park from the earliest days of childhood. Until I left home for college she had seemed to me as a sister, and I had loved her as such until, on returning home from a long absence at college, I found a blushing and beautiful young woman where I had expected, forgetting the rapid work of time, to meet with the same playful and lovely child I had kissed at parting. She was, indeed, beautiful; tall, graceful, and even commanding in figure, while the mildness of an angel reposed in the glance of her deep-blue eyes, and the sweet smile that so often visited her lips, while her pleasantly modulated voice was music itself.

"A lyre of widest range,
Touched by all passion—did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided through all change of
liveliest utterance."

Her hair was of the darkest shade of brown, resting in soft wave-like smoothness above her high, pale forehead. Alas! that she was so lovely! had she been less so, either I might not have loved her, or I might have been permitted by fortune to have been happy with her.

After leaving college, my time was all devoted to Helen. She loved me no less than I loved her; and I looked forward to a quiet and happy life, picturing the future with colorings of the brightest hope and joyfulness.

It was at this time that my brother returned from a long tour of the Continent. He was one of the handsomest men of the day, and had been distinguished by the appellation which had accompanied him from court to court, of "the handsome Englishman." He was of a medium stature, and faultlessly proportioned; his expansive and intellectual forehead seemed the seat of lofty thought, and his dark flashing eye, intensely expressive, seemed to penetrate to the heart of all who met its glance. I see him now—not in his glorious beauty, but pale—pale, touched by the cold finger of death.

I had too much of the pride of my race to live as a

dependent on my brother's bounty, yet I could not bear the thought of leaving Helen. I was in a situation to marry, and in an undecided state of mind I suffered the days to glide away.

My brother had just come back from a day's angling in the trout-stream that flowed through his land. He met me at the park-gate.

"Well, John," said I, "what luck to-day?"

"O, William," said he, without heeding my question, "I have seen the most charming girl—the loveliest one that breathes. She outvies all I have seen in my travels; do you know her. She is the curate's daughter."

I felt a sickness at heart, like the bitterness of death—was it a presentiment, a warning of evil to come.

"Say, William?"

"Yes—yes, she is lovely."

"She is an angel."

Sir John passed into the park, and I proceeded with a strange melancholy I could not dispel, to meet Helen. She was at her father's door, and greeted me with her accustomed kindness of voice and manner.

"Why are you so sad this lovely evening, William?"

"Sad!—am I sad?"

"You look so."

"Well, I will be so no longer, then;" and I endeavored to shake off my depression, but as succeeding, I bade her farewell at an earlier hour than was my custom.

From that day my brother's angling excursions became more frequent—but he seldom returned with a full basket. He often spoke to me of Helen, but I always replied carelessly, and changed the topic of conversation to something else, yet when alone I was in continual torment from my thoughts. I endeavored to console myself with the reflection that Helen's love was plighted to me, and that she would not change, yet my thoughts were continually recurring to my brother's great advantages over me in every respect, not only in fortune but in personal appearance; and I had already, in my suspicions, placed him in the light of a rival for the hand of Helen. I knew his high-minded and honorable disposition too well to fancy for a moment that he would attempt her ruin; and I also knew that there was nothing in the inferior station of Helen's family that would prevent him from seeking her hand in marriage, if she had compelled his love.

All that followed might perhaps have been prevented had I at first told my brother frankly of my love for Helen; but a foolish desire to prove her low for me, and a certain feeling of self-respect kept me silent.

It was not a long time before I either saw, or fancied I saw, a change in the manner of Helen toward me—the thought was torture. I was for days undecided how to act, but at length determined to learn the true state of things. I knew my brother was often at the parsonage, and I trembled for the result.

"Helen," I asked her, "is not my brother a frequent visitor here?"

It was twilight, but I thought I observed a heightened color in her cheek.

"Yes, he has been here several times since his return."

"Dear Helen, answer me frankly, has he ever spoken to you of love?"

She hesitated, but at length replied,

"He has."

"And did you not tell him your vows were plighted to another?"

"My father entered the room before I made any reply at all."

"Helen, do you love me now the same as ever you have done?"

"You have my plighted word, William." Yet there was something bordering on coldness even in the sweet accents with which she spoke; the nice instinct of love detects each gradation of feeling with an unerring certainty. I was not satisfied, and when I left her, I was more unhappy than ever. I longed to speak to my brother on the subject, yet some indescribable feeling prevented me; and I allowed the days to glide away, growing more and more troubled in mind as they passed by.

I was now convinced that Helen's affection for me was not what it had been; and after a short interview with her, in which she had again repeated her love for me, but in such chilling tones that I felt it was not from the heart she spoke, I sought the chamber of my brother in a state almost bordering on madness. All of our race have been of ungovernable passions, but none more so than myself. I paused at his door to regain in some degree my self-command, then lifting the latch, I entered.

"Ah, brother!" said Sir John, in a cheerful tone.

"Yes, your younger brother," replied I, bitterly.

Sir John started with wonder.

"Why, William, what mean you?"

I paid no heed to the interruption, but continued growing, if possible, still more enraged as I proceeded.

"Are not all the broad lands of our family estate yours—its parks, its meadows, its streams; this venerable mansion, where the *elder son* has rioted for so many generations, leaving the younger to make his way in the world as best he may?"

"Brother, are you mad? My purse is yours—I have nothing that is not yours."

"You have every thing, and not content with that, you have sought to win away the love of my affianced bride."

"Who mean you, William?"

"Helen Burnett."

My brother turned pale, and gazing upon me for a moment with astonishment, he heaved a deep sigh, and covered his face with his hands.

I folded my arms, and stood looking upon him scornfully, for my passion had made me consider him in the light of one who had knowingly stolen away my bride.

Sir John at length uncovered his face and spoke.

"I would to God, William, you had told me this sooner."

"Is it then too late?" I inquired, bitterly.

"Too late—too late for my happiness, but not too late for justice and honor. She is yours, William, I resign all pretensions to her hand, and will cease to visit the parsonage."

I was touched by the generous spirit of my brother, and by the mournful shadow which clouded his noble brow. I have ever acted from impulse, and seizing him by the hand, I said,

"Not so, John—not so! She is, as I have told you, my affianced bride; her solemn and oft-repeated vows are mine, and I have thought that her love was forever mine; but this very night I plainly perceived that a change has been wrought in her feelings. She treated me with coldness instead of warmth, and maddened by my interview with her, I rushed into your presence, and have blamed you unjustly."

"My dear brother—"

"No, no, John, I was wrong to accuse you. I should have better known your nobleness. Henceforth let us stand on equal ground; I do not want an unwilling bride, and if you can win her love from me, take her, though it drive me mad."

A gleam of pleasure passed over Sir John's countenance as he replied,

"Be it so, my brother, it is but honorable; yet will I at once resign all hope, and leave the country if you but will it so."

"Sir John, have you reason to think that Helen loves you?"

"She has never said so, but I did not think she looked coldly upon me."

"She is 'false, false as hell!'"

"My dear William, however this suite terminate, any thing in my power shall be done for you. If the estates were not entailed, I would at once give you a deed for half of them, and then I should have no advantage over you in wealth or position. Here is an order for a hundred thousand pounds."

"Sir John I will accept nothing; if I lose Helen, I shall have no more to live for, and I warn you, if I become mad from disappointment, do not cross my path, or I know not the consequence."

"You do not threaten me."

I felt the turbulent passions of my nature rising within me, and fearing that I should lose all self-command, I rushed from the room, and entering the silent park, I wandered from grove to grove till the cool air of the night had calmed my raging spirit, when I sought my own chamber.

I had never told the worthy curate of my love for his daughter, and Helen had never been accustomed to depend on him for advice or consolation. It was to her mother that she had always turned for both, and that mother had died but a year before the return of my brother. Mr. Burnett was a quiet student, passionately fond of his books, as innocent of the world as a child, only fretful and peevish when any thing occurred to disturb the quiet monotony of his existence, and apparently unconscious that his little

Helen had grown from a child to a woman. His mind was wholly wrapped up in his studies, even at his meals it was abstracted, and he retired hastily to his closet. Helen had no inclination to disturb the serenity of his life, until it became absolutely necessary that he should be made acquainted with her engagement to me; and I had been too thoughtless of all but my own happiness to intrude upon his privacy, confident that his sanction to our marriage would not be refused whenever demanded.

I had yet to learn the lesson, bitter and agonizing, that no woman is proof against the captivating temptations of ambition, and the glare of wealth. I know but little of the sex; they are called angels, and I had thought Helen was an angel—alas! I found my mistake. I read my doom in the averted coldness of her glance; I felt it in the unwilling pressure of her hand whenever we met, and I knew it when I gazed upon the countenance of my brother, on which was a quiet glow of happiness his expressive features could not conceal, even when he knew my searching glance was upon him. O! the agony of feeling which oppressed me in those bitter days; I felt all the savage passions of my nature rising within me; there were moments when I felt as if I could gladly see my brother and Helen stretched dead at my feet. Day by day these vindictive thoughts increased within me. It wanted but the finishing stroke to make me completely mad—it came. Though I had long dreaded to make the trial, on which all my happiness for this world rested, I at length determined to put it off no longer.

The shadows of twilight were settling over the earth as I slowly and sadly approached the parsonage. My head was bowed upon my breast as I walked with a noiseless step upon the little path that led to the unpretending dwelling. I was not aware how near I had come, till a ray of light from the window fell across the path, and recalled me to myself. As I stopped, I heard the tones of my brother's voice in low and earnest conversation. I drew nearer, and beheld a sight which rooted me to the spot, even though I was not wholly unprepared for such a scene.

My brother and Helen were seated in the little arbor before the parsonage, as she and myself had often before sat when I fancied our love was lasting as life. In the dim light I could see that my brother's arm was round her waist, and that her head rested upon his shoulder. I could hear their conversation.

"And you do love me, then, Helen?"

I heard no answer, but the long curls moved slightly upon my brother's shoulder, and as he bent his head and kissed her, I felt that he was answered—I was answered—that he *was* loved.

My brain burned as if on fire—and I sunk to the earth with a low groan. How long I remained unconscious I do not know; when I recovered, Helen and Sir John stood beside me. I sprang to my feet, and gazed upon them with the glare of a maniac. It was so—my brain was crazed.

"William," said Helen.

Her soft voice fell upon my ears with a singular

cadence. With a fierce laugh I struck my brother to the earth, and rushed forth into the forest. At that night I must have wandered through its depths. I found myself at the break of day miles from my mansion, lying beneath an aged oak. I did not seem to know myself. I cannot now describe the feelings and thoughts which raged within me. The wild sea, which is now lashing the ocean without my cabin, not more wild and fierce—the black sky above me, not more dark and gloomy. They seemed at length to settle into one stern, unchanging emotion, as that was hatred toward my brother, and a stern determination to revenge upon him the cruel wrong which had driven me mad.

My path led along the course of a mountain torrent whose sudden descent as it hurried toward the river formed successive water-falls not unmusical in their cadence. A few purple beech and drooping willows with here and there a mountain ash, skirted the ravine that formed its bed; their leaves had fallen before the blasts of autumn, they seemed emblematic of myself; like me their glory had departed—they were shorn of their loveliness by the rough storm left bare and verdureless in the chilling breath of autumn; the seasons in their round would restore them their beauty and their bloom, clothing their branches again in all the freshness of youth; but what should give back to me the freshness of youth of the heart? what restore the decision of the soul?

Weak and exhausted, I flung myself down in a rude grotto, which commanded a view of the mountain stream as it washed the rocks below; it was a scene fitted to my mood, for I turned in disgust from the beautiful landscape an opening in the forest revealed—the beauty of earth had forever passed away from me. That same opening, however, unfolded to my sight the gray towers of my family mansion, and as once I started to my feet and bent my course toward them.

At length I reached my home—how hateful every thing about the venerable building seemed. I stole to my chamber, and falling upon my couch, slept from pure exhaustion.

It was night when I awoke. I arose, but did not leave my room; seated by the window with the cold wind of November blowing upon my burning brow, I nursed my thoughts of vengeance. I forgot that he against whom I harbored such thoughts was my only brother; I forgot my self-offered trial of my powers with Helen; I forgot every thing—every thing but the fiery feeling of revenge. Yes, I was mad.

Day after day I wandered around the old castle, shunning every one. My brother strove to converse with me, but glaring upon him like a maniac as I was, I rushed past him. I felt the poison of hatred working within me, and I knew the time was coming when my revengeful spirit would find its vent.

I often wandered toward the parsonage, but never sought an interview with Helen. At times I caught a glimpse of her light form as it passed by a window or before the open door that led into the hall. One

evening I saw my brother enter, and drawing near the window, I saw through the slightly-parted curtain, such evidence of their mutual affection, that, if possible, I became more than ever crazy in my anguish and despair. I waited for him to come out long hours, hours to me of bitterest sorrow, to him of most intense delight. It was an exceedingly cold night. A slight snow had fallen during the day, and the landscape around me glistening in the moonlight, seemed wrapped in a robe of the purest white. Yet as I gazed all seemed to turn into the deep hue of blood—wherever I gazed, every thing presented the same fearful coloring. It was but the shadowy reflection of a coming deed that should forever stain my soul with a deeper red, that the years of eternity could never efface.

At length my brother opened the door of the parsonage and came forth. Leaning against the trunk of an old tree but a little distance from them, I saw and heard the parting acts of endearment. At that terrible moment the determination of my soul was made, and I heard the dark devil within me whisper one of you must die. I shuddered at the thought, but when scarcely out of sight of the parsonage, almost as soon as the door had closed upon the form of Helen, I confronted my brother. Sir John started back, surprised.

"What, William, is it you?"

I laughed scornfully.

"My poor brother!"

"Do you dare to pity me—ha! ha! ha! Sir John! one of us must die this night—here, upon this spot; here are two pistols, take one of them, and it will be soon seen which is the fated one."

Sir John mechanically took the pistol; cocking my own, I retired a few paces, and turning, exclaimed,

"Are you ready?"

My words recalled him to himself; flinging his pistol far into the wood, he exclaimed,

"I will not fire at my brother."

"Coward!"

"The name belongs not to our race; fire at me if you will, I will not at you."

Enraged beyond expression, yet even in my madness ashamed to fire at an unarmed man, I hesitated. My brother spoke.

"Come, William, let us go home."

Home!—ha! ha! ha! my home is the wood and the cave! Here, take my good-night."

Thus speaking I flung my pistol full at his face with all my strength; it struck him lengthwise, and being cocked, went off in consequence of the concussion.

Sir John fell upon the cold snow. I rushed up to him, and beheld the blood flowing in torrents from a ghastly wound; the ball had taken a downward direction, and penetrated the abdomen.

"William," he said, faintly, "you have murdered me. God forgive you!"

It seemed as if my reason came back to me at that terrible moment as suddenly as it had left me. At the report of my pistol, I had heard a loud scream in the parsonage, and almost at the same time

with myself Helen rushed up to the side of my brother.

"Oh!" she cried, in accents of agony, "who has done this?"

"Who!" said I, bitterly, "do you ask? You have done it; but no, Helen, I do not mean it—let us carry him into the parsonage."

With difficulty we lifted the body of my brother, and bearing him into the house, laid him upon a bed. Helen, who had up to this time been sustained by the necessity of exertion, fainted beside the body. I stood gazing upon them in stupid despair. The worthy pastor opened the door of the room; he had heard an unusual noise, and left his books to learn the cause.

I stopped not to converse with him, I could not trust myself to speak, but stooping to the lifeless form of Helen, I imprinted a last kiss upon her pale lips, and burst from the chamber. I do not know the result of that fatal night. It may be that my brother and Helen were both restored to life and happiness. God grant that it was so. It may be that the spirits of both had already passed to another world when I broke from the room, leaving the pale and astonished pastor gazing upon the lifeless bodies of his only daughter and the young lord of the manor. Years have passed since then, and not a happy hour have their long ages borne to me; yet methinks if I could but know that my brother and Helen are living in happiness in the mansion of my fathers, much that is dark and despairing in the remnant of life would be taken from the future.

That night I bade farewell to the haunts of boyhood, and the next day I was out upon the broad ocean. I had jumped aboard of a little vessel which was just weighing anchor, without asking its destination or caring where it bore me. I made brief reply to all interrogatories, merely showing a purse of gold, which was sufficient answer, inasmuch as it showed I was not to be an unprofitable part of the cargo.

Seated upon the companion-way, that evening I watched the receding shores of my native isle, and as the sunlight went out on its white cliffs, leaving them in sombre shade, I felt that so had the light of my life gone out, leaving the darkness of despair forever. Reckless as I was of the future, and dark as was the past, I was not yet dead to all emotion, and I could not witness my native land fading from my view without experiencing those melancholy feelings which the endearing recollections of former years excite, embittered as they were with me by the thought that even if I ever should return to the home of my fathers, I should find no kindred to welcome me back. No wonder, then, that I felt a chilling sickness of the heart as I caught a last glimpse of the Wicklow Mountains gleaming in the warm colorings of the evening sun, as they mingled their hoary summits with the "dewy skies" of my native isle.

The vessel on which I had chanced to take passage was bound for the West Indies. It was a small merchantman, and fell an easy prey to the first pirate that gave chase. We were boarded and

all consigned to death. When the command was given to the pirates to shoot us all through the head, I stepped forward with a smile, and a heart partaking more of gladness than it had felt for long months, a pistol was at my temple, when the stern voice of the pirate captain commanded his man to stay his hand. He stepped forward and gazed into my face.

"My fine fellow, are you not afraid to die?"

"I have nothing to live for—blow away, and I will thank you."

"By heaven, you are just the man for us! Now take your choice, I have no objection to shoot you, indeed it would be rather pleasant than otherwise, but one of my lieutenants was killed yesterday, and you can fill his place if you will. I give you five minutes to decide while we are dispatching these dogs. I gazed upon the cruel work—it did not shock me; I even smiled at their agony, and had determined to share their fate, when a momentary thought of the unknown, mysterious hereafter restrained my advancing step. Am I ready, thought I, to plunge into its mysteries. I shuddered at the thought. It was not the beautiful blue sky unrolled above me, nor the broad, playful sea around that wooed me to life. No, it was that fear of the "something after death."

"Are you ready to answer?"

"I am thine."

"It is well, throw these carcasses into the sea, and set all sail for the Bermudas. Well, lieutenant," continued he, as the ship fell off before the wind, "give us your name, or it will be awkward work hailing you."

"William—" I stopped, the pride of my race arose within me.

"Well?"

"I will not give my name—call me William, I'll answer to that."

"Very well—lieutenant William, my lads, your second lieutenant."

The men seemed to like me from the first, and I gazed upon them with a proud, fearless eye. A hearty cheer arose that endorsed my command.

Since then my home has been the pirate's deck; my heart has grown harder and harder with the lapse of time. I love the sight of blood better than I love the flowing wine—the agonizing shriek of death better than the sweetest music—like an emblem of evil I gloat over the tortures of man. I have learned to hate the land of my birth, and all who drew breath upon her detested soil. I have been foremost in every conflict, yet have I not met death—the only foe whom I cannot conquer by my fiercest will and dark heart.

I could not long remain a subordinate in command. I had become the idol of our lawless crew, and a single blow from my sword laid our captain low; death upon his own deck; and I filled his place, smiling with a fiendish pleasure, as I saw his body thrown into the waves, and the hungry sharks severing the limbs yet throbbing with life. I have no feeling for my kind—yet I was not meant for this. Under happier auspices, I might have been a leader in the ranks of God as I am now in those of Satan. My sword might have been drawn for my native land with the purest and loftiest feelings of patriotism, instead of being turned against her and her children. Even now, in the midst of my crimes and desolations, my heart throbs when I think of the great mother of earth, and I feel that, like them, I might have let the name of boast and pride to mankind; now I shall perish, unknown and unwept; the annals of my race shall never record that one of its scions led a pirate crew to deeds of bloody cruelty and death. Long since I have buried my name in oblivion—I am dead to my kindred, dead to the world; the caves of ocean are yawning for the body of the pirate-chief, and there will he sleep with the howling ocean and the shrieking storm to sing his requiem and his dirge.

[To be continued.]

DREAMS.

YEs, there were pleasant voices yesternight,
Humming within mine ear a tale of truth,
Reminding me of days ere the sad blight
Of care had dimmed the brightness of my youth:
Yes, they were pleasant voices; but, forsooth,
They threw a kind of melancholy charm
Around my heart; as if in vengeful rath,
Our very dreams have knowledge of the harm
Ourselves do to ourselves, without the least alarm!

I love such dreams, for at my couch there stood
One who, in other lands, with magic spell,
Had taught my untaught heart to love the good,
The pure, the holy, which in her did dwell.
It was a lovely image, and too well
I do remember me the fatal hour,
When that bright image—but I may not tell
How deep the thralldom, absolute the power—
My very dreams decide it was her only dower.
Sandwich Islands.

What are our dreams? A sort of fancy sketches,
Limned on the mind's retina, with a grace
More subtle than the wakeful artist catches,
And tinted with a more ethereal trace.
Our dreams annihilate both time and space,
And waft us, with magnetic swiftness, back
O'er an oblivious decade to the place
Where youth's fond visions clustered o'er our track;
Of youth's fond hopes decayed, alas! there is no lack!

I love such dreams, for they are more than real;
They have a passion in them in whose birth
The heart receives again its bean ideal—
Its Platonized embodiment of worth.
Call ye them dreams! then what a mortal death
Throws its gaunt shadow o'er our little life!
Our very joy is mockery of mirth,
And our quiescence agony of strife:
If dreams are naught but dreams, what is our real life?

R. G. R.

A LEAF IN THE LIFE OF LEDYARD LINCOLN.

A SKETCH.

BY MARY SPENCER PRASE.

It was in the joyous leaf-giving, life-giving month of June, of 18—, after an absence of six years, that I found myself once more among my own dearly loved native hills.

An intense worshiper of Nature, I had gratified to the utmost my passion and curiosity by exploring all the accessible regions of the old world. I had studied every scene that was in any way famous, or infamous I might say with regard to some, if the necessity of clambering down or up unclimbable precipices, or wading through interminable swamps, could render them so.

With all the fatigue and hardships I had undergone my reward was great, and had more than repaid me for the perilous dangers I had courted and conquered. I had gazed, and dreamed, and raved by turns. I had been melted into tears of tenderness by the perfect harmony and loveliness of some scenes, and had been frozen into awe by the magnificent grandeur and terrible sublimity of others. And, after those six years of travel in foreign lands, I had returned, my brain one endless panorama of hills, valleys and cloud-capped mountains, earth, skies, wood and water. Not one of those gorgeous scenes, however, had moved me as I was moved when once again I beheld my boyhood's home—the stately mansion of my fathers. Half hidden, it rose majestically amid the noble elms that surrounded it; there lay the velvet-green sloping lawn in front—down which, as a boy, I had rolled in the summer and sledged in the winter—there the wild, night-dark ravine in the rear—fit haunt for elves and gnomes—that terminated amid jagged rocks and tangled trees, in a rushing, roaring brook of no mean dimensions, almost as large as many of the so-called rivers of the mother country. Just at this point, at the turn of the old time-worn stage-road, where the venerable, picturesque old homestead of my sires burst thus suddenly into view, an opening in the trees, whether by accident or design, revealed one of the very merriest, maddest of musical water-falls, that went foaming and tumbling its snow-white, sparkling waters over a bed of huge rocks, and then, by a sudden wilful bend, that same loud-uttering brook was lost to view.

As the rattling stage neared my home, my heart leaped within me, and every fibre of it trembled with emotion. I could have hugged and kissed each familiar sturdy old tree, looking so grand and natural. My soul warmed and yearned toward the well remembered scene; and as I thought upon my fond, doting mother and my loving, lovely sisters, and my

ever-indulgent father, I could have wept in the intensity of my joy at finding myself so near them, and breathing the same free, pure, health-giving air that had nurtured my childhood. But was there not sitting directly opposite to me one of the most exquisitely beautiful of God's lovely women; and did not her saucy, demure eyes seem to read my very soul? I therefore restrained a display of my feelings, for it would not have appeared in the least dignified or proper in a fine-looking young man (such as I imagined myself to be) of four-and-twenty, to be seen with eyes streaming like a young girl.

More than once, during our short stage-coach ride had our eyes met; and hers had revealed to me a living well of spiritual beauty; and although they were withdrawn as soon as they encountered mine—not coquettishly, but with true feminine modesty—still they were not turned away until our mutual eyes had flashed one electrical spark of mutual understanding and mutual sympathy, that whole volumes of dull words could never express either as vividly or as truly. What a heaven-born mystery is contained in the glance of an eye: it can kill and can make alive; it can fill the heart with a sudden and delicious ecstasy, and it can plunge it into the deepest, darkest despair.

I gave her one last look as the stage stopped before my father's door, and if it expressed one tithe of what I felt, it told her of my warm admiration of her glorious beauty, and of my sorrow at leaving her, perhaps forever, without knowing more of her.

For the time the matchless image of my stage-coach companion was lost in the loving embraces and tender greetings of my family. I felt it truly refreshing, after six years of exile from my own kith and kin, to be caressed and made much of; to be told by three deliciously beautiful, exquisitely graceful sisters, hanging around one, and kissing one every other word, to be told how much the few last years had improved one, how handsome, &c. one was grown; was it not enough to somewhat turn one's brain, and make one a little vain and considerably happy.

In the still hush of the night, after finding myself once more in my own room—*my* room, with its cabinets of shells and mosses, that I had collected when a boy in my various trips to the seashore, all religiously left arranged as I had left them, its guns, fishing-rods, stuffed rabbits and birds, its preserved rattle-snakes and cases of insects, all of which had stood for so long a time in their respective places that they had become a part of the room—in the still

hush of the night the divine image of my most beautiful stage-coach companion arose before me. The evening was warm and soft, and gleaming in the gorgeous moonlight lay that wild, weird ravine, and the ever downward, foaming water-fall. Its musical utterings, the delicious moonlight, and my own newly awakened and hitherto invulnerable heart, all conspired to make me poetical and inspired, or at least to imagine myself to be so; and pardon me if I gave utterance in verse to some of my feelings. But do not in the least imagine that you are going by any means to be presented with a fatiguing copy of my passionate numbers; in the first place I am very diffident, and in the next—but never mind the next, I will tell you in plain prose that I felt convinced in my heart, I felt a rapturous presentiment that the unutterably lovely being I had that day beheld would ere long be my own dear little wife, forever and forever. An indistinct dream of having somewhere, at some time before, known her haunted me and tormented me, but I racked my brains in vain to recollect the spot or time, and finally came to the conclusion that it had been in another state of existence we had met.

I had been home but a few days when business letters came, demanding the presence of my father or myself in Philadelphia. My father expressed a desire that I should go, and a certain internal prompting urged me to comply with his request. The next morning bright and early found me seated in the same stage-coach in which I had met her. The due progress of steamboat and cars deposited me safely the day after in the goodly city of Squareruledom.

The first leisure moment at my command, I paid my respects to the family of my father's brother. I found my good uncle and aunt at home; but my little pet Emily—their only child—whom I had last seen a rosy romping little imp of twelve—was unfortunately out. My uncle urged me very hard to make his house my home during my stay in Philadelphia; but I had taken up my abode in the family of an old college chum of mine, who had lately commenced the practice of the art of healing, and who I knew would be none the worse from a little of my help in a pecuniary way. I therefore declined my kind uncle's request, with a promise to come and see them often.

Judge of my inexpressible joy when, turning a corner of a street, after leaving my uncle's, who should I chance upon but the very being of whom my brain and heart were full! Yes, there was the identical she, and bless her dear little heart! she gave me a bright half smile of recognition, which I returned with as profound a bow as ever courtier bowed to queen, or devotee to Pope's sublime imperial toe.

An omnibus came rolling by, which she, with a motion of her neat little gloved hand, bid stop. She stepped lightly into it, while I, with my usual impetuosity, without knowing exactly what I was doing, sprang after her. I consoled myself for my apparent rudeness by throwing the entire blame upon the elective affinities.

On we went, and from time to time as I stole a glance at her sweet face, I thought I detected a mischievous little devil playing around the corners of her small dimpled mouth, and about the pure white of her downcast long-fringed eyes. She never vouchsafed me a look, however; and as we went on, and as I still watched her lovely face, a divination arose up before me of a six-foot and well-proportioned youth, with fierce whiskers and a moustache of undisputable cut and style, that I remembered to have seen with the young lady during a stage-coach ride together—that I remembered, with terrible heart-sinking, was impressively attentive to her. I inwardly resolved to let nature have its way, and let all the hair grow on my face that would; what if it did grow a little reddish or so—why should resemble the rising sun, with my glory like a halo around me. Seriously, I have long been of the opinion that a shaved face is as much of a disgrace and ought to be so considered, as a shaved head fret from prison. Why do we not finish the half-completed work and actually shave off the hair of our heads, our eye-brows and lashes, as well as our beards, and thus go cool and comfortable through the world? There would be this advantage in it, the disciples of Spurzheim would have no trouble of making a map of our bumps at sight; and then think what an immense saving it would be in combs and brushes, to say nothing of pomatum, which ~~now~~ ^{we} use freely. I rejoice sincerely to see the ~~growing~~ ^{growing} in crops of hair, and most truly hope they will not have as rapid a fall. Shaving is artificial and unpicturesque, exposing parts to cold that Nature never meant should be exposed. Black, white or red-hair is a protection and ornament that no man's face or head should be without. Rejoice ye, therefore, over every repentant sinner who tarrieth in Jericho and letteth his beard to grow.

But to return to my little omnibus companion, who by this time was gracefully moving over the smooth gravel-walks of Fairmount—for there we had stopped—and exceedingly refreshing were the cool shades and splashing fountains on that sultry June day. I kept as near her as I could without appearing rude, especially as I had received one or two half glances from her bright eyes, that nearly annihilated me, such an unearthly fluttering and bumping in the region of my heart did they create. Mercy upon me! what would a whole glance do! And for a whole glance I courageously resolved to strive, let the consequences be what they might.

Now do you not expect an earthquake, or a running bull, or at least a rabid dog? It was nothing more however than a refreshing shower of rain—truly refreshing to my thirsty soul, for it gave me that coveted whole glance. Heavens! I actually staggered, and would undoubtedly have fallen had it not been for a friendly sappling—you will meet it witless I—that grew near me. But just try the effect upon yourself—a shock of electricity is nothing in comparison to a shock from a pair of bright eyes—such eyes as hers. The truth of the case was this, of a sudden, apparently from out the clear sky, came

down, with not a moment's warning, a perfect avalanche of rain-drops—all expressly got up, or down, for my benefit, else why did I happen to have an umbrella in my hand? "A wise man—" you remember the rest. My beautiful incognito was away up those long stairs, and walking leisurely around the immense basin, when the rain came down. I was not very far from her, and in less than an instant my umbrella was over her pretty little blue bonnet, with—

"Be kind enough to accept my umbrella, Miss"—in the most insinuating manner of which I was master.

"Thank you! but I will not deprive you of its shelter," with that whole glance of which I spoke. So on we went together, and somehow after we found ourselves under shelter, it was the easiest and most natural thing in the world to fall into a pleasant conversation. After talking about the scenery, weather, &c., we had mutually enjoyed during our short stage ride, I spoke of the beauty around us, and asked her if she often visited this lovely spot.

"Not very often," replied she. "It is very beautiful though, in spite of all they have done to spoil it."

"To spoil it!"

"Yes, by making it as much like a chess-board as possible, all straight lines and stiffness. That is Philadelphia however."

"Then you are not a Philadelphian, or it is not a favorite city with you?"

"There you are mistaken. It is my native place, and a city I love dearly—with all its formalities and inhospitalities toward strangers. Philadelphia is a prim matron, with a warm heart but a most frigid, repulsive exterior, until you become acquainted with her—one of her particular children."

"I have been told that there is a finer collection of works of art here than in any other city in the Union."

"I believe you have been told correctly. We have more time in our quiet way to look after and admire the productions of the great masters. Our taste has wonderfully improved within a few years."

"I have not been in town long enough to visit any of your show places yet."

"How I *should* like to see that lovely water-fall and the whole of that beautiful scene on canvas. Do you know I almost envied you a home in that beautiful house with all its picturesque surroundings."

"I am truly thankful you had the kind grace to think of me at all."

"How could I help it? I had a feeling the first moment I saw you that you and I were destined to be friends. Is there not a certain mysterious something—call it magnetism or instinct—that either draws us toward or repels us from every person we meet in either a greater or less degree? With me this instinct is very strong, and I obey it implicitly, never in one instance having found it to fail. I know at once who to trust and who to love. And would know, by the same unerring law of my nature, who to hate if ever I felt the least inclination to hate. The only feeling of hate I ever experienced is a

strong desire to avoid all persons or things that are disagreeable to me. I love harmony the most perfect, and discord is a thing for me to flee from. I felt toward you a most decided drawing, and I felt a conviction then, as I do now, that we are to be very near and dear friends."

The little angel! I could have hugged and kissed her on the spot; but I hugged her in my soul, and inwardly vowed to consecrate my life to her, if the "drawing" she felt for me could be rendered sufficiently strong to admit of such a thing. On a sudden I bethought me of the whiskered incognito, her stage attendant. I mustered courage to ask her in a half laughing way, if that fine-looking fellow she had called Charles were her brother.

Instantly her manner changed from that of sweet and almost tender seriousness to an arch, quizzical one that puzzled me.

"Oh no, not my brother," said she.

"Not her brother—a sharp pang of pain shot through me—I was getting dreadfully jealous—I looked all manner of curiosity and all manner of questions; she took pity on me and said—a smile still lurking in the corner of her eye—

"He is no more nor less than the intended future husband of the one you see before you."

"The future devil! I sincerely beg your pardon, but—you take me by surprise—I regret—but really I do not feel that it can be so."

"And why not?"

"Truly, why not!"

"He is very handsome."

"That is as one thinks."

"And very accomplished."

"In flattery, most like."

"And a most profound scholar."

"In the art of making love, it would seem."

"But I do not love him."

"Not love him!"

"No, nor never can."

"Then why, my dearest young lady, do you marry him?"

"You may well ask; why indeed?"

"You seemed very friendly with him the day I saw you together, and happier than I could have wished you."

"That was before I knew I was to be his wife. It has only been decided upon a few days."

"And now?"

"It is a long story, that I may tell you if we should meet again. I never can love him, though I greatly esteem him, and—"

"Esteem!"

"A sad substitute for love; but what is love without esteem?"

"What is esteem without love?"

"Very true. It was not my own doing, although I reluctantly gave my consent. If I can with honor release myself from this unfortunate engagement—I have thought more and more every day since, that love, true heart-love, is the only tie, that should sanction the union of two beings—but why should I talk in this way to you, a stranger? I cannot feel, how-

ever that you are a stranger; we have surely met before in some other state of being. I am a firm believer in the beautiful faith of the transmigration of souls—of pre-existence. What is it that brings two congenial souls together, uniting them in one hour in more perfect harmony than whole years could effect among ordinary acquaintances?"

"Something unexplainable," I answered, "as it is mysterious. We can call it elective affinity, and can talk very learnedly upon the singular attraction of the magnet, as applied to the poles as well as souls, and we can make vast and wise experiments, and in the end be as far from the real cause as we were before the Solomonic experiments were made. The school-boy's reasoning was more to the point—

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

I love you dearly, Dr. Fell, the reason why, &c., would be just as conclusive. We are so accustomed to seeing drops of water drawing near to meet each other, and mingling in a loving embrace of perfect unity, that we cease to wonder at the occurrence, as we do also at the fact that oil and water will not mingle."

"Just as my soul will *not* mingle with the souls of some. There is an antagonism more or less decided between my inner self and many persons I know; people, too, that I am compelled to be friendly with, and wish to be friendly with, many of them my cousins and aunts. Then again toward some am I as irresistibly attracted."

Her beautiful eyes sought mine frequently during our conversation, and her glorious soul looked through them—earnest, simple and pure.

"Just so," resumed she, after a pause, during which her sweet, soft eyes had been gazing on the dreamy waters. "Just so have I felt attracted toward you. I could sit down beside you and tell my whole soul to you as freely as though you were my own brother."

The word *brother* sent a disagreeable shiver through me that all her sweet confidence could not banish.

"But," exclaimed she, starting up, "what am I doing? The rain has stopped, and the waning sun warns me that it is time to be at home. And what *must* you think of me? I hardly dare to ask the—"

"That you are the most lovely, most glorious of all Heaven's glorious creatures; that you—"

"There, there! if you talk in that way, I shall truly repent having said all I have to you."

"Forgive me; though I spoke sincerely, I hope—"

"I will forgive on condition of good behavior in future. But I must not stay for another word. Promise me that you will not leave this spot until ten minutes after the omnibus I shall be in is out of sight."

"I promise," said I, reluctantly.

She gave me her little, soft, ungloved hand at parting; its gentle pressure sent a thrill of ecstasy through me, and I looked all the unutterable things that my full soul felt into her warm brown eyes. And, by the way, I may as well say that my own eyes are—they are a dark, deep blue, and strangely

expressive, if I believe my sisters and my friends—and—my own glass.

For one week did I wander up and down the streets, and watch every omnibus, and stare the windows and doors of every house I passed. I peered under every pretty bonnet I met, and was the eighth day, giving full chase to a coquetical blue one, in the earnest hope of finding the face of my beautiful incognita hidden under it, when some one laid a strong grasp on my shoulder. Looking around, I beheld the generous face of a good uncle.

"Bless the boy! why, Ned, what is your business? Your business must have been *very* urgent this week. Why, in the name of all the saints, have you kept away so studiously? There is poor little Emily actually dying with anxiety to see you. Bless her soul! is this the way to treat your friends? Beware that I have fairly captured you, I do not intend to let you go."

And he did not, and would not; so I had to go to him. And what do you think? The first object I met my bewildered gaze, as my uncle led me to the drawing-room, was—herself! her very self! so altered, looking so cold and stately. My mother introduced me to her as "My daughter Emily, nephew Ledyard." "My daughter Emily" inclined her beautiful head most graciously, and sweetly smiled, but not one recognizing glance did she bestow on poor "nephew Ledyard." *Ledyard* was, and proud and majestic as a queen. What could it mean? I made several well-planned decisions to omnibuses and stages, &c., not one of which did she seem to comprehend.

Her exceeding beauty still charmed me in spite of her coldness; and I stayed to tea and the evening. My cousin sung for me; her voice was highly cultivated and exceedingly sweet, and full of feeling. Song after song she poured forth into the listening air, and each song entranced me more to the last.

We conversed gayly on several topics, and she grew more and more familiar with me, shied playfully to our childish intimacy; still, to the very close of the evening, did she refuse to remember a look or word that we had met since childhood. She evidently wished to forget, and wished me to forget the whole of that pleasant interview that had afforded me, at least, such soul-felt delight; yet she acted her part so well, was so careless and unconscious, and withal so cold and full of queenly dignity, that I was home in a perfect bewilderment of amazement.

As I lay tossing on a sleepless bed, and in my heart bitterly railing against the perversity and incomprehensibility of women, I found myself incessantly repeating to myself, "Am I Giles, or am I not?" the truth flashed upon me that I was the unhappy victim of an optical illusion, that the Cousin Emily I had but a little before left was simply my Cousin Emily, and not the beautiful being of whom my heart and life were full—that incessant thinking of her, and seeking her, had crazed my brain. I relighted my lamp and made my way into the doctor's

"study. I read all I could find on the subject of optical delusion and maniacal hallucination until I convinced myself that I was laboring under a very alarming attack of one or both, and resolved on seriously consulting my friend, the doctor, early the next morning.

"I went back to bed with the decided opinion that I was exceedingly to be pitied—how would it appear in the papers? for I must undoubtedly grow worse, and it must undoubtedly end in suicide. "Sad occurrence," "nice young man," "brilliant prospects," "only son of —," and "promising talents," "laboring under incipient insanity," "fatal cause unknown," &c., &c. I sympathized with myself until near morning, then fell into a sleep, which lasted until the bell rung for breakfast. I dressed in a hurry, and got down before the muffins were quite cold. I ate a hearty breakfast, read a newspaper or two, and determining on seeing my cousin again before I made up my mind to ask advice, I soon found myself at her door. The fresh morning air and the walk had so invigorated me, that I laughed at my last night's fears, especially as my lovely cousin came into the drawing-room to receive me, radiant with health and beauty. I found her just the same as she was the night before, gay, witty and charming, and as cold as marble. Still I could not be mistaken; for, with all her feigned coldness—for some good reason of her own undoubtedly—there was no doubting her identity with that of my glorious Fairmount vision.

The day was a lovely one, soft and mild as a June morning could make it. After conversing on indifferent subjects for a time, I asked her, remarking on the deliciousness of the morning, if she would not like to go out with me to Fairmount. She assented with a quiet smile, as innocently as though she had never in her life before heard of such a place as Fairmount.

"The little deceiver!" thought I. "Which way shall we go?" said I, aloud, and very significantly, "shall we take the omnibus?"

"I will order the carriage," replied she, with a slight shrug; "I never ride in those omnibusses, one meets with such odd people."

"Never?" asked I, emphatically.

"Certainly, never!" answered she, with much apparent surprise.

My drive was a delightful one. How could it be otherwise, with a glorious day surrounding me, and a gloriously beautiful cousin sitting beside me, with whom I could not exactly make up my mind whether to fall desperately *in* love, or desperately *out* of love. I, too, such an enthusiastic lover of beauty. But she chose to be so different from what she was at our first meeting—so reserved, that I could not decide whether I most loved or was most indifferent to her.

We rode all the morning, and I left her, promising to call again in the evening. I walked the streets until dark, the whole affair vexed me so much—I, such a hater of all mysteries, the most impatient of all breathing mortals. I determined to come at once

to an understanding with my perverse little cousin, and to decide at once the puzzling question whether to love or not to love.

In the evening I found myself alone with my little tormentor.

"Now, sweet Cousin Emily," said I, playfully, "you have been teasing me long enough with your pretty affectation of ignorance and innocence—not but that you are as ignorant as the rest of your sweet sex, and as innocent too—but, I beseech you, lay by this masquerading, you have played possum long enough. I humbly implore of you to be the same to me that you were in our first visit to Fairmount—the earnest, simple-hearted Cousin Emily you then were."

"Mr. Lincoln speaks in enigmas; I must confess I do not understand his meaning, nor his elegant allusion to 'playing possum.'"

This she said with so much haughtiness, that I was taken all aback. Rallying, however, in a moment I determined not to give up the point.

"I beseech of you to pardon the inelegance of my expression, and also my pertinacity in insisting upon some explanation of your manner toward me. It will all do very well for the stage," continued I, bitterly, "but in real life, among cousins, and two that have met so frankly, and in such sincerity, I feel that our acquaintanceship must at once end, pleasant as it has been, as it might be to me, unless you lay aside this assumed coldness. It harasses me more than I can express. Emily, after seeing you in the stage-coach, I thought I had never met with one half so lovely, and I could think of nothing but you. After remaining at home but one week, business called me to Philadelphia. Judge of my delight when almost the first object that met my view was your beautiful, unforgotten little self. You were just stepping into one of those very omnibusses you have since seen fit to decry. What followed you must remember as distinctly as I—no *not* as distinctly, for the whole of that delicious interview is engraven on my heart—one of the sun-bright scenes of my life that I can never forget. And now, after that beautiful interchange of thought and soul that promised—every thing, do I find you cold, impassive. If you repent the trust you so freely reposed in me, in all frankness, say so; but for the sweet love of heaven, do not pretend to such—"

"For the sweet love of heaven what is the man raving about? Are you mad, dear cousin, insane? Poor Cousin Ledyard! Or is it—?" her whole manner changed, her brilliant eyes lighted up with intense fire. How beautiful she looked! I could have knelt and worshiped her, though, strange to say, my restless, ardent love for her had entirely abated. "Yes!" exclaimed she, "it must be so;" and with that she clasped her small white hands, and throwing back her fine head, laughed with all her heart, and strength, and soul.

"This was very pleasant for me; still I had to join her laugh, it was so genuine and infectious.

"Forgive me, dear cousin, forgive me for my rude laughter; forgive me also for my folly in attempting

to deceive you. You will hereafter find me the same you found me in our first pleasant interview. Here is my hand—I will not explain one other word to-night; I hear voices on the stairs. Come here to-morrow evening at eight, and you shall know all—all my reasons."

"And why not to-morrow morning, cruel cousin?"

"I am engaged all of the day to-morrow. I go with mamma and papa out of town, ten miles or so, to dine; a stupid affair, but mamma wishes it."

"But before you go—just after breakfast."

"No, no—come in the evening."

By this time the voices heard on the stairs had entered the room in the shape of a merry half-dozen of my cousin's young friends. Feeling too agitated for society, I withdrew.

And now another night and a whole day more of suspense—that pale horror, that come in what shape it will, even in the shape of a beautiful cousin, always torments the very life from my heart.

All the clocks in town were striking eight as I rung my uncle's bell. I found the drawing-room full of company, at which I felt vexed and disappointed.

My lovely cousin came up to me and placed her arm within mine, and led me through the next room into the conservatory, and there, seated amid the rare eastern flowers, herself the queen of them, was, gracious heaven! I dared scarcely breathe, so great was my fear of dispelling the beautiful illusion. It was she! none other; my stage-coach companion—my Fairmount goddess. The musical, measured voice of my statue-like Cousin Emily brought me to myself.

"Allow me, Cousin Ledyard, to introduce you to my Cousin Emily."

There they both stood, one Cousin Emily, as stately, serene; the other trembling and in haste.

I looked from one to the other in the most ludicrous bewilderment, yet each glance showed me more and more what a wonderful fool I had been making myself for the last few days. Still they were strangely alike; their own kindred could not at times distinguish one from the other. My heart could feel no difference. My Emily was a child of nature; the other bred in a more conventional school. My Emily was a shade less tall, less stately, less Grecian, but exquisitely more lovely, and loving.

But that double wedding *was* a grand one. What means my Emily contrived to disentangle herself from that handsome-whiskered "Charles," to entangle him fast in the chains of the other Emily? Any one who wishes to know, and will take a little trouble, can have all due information on the subject, and can also learn how I wooed my peerless Emily and won her, by coming to our lovely picture-gallery dwelling, situate in one of the most romantic spots in the country. I write you all to come, one by one, and spend a month with me, and you shall have all the particulars. You will find my little Emily a pattern housekeeper; you will also find a most welcome. Bless her sweet face! There she sat at the moment that I am writing this, to her willow arms twined around the exquisite form of her little lily-bud boy, and bending low in fond form over him, hushing to sleep the very noblest, merriest little specimen of babyhood—the exact image of his enraptured father.

THE DEFORMED ARTIST.

BY MRS. E. N. HORSFORD.

THE twilight o'er Italia's sky
Had wove a shadowy veil,
And one by one the solemn stars
Looked forth serene and pale;
As quickly the waning light
Through a high casement stole,
And fell on one with silver hair,
Who shriv'd a passing soul.

No costly pomp and luxury
Relieved that chamber's gloom,
But glowing forms, by limner's art
Created, thronged the room:
And as the low winds echoed far
The bell for evening prayer,
The dying painter's earnest tones
Fell on the languid air.

"The spectral form of Death is nigh,
The thread of Life is spun,
Ave Maria! I have looked
Upon my latest sun.

And yet 't is not with pale disease
This frame is worn away,
Nor yet—nor yet with length of years—
A child but yesterday

"I found within my father's hall
No fervent love to claim—
The curse that marked me from my birth
Devoted me to shame.
I saw upon my brother's brow
Angelic beauty lay,
The mirror gave me back a form
That thrilled me with dismay.

"And soon I learned to shrink from all,
The lowly and the high;
To see but scorn on every lip,
Contempt in every eye.
And for a time e'en Nature's smile
A bitter mockery wore,
For beauty stamped each living thing
The wide creation o'er;

"And I alone was cursed and loathed;
 'T was in a garden bower
 I knelt one eve, and scalding tears
 Fell fast on many a flower;
 And as I rose I marked with awe
 And agonizing grief,
 A frail mimosa at my feet
 Fold close each fragile leaf.
 "Alas! how dark my lot if thus
 A plant could shrink from me;
 But when I looked again I marked
 That from the honey-bee,
 The falling leaf, the bird's gay wing,
 It shrunk with pain and fear,
 A kindred presence I had found,
 Life waxed sublimely clear.
 "I climbed the lofty mountain height
 And communed with the skies,
 And felt within my grateful heart
 Strange aspirations rise.
 Oh! what was this humanity
 When every beaming star
 Was filled with lucid intellect,
 Congenial, though afar.
 "I mused beneath the avalanche,
 And traced the sparkling stream,
 Till Nature's face became to me
 A passion and a dream:

Then thirsting for a higher lore
 I left my childhood's home,
 And stayed not till I gazed upon
 The hills of fallen Rome.

"I stood amid the forms of light,
 Seraphic and divine,
 The painter's wand had summoned from
 The dim Ideal's shrine;
 And felt within my fevered soul
 Ambition's wasting fire,
 And seized the pencil with a vague
 And passionate desire

"To shadow forth, with lineaments
 Of earth, the phantom throng
 That swept before my sight in thought,
 And lived in storied song.
 Vain, vain the dream—as well might I
 Aspire to build a star,
 Or pile the gorgeous sunset clouds
 That glitter from afar.

"The threads of life have worn away,
 Discordantly they thrill,
 But soon the sounding chords will be
 Forever mute and still.
 And in the spirit-land that lies
 Beyond, so calm and gray,
 I shall aspire with truer aim—
 Ave Maria! pray!"

A FAREWELL TO A HAPPY DAY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

GOOD-BYE—good-bye, thou gracious, golden day:
 Through luminous tears, thou smilest, far away
 In the blue heaven, thy sweet farewell to me,
 And I, through *my* tears, gaze and smile with thee.

I see the last faint, glowing, amber gleam
 Of thy rich pinion, like a lovely dream,
 Whose floating glory melts within the sky,
 And now thou 'rt passed forever from mine eye!

Were we not friends—*best* friends—my cherished day?
 Did I not treasure every eloquent ray
 Of golden light and love thou gavest me?
 And have I not been true—*most* true to thee?

And *thou*—thou camest like a joyous bird,
 Whose sacred wings by heaven's own air were stirred,
 And lowly sang me all the happy time
 Dear, soothing stories of that blissful clime!

And more, oh! more than this, there came with thee,
 From Heaven, a stranger, rare and bright to me,
 A new, sweet joy—a smiling angel-guest,
 That softly asked a home within my breast.

For talking sadly with my soul alone,
 I heard far off and faint a music-tone,
 It seemed a spirit's call—so soft it stole
 On fairy wings into my waiting soul.

I *knew* it summoned me to something sweet,
 And so I followed it with faltering feet;
 And found—what I had prayed for with wild tears—
 A rest, that soothed the lingering grief of years!

So for that deep, perpetual joy, my day!
 And for all lovely things that came to play
 In thy glad smile—the pure and pleading flowers
 That crowned with their frail bloom thy flying hours—

The sunlit clouds—the pleasant air that played
 Its low lute-music 'mid the leafy shade—
 And, dearer far, the tenderness that taught
 My soul a new and richer thrill of thought—

For these—for all—bear thou to Heaven for me
 The grateful thanks with which I mission thee!
 Then should thy sisters, wasted, wronged, upbraid,
 Speak *thou* for me—for thou wert not betrayed!

'T was little—true—I could to thee impart—
 I, with my simple, frail and wayward heart;
 But that I strove the diamond sands to light,
 In Life's rich hour-glass, with *Love's* rainbow flight;

And that one generous spirit owed to me
 A moment of exulting ecstasy;
 And that I won o'er wrong a queenly sway—
 For this, thou 'lt smile for me in Heaven, my Day!

SAM NEEDY.

A TALE OF THE PENITENTIARY.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASTISTRO.

SEVERAL years ago, a man of the name of Samuel Needy, a poor artisan, was living in London. He had with him a wife, and a child by this wife. This artisan was skillful, quick, intelligent, very ill-treated by education, very well-treated by nature—able to think, but not to read. One winter his work failed him—there was neither fire nor food in his garret; the man, the woman, and the child were cold and hungry; he committed a theft; it is unnecessary to state what he stole, or whence he stole it. Suffice it to know, that the consequences of this theft were three days' food and fire to the wife and child, and five years of imprisonment to the man.

Sam Needy, lately an honest man, now and henceforth a thief, was dignified and grave in appearance; his high forehead was already wrinkled, though he was still young; some gray lines lurked among the black and bushy tufts of his hair; his eye was soft, and buried deep beneath his lofty and well-turned eye-brow; his nostrils were open, his chin advancing, his lip scornful; it was a fine head—let us see what society made of it.

He was a man of few words—more frequent gestures—somewhat imperious in his whole manner, and one to make himself obeyed; of a melancholy air—rather serious than suffering; for all that he had suffered enough.

In the place where he was confined there was a director of the work-rooms—a kind of functionary peculiar to prisons, who combined in himself the offices of turnkey and tradesman, who would at the same time issue an order to the workman and threaten the prisoner—put tools in his hand and irons on his feet. This man was a variety of his own species—a man peremptory, tyrannical, governed by his fancies, holding tight the reins of his authority, and yet, on occasion, a boon companion, jovial and condescending to a joke—rather hard than firm—reasoning with no one—not even himself—a good father, and doubtless a good husband—(a duty, by the way, and not a virtue;) in short, evil but not bad. The principal, the diagonal line of this man's character was obstinacy; he was proud of it, and therein compared himself to Napoleon, when he had once fixed what he called *his will* upon an absurdity, he went to its furthest length, holding his head high, and despising all obstacles. Such violence of purpose without reason, is only folly tied to the tail of brute force, and serving to lengthen it. For the most part, whenever a catastrophe, whether public or private, happens amongst men, if we look beneath the rubbish with which it strews the earth, to find in what

manner the fallen fabric had been propped, we may, with rare exceptions, discover it to have been put together by a weak and obstinate man, treating himself admiringly implicitly. Many of the most of these strange fatalities pass in the world's providences. Such was he who was the director of the work-rooms in the House of Correction where poor Sam Needy was sent to undergo his sentence. Such was the stone with which society daily cast its prisoners to draw sparks from them. The sparks which such stones draw from such flints often kindle conflagrations.

In a short time Sam found the prison air wasn't him, and appeared to have forgotten every day a certain severe serenity, which belonged to his character, had resumed its mastery.

In about the same time he had acquired a simple ascendancy over all his companions, as if by a sort of silent agreement, and without any *consciousness* wherefore, not even himself. All then consulted him, listened to him, admired him, (the last point to which admiration can come.) It was no slight glory to be obeyed by all these restless natures; the empire had come to him without his own seeking—it was a consequence of the respect with which they beheld him. The eye of a man is a window, through which may be seen the thoughts which enter into and issue from his heart.

Place an individual who possesses ideas and those who do not, at the end of a given time, and a law of irresistible attraction, all their minds shall draw together with humility and reverence round his illuminated one. There are men who are iron, and there are men who are leadstone. In Needy was leadstone. In less than three months had become the soul, the law, the order of the workroom; he was the dial, concentrating all rays; he must even himself have sometimes doubted whether he were king or prisoner—it was the captivity of a pope among his cardinals.

By as natural a reaction, accomplished step by step, as he was loved by the prisoners, so was he detested by the jailers. It is always thus, popularity cannot exist without disfavor—the love of the slave is always exceeded one degree by the hate of his masters.

Sam Needy was, by his particular organization, a great eater; his stomach was so formed, that food enough for two common men would hardly have sufficed for his nourishment. Lord Slickborough had one of these large appetites, and laughed at it; but that which is a cause of gayety for a English peer,

with a rent-roll of fifty-thousand pounds a year, is a heavy charge to an artisan, and a misfortune to a prisoner.

Sam Needy, free in his own loft, worked all day, earned his four pounds of bread, and ate it; Sam Needy, in prison, worked all day, and, for his pains, received invariably one pound and a half of bread, and four ounces of meat; the ration admits of no change. Sam was therefore constantly hungry whilst in the House of Correction; he was hungry, and no more—he did not speak of it because it was not his nature so to do.

One day Sam, after devouring his scanty pittance, had returned to his work, thinking to cheat his hunger by it—the rest of the prisoners were eating cheerily. A young man, pale, fair, and feeble-looking, came and placed himself near him; he held in his hand his ration, as yet untouched, and a knife; he remained in that situation, with the air of one who would speak, and dares not. The sight of the man, and his bread and meat annoyed Sam.

"What do you want?" said he, rudely.

"That you would do me a service," said the young man, timidly.

"What?" replied Sam.

"That you would help me to eat this—it is too much for me."

A tear stood in the proud eye of Sam; he took the knife, divided the young man's ration into two equal parts, took one of them, and began eating.

"Thank you," said the young man; "if you like, we will share together every day."

"What is your name?" said Sam.

"Heartall."

"Wherefore are you here?"

"I have committed a theft."

"And I too," said Sam.

Henceforth they did thus share together every day. Sam Needy was little more than thirty years old, but at times he appeared fifty, so stern were his thoughts usually. Heartall was twenty—he might have been taken for seventeen, so much innocence was there in his appearance. A strict friendship was knit up between the two, rather of father to son than brother to brother, Heartall being still almost a child, Sam already nearly an old man. They wrought in the same work-room—they slept under the same vault—they walked in the same airing-ground—they ate of the same bread. Each of these two friends was the universe to the other—it would seem that they were happy.

Mention has already been made of the director of the work-rooms. This man, who was abhorred by the prisoners, was often obliged, in order to enforce obedience, to have recourse to Sam Needy, who was beloved by them. On more than one occasion, when the question was, how to put down a rebellion or a tumult, the authority without title of Sam Needy had given powerful aid to the official authority of the director; in short, to restrain the prisoners, ten words from him were as good as ten turnkeys. Sam had many times rendered this service to the director, wherefore the latter detested him cordially. He was

jealous of him; there was at the bottom of his heart a secret, envious, implacable hatred against Sam—the hate of a titular for a real sovereign—of a temporal against a spiritual power; these are the worst of all hatreds.

Sam loved Heartall greatly, and did not trouble himself about the director. One morning when the turnkeys were leading the prisoners, two by two, from their dormitory to the work-room, one of them called Heartall, who was by the side of Sam, and informed him that the director wished to see him.

"What does he want with you?" said Sam.

"I do not know," replied the other.

The turnkey took Heartall away.

The morning past; Heartall did not return to the work-room. When the dinner hour arrived, Sam expected that he should rejoin Heartall in the airing-ground—but no Heartall was there. He returned into the work-room, still Heartall did not make his appearance. So passed the day. At night, when the prisoners were removed to their dormitory, Sam looked out for Heartall, but could not see him. It would seem that he must have suffered much at that moment, for he addressed the turnkey—a thing which he had never done before.

"Is Heartall sick?" was his question.

"No," replied the turnkey.

"Why is it, then, that he has not again made his appearance to-day?"

"Ah," replied the turnkey, carelessly, "they have put him in another ward."

The witnesses who deposed to these facts at a later period, remarked, that at this answer, Sam's hand, in which was a lighted candle, trembled a little. He again asked, calmly,

"Whose order was this?"

The turnkey said Mr. Flint's.

The name of the director of the work-rooms was Flint.

The next day went by like the last, but no news of Heartall.

That evening, when the day's work ended, Mr. Flint came to make his usual round of inspection. As soon as Sam Needy saw him, he took off his cap of coarse wool, buttoned his gray vest, and livery of the work-house, (it is a principle in prisons, that a vest, respectfully buttoned, bespeaks the favor of the superior officers,) and placed himself at the end of his bench, waiting till the director came by. He passed.

"Sir," said Sam.

The director stopped and turned half round.

"Sir," said Sam, "is it true that Heartall's ward has been changed?"

"Yes," returned the director.

"Sir," continued Sam, "I cannot live without Heartall; you know that with the ration of the house I have not enough to eat, and that Heartall shared his bread with me."

"That was his business," replied the director.

"Sir, is there no means of getting Heartall replaced in the same ward as myself?"

"Impossible! it is so decided."

"By whom?"

"By myself."

"Mr. Flint," persisted Sam, "the question is my life or death, and it depends upon you."

"I never revoke my decisions."

"Sir, is it because I have given you offence?"

"None."

"In that case," said Sam, "why do you separate me from Heartall?"

"It is my will," said the director.

With this explanation he went away.

Sam Needy stooped his head and made no answer. Poor caged lion, from whom they had taken his dog!

The grief of this separation in no way changed the prisoner's almost disease of voracity. Nor was he, in other respects, obviously altered. He did not speak of Heartall to any of his comrades. He walked alone in the airing-ground, in the hours of recreation, and suffered hunger—nothing more.

Nevertheless, those who knew him well, remarked something of a sinister and sombre expression which daily overspread his countenance more and more. In other respects he was gentler than ever. Many wished to share their ration with him, but he refused with a smile.

Every evening, after the explanation which the director had given him, he committed a sort of folly, which, in so grave a man, was astonishing. At the moment when the director, in the progress of his habitual duty, passed by Sam Needy's working-frame, he would raise his eyes, gaze steadily upon him, and then address to him, in a tone full of distress and anger, combining at once menace and supplication, these two words only—"remember Heartall!" the director would either appear not to hear, or pass on, shrugging his shoulders.

He was wrong. It became evident to all the lookers on of these strange scenes, that Sam Needy was inwardly determined on some step. All the prison awaited with anxiety the result of this strife between obstinacy and resolution.

It has been proved, that once Sam said to the director, "Listen, sir, give me back my comrade; you will do well to do it, I assure you. Take notice that I tell you this."

Another time, one Sunday, when he had remained in the airing-ground for many hours in the same attitude, seated on a stone, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead buried in his hands, one of his fellow-convicts approached him, and cried out, laughing,

"What are you about here, Sam?"

Sam raised his stern head slowly, and said, "*I am sitting in judgment!*"

At last, on the evening of the 1st of November, 1833, at the moment when the director was making his round, Sam Needy crushed under his foot a watch-glass, which he had that morning found in the corridor. The director inquired whence that noise proceeded.

"It is nothing," said Sam. "It is I, Mr. Flint—give me back my comrade."

"Impossible!" said his master.

"It must be done though," said Sam, in a low and

steady voice, and looking the director full in the face, added, "reflect, this is the first of November: give you till the 10th."

A turnkey made the remark to Mr. Flint that Sam Needy threatened him, and that it was a case of solitary confinement.

"No, nothing of the kind," said the director, with a disdainful smile, "we must be gentle with this sort of people."

On the morrow, another convict approached Sam Needy, who walked by himself, melancholy, leaving the other prisoners to bask in a patch of sunshine the further corner of the court.

"What now, Sam—what are you thinking of? You seem sad."

"I am afraid," said Sam, "*that some misfortune will happen soon to this gentle Mr. Flint.*"

There are nine full days from the 1st to the 10th of November. Sam Needy did not let one pass without gravely warning the director of the more and more miserable, in which the disappearance of Heartall placed him. The director, worn out, sentenced him to four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement, because his prayer was too libidinous. This was all that Sam Needy obtained.

The 10th of November arrived. On this day Sam arose with such a serene countenance as he had not worn since the day when the decision of Mr. Flint had separated him from his friend. When he searched in a white wooden box, which stood at the foot of his bed, and contained his few possessions. He drew thence a pair of sempstress's scissors. These, with an odd volume of Cowper's poems, were all that remained to him of the woman he had loved—of the mother of his child—of his happy home of other days. Two articles, totally useless to Sam; the scissors could only be of service to a woman—the book to a lettered person. Sam could neither sew nor read.

At the time when he was traversing the old kiln, which serves as the winter walk for the prisoners, he approached a convict of the name of Dawson, who was looking with attention at the enormous bars of a window. Sam was holding the little pit of scissors in his hands; he showed them to Dawson, saying, "To-night I will divide those bars with these scissors."

Dawson began to laugh incredulously. Sam joined him.

That morning he worked with more zeal than usual—faster and better than ever before. A little past noon he went down on some pretext or other to the joiner's workshop, on the ground-floor, under the story in which was his own. Sam was below there as every where else; but he entered it seldom. Thus it was—"Stop, here's Sam!" They got round him; it was a perfect holiday. He cast a quick glance around the room. Not one of the overlookers was there.

"Who has a hatchet to lend me?" said he.

"What to do?" was the inquiry.

"Kill the director of the work-rooms."

They offered him many to choose from. He took the smallest of those which were very sharp, hid it

in his trowsers, and went out. There were twenty-seven prisoners in that room. He had not desired them to keep his secret; they all kept it. They did not even talk of it among themselves. Every one separately awaited the result. The thing was straightforward—terribly simple. Sam could neither be counseled nor denounced.

An hour afterward he approached a convict sixteen years old, who was lounging in the place of exercise, and advised him to learn to read. The rest of the day was as usual. At 7 o'clock at night the prisoners were shut up, each division in the work-room to which they belonged, and the overseers went out, as it appears was the custom, not to return till after the director's visit. Sam was locked in with his companions like the rest.

Then there passed in this work-room an extraordinary scene, one not without majesty and awe, the only one of the kind which is to be told in this story. There were there (according to the judiciary deposition afterward made) four-and-twenty prisoners, including Sam Needy. As soon as the overseers had left them alone, Sam stood up upon a bench, and announced to all the room that he had something to say. There was silence.

Then Sam raised his voice, and said, "You all know that Heartall was my brother. Here they do not give me enough to eat; even with the bread which I can buy with the little I earn, it is not sufficient. Heartall shared his ration with me. I loved him at first because he fed me, then because he loved me. The director, Mr. Flint, separated us; our being together could be nothing to him—but he is a bad-hearted man, who enjoys tormenting others. I have asked him for Heartall back again. You have heard me. He will not do it. I gave him till the 10th, which is to-day, to restore Heartall to me. He ordered me into solitary confinement for telling him so. I, during this time, have sat in judgment upon him, and condemned him to death. In two hours he will come to make his round. I warn you that I am about to kill him. Have you any thing to say on the matter?" All continued silent.

He went on; he spoke (so it appears) with a peculiar eloquence, which was natural to him. He declared that he knew he was about to do a violent deed, but could not think it wrong. He appealed to the conscience of his four-and-twenty listeners. He was placed in a cruel extremity; the necessity of doing justice to himself was a strait into which every man found himself driven at one time or other; he could not, in truth, take the director's life without giving his own for it; but it was right to give his life for a just end. He had thought deeply on the matter, and that alone, for two months; he believed he was not carried away by passion, but if it were so, he trusted they would warn him. He honestly submitted his reasons to the just men whom he addressed. He was about to kill Mr. Flint; but if any one had any objection to make, he was ready to hear it.

One voice alone was raised to say, that before killing the director, Sam ought to make one last attempt to soften him.

"It is fair," said Sam. "I will do so."

The great clock struck the hour—it was eight. The director would make his appearance at nine.

No sooner had this extraordinary court of appeal ratified the sentence he had submitted to it, than Sam resumed his former serenity. He placed upon the table all the linen and garments he possessed—the scanty property of a prisoner—and calling to him, one after the other, those of his companions whom he loved best after Heartall, he divided all amongst them. He only kept the little pair of scissors. Then he embraced them all. Some of them wept—upon these he smiled.

There were moments in this last hour, when he chatted with so much tranquillity, and even gayety, that many of his comrades inwardly hoped, as they afterward declared, that he might perhaps abandon his resolution.

He perceived a young convict who was pale, who was gazing upon him with fixed eyes, and trembling doubtless from expectation of what he was about to witness. "Come, courage, young man," said Sam to him, softly, "it will be only the work of a moment."

When he had distributed all his goods, made all his adieux, pressed all their hands, he interrupted the restless whisperings which were heard here and there in the dim corners of the work-room, and commanded that they should return to their labor. All obeyed him in silence.

The apartment in which this passed was an oblong hall, a parallelogram, lighted with windows on its two longer sides, and with two doors opposite each other at the two ends of the room. The working-frames were ranged on each side near the windows, the benches touching the wall at right angles, and the space left free between the two rows of frames formed a sort of avenue, which went straight from one door to the other, crossing the hall entirely. It was this which the director traversed in making his inspection; he was to enter at the south door, and go out by the north, after having looked at the workmen on the right and left. Commonly he passed through quickly and without stopping.

Sam Needy had re-seated himself on his bench, and had betaken himself to his work. All were in expectation—the moment approached; on a sudden they heard the clock strike. Sam said, "It is the last quarter." Then he rose, crossed gravely a part of the hall, and placed himself, leaning on his elbow, on the first frame on the left hand side, close to the door of entrance; his countenance was perfectly calm and benign.

Nine o'clock struck—the door opened—the director came in.

At that moment the silence of the work-room was as of a chamber full of statues.

The director was alone as usual; he entered with his jovial, self-satisfied, and stubborn air, without noticing Sam, who was standing at the left side of the door, his right hand hidden in his trowsers, and passed rapidly by the first frames, tossing his head, mumbling his words, and casting his glance, which

was law, here and there, not perceiving that the eyes of all who surrounded him were fixed upon him as upon a fearful phantom. On a sudden he turned sharply round, surprised to hear a step behind him.

It was Sam Needy, who for some instants followed him in silence.

"What are you about there?" said the director. "Why are you not in your place?"

Sam Needy answered respectfully, "Because I have something to say to you, Mr. Flint."

"What about?"

"Concerning Heartall."

"Still Heartall!" exclaimed the director.

"Always," replied Sam.

"Be quiet," said the director, walking on again.

"You are not content, then, with your four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement?"

Sam followed him—"Mr. Flint, give me back my comrade."

"Impossible!"

"Sir," said Sam, in a tone which might have softened the heart of a fiend, "I entreat you, restore Heartall to me. You shall see how well I will work. To you who are free, it is no matter—you do not know what the worth of a friend is; but I have only the four walls of my prison. You can come and go, I have nothing but Heartall—give him back to me. Heartall fed me—you know it well. It will only cost you the trouble of saying yes. What can it be to you that there should be in the same room one man called Sam Needy, another called Heartall?—for the thing is simply that, Mr. Flint; good Mr. Flint, I beseech you earnestly, for Heaven's sake!"

Sam had probably never before said so much at one time to a jailer; exhausted with the effort, he paused. The director replied, with an impatient gesture,

"Impossible—I have said it; speak to me no more about it, you wear me out."

Then, as if in a hurry, he stepped on more quickly, Sam following. Thus speaking, they had reached the door of exit; the prisoners looked after them, and listened breathlessly.

Sam gently touched the director's arm. "At least let me know why I am condemned to death—tell me why you have separated him from me?"

"I have told you," answered the director; "*it is my will.*"

He turned his back upon Sam, and was about to take hold of the latch of the door.

On this answer Sam had retreated a step; the assembled statues who were there saw him bring out his right hand, and the hatchet with it; it was raised, and ere the victim could utter one cry, three blows, one upon the other, had cleft his skull. At the moment, when he fell back, a fourth blow laid his face open; then, as if his frenzy, once let loose, *could not stop*, Sam struck a fifth blow; it was useless—he was dead.

"Now for the other!" cried the murderer, and threw away the hatchet. That other was himself. They saw him draw from his bosom the small pair of scissors, and before any one could attempt to hinder him, bury them in his breast. The blade was

too short to penetrate. He struck them in again again, so many as twenty times. "Accursed he cannot I then reach you?" and finally fell in a swoon, bathed in his blood.

Which of these men was the victim of the other?

When Sam returned to consciousness, he was in bed, well attended, his wounds carefully bandaged; a humane nurse was about his pillow, and more than one magistrate, who asked him, with the appearance of great interest, "Are you better?"

He had lost a great quantity of blood, but the scissors with which he had wounded himself, he done their duty ill—none of the wounds were dangerous.

The examinations commenced. They asked him: if it were he who had killed the director of the work-rooms. He replied, "It was." They asked him why he had done it. He answered—*it was his will.*

After this the wounds festered. He was sick with a severe fever, of which he only did not die in November, December, January, and February, was over in recovering him and preparing for his trial physicians and judges alike made him the object of their care—the former healed his wounds, the latter made ready his scaffold. To be brief, on the 24th of April, 1834, he appeared, being perfectly cured before the Court of Sessions.

Sam made a good appearance before the court; he had been carefully shaved, his head was washed, he was dressed in the sad prison livery of smock and gray.

When the trial was entered upon, a simple difficulty presented itself. Not any of the witnesses of the events of the 10th of November, would make a deposition against Sam. The presiding judge threatened them with his discretionary power, and Sam then commanded them to give evidence if their tongues were loosed. They related what they had seen.

Sam Needy listened with profound attention. When one of them, out of forgetfulness, or affectation for him, omitted some of the circumstances chargeable upon the accused, Sam supplied them. By this means the chain of facts which has been related unfolded before the court.

There was one moment when some of the female present wept. The clerk of the court summoned the convict, Heartall. It was his turn to come forward. He entered, staggering with emotion—he wept. The police could not prevent his falling into the arms of Sam. Sam raised him, and said with a smile to the attorney-general, "Here is a villain who shares his bread with those who are hungry." Then he kissed Heartall's hand.

The list of witnesses having been gone through, the attorney-general rose and spoke in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, society would be shaken to its foundation if public vengeance did not overtake such great criminals as this man, who, etc., etc."

After this memorable discourse, Sam's advocate spoke. The pleader against, and the pleader for,

made each in due order, the evolutions which they are accustomed to make in the arena which is called a criminal court.

Sam did not think that all was said that might be said. He arose in his turn. He spoke in a manner which must have amazed all the intelligent persons present on the occasion. It appeared as if there were more of the orator than the murderer in this poor artisan. He spoke in an upright attitude, with a penetrating and well-managed voice; with an open, sincere, and steadfast gaze, with a gesture almost always the same, but full of command. There were moments in which his genuine, lofty eloquence stirred the crowd to a murmur, during which Sam took breath, casting a bold gaze upon the bystanders. Then again, this man, who could not read, was as gentle, polished, select in his language, as a well-informed person—at other moments modest, measured, attentive, going step by step over the irritating parts of the argument, courteous to his judges. Once only he gave way to a burst of passion. The attorney-general had proved in his speech that Sam Needy had assassinated the director without any violence on his part, and consequently *without provocation*.

"What!" exclaimed Sam Needy, "I have not been provoked! Ay—it is very true—I understand you. A drunken man strikes me with his dagger—I kill him, I have been provoked; you show mercy to me, you send me to Botany Bay. But a man who is not drunk, who has the perfect use of his reason, wrings my heart for four years, humbles me for four years, pierces me with a weapon every day, every hour, every minute, in some unexpected point for four years. I had a wife, for whose sake I became a thief—he tortures me through that wife; a child for whom I stole—he tortures me through that child. I have not bread enough to eat—a friend gives it me; he takes away my friend and my food. I ask for my friend back—he condemns me to solitary confinement. I speak to him—him, the spy—respectfully; he answers me in dog's language. I tell him I am suffering—he tells me I wear him out. What would you, then, that I should do? I kill him. It is well—I am a monster; I have murdered this man; I have not been provoked. You take my life for it—be it so."

The debates being closed, the presiding judge made his impartial and luminous summing up. The results were these: a wicked life—a wretch in purpose. Sam Needy had begun by stealing—he then murdered. All this was true.

When the jury were about being conducted to their apartment, the judge asked the accused if he had any thing to say upon the questions before them.

"Little," replied Sam, "only this; I am a thief and an assassin. I have stolen, and have slain a man. But why have I stolen? Why have I murdered? Add these two questions to the rest, gentleman of the jury."

After a quarter of an hour's deliberation on the part of the twelve individuals whom he had ad-

dressed as *gentlemen of the jury*, Sam Needy was condemned to death.

Their decision was read to Sam, who contented himself with saying, "It is well—but why has this man stolen? Why has this man murdered? These are questions to which they make no answer."

He was carried back to prison—he supped almost gayly.

He had no wish to make an appeal against his sentence. The old woman who had nursed him entreated him with tears to do so. He complied out of kindness to her. It would appear as if he had resisted till the very last moment, for when he signed his petition in the register, the legal delay of three days had expired some minutes before. The benevolent old nurse gave him a crown. He accepted the money and thanked her.

While his appeal was pending, offers of escape were made him. There was thrown, one after the other, in his dungeon, through its air-hole, a nail, a bit of iron file, and the handle of a bucket. Any of these three tools would have been sufficient to so skillful a man as Sam Needy to cut through his irons. He gave up the nail, the file, and the handle to the turnkey.

On the 10th of June, 1834, seven months after the deed, its expiation arrived. That day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the recorder of the tribunal entered Sam Needy's dungeon, and announced to him that he had not more than an hour to live. His petition was rejected.

"Come," said Sam, coldly, "I have this night slept well, without troubling myself that I should sleep still better the next."

It would appear as if the words of strong men always receive a certain dignity from approaching death.

The chaplain arrived—then the executioner. He was humble to the one, gentle to the other.

He maintained a perfect ease of spirit. He listened to the chaplain with extreme attention, accusing himself of many things, and regretting that he had not been instructed in religion.

At his request they had given him back the scissors with which he had wounded himself. One blade, which had been broken in his breast, was wanting. He entreated the jailor to have these scissors taken to Heartall as from himself.

He besought those who bound his hands to place in his right hand the crown-piece which the good nurse had given him—the only thing which was now remaining to him.

At a quarter to eight he was led out of his prison, with the customary mournful procession which attends the condemned. He was pale; his eyes were fixed on the chaplain—but he walked with a firm step.

He ascended the scaffold gravely. He shook hands with the chaplain first, then the executioner, thanking the one, forgiving the other. The executioner *pushed him back gently*, says one account. At the moment when the assistant put the hideous rope round his neck, he made a sign to the chaplain to take

the crown-piece which he had in his right hand, and said to him, "*For the poor.*" At that moment the clock was striking eight, the sound from the steeple drowned his voice, and the chaplain answered that he could not hear him. Sam waited for an interval

between two of the strokes, and repeated with gentleness, "*For the poor.*"

The eighth stroke had scarcely sounded ere this noble and intelligent criminal was launched into eternity.

THE ANGEL OF THE SOUL.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Una stella, una notte, ed una croce. *Antonio Bisazza.*

SILENCE hath conquered thee, imperial Night!
Thou sit'st alone within her void, cold halls,
Thy solemn brow uplifted, and thy soul
Paining the space with dumb and mighty thought.
The dreary wind ebbes, voiceless, round thy form,
Following the stealthy hours, that wake no stir
In the hushed velvet of thy mantle's fold.
Thy thoughts take being: down the dusky aisles
Go shapes of good, and beckoning ghosts of crime,
And dreams of maddening beauty—hopes, that shine
To darken, and in cloudy height sublime,
The spectral march of some approaching Doom!
Nor these alone, oh! Mother of the world,
People thy chambers, echoless and vast;
Their dewy freshness like ambrosial cools
Life's fever-thirst, and to the fainting soul
Their porphyry walls are touched with light, and gleams
Of shining wonder dazzle through the void,
Like those bright marvels which the traveler's torch
Wakes from the darkness of three thousand years,
In rock-hewn sepulchres of Theban kings.
Prophets, whose brows of pale, unearthly glow
Reflect the twilight of celestial dawns,
And bards, transfigured in immortal song,
Like eager children, kneeling at thy feet,
Unclasp the awful volume of thy lore.

My soul goes down thy far, untrodden paths,
To the dim verge of being. There its step
Touches the threshold of sublimer life,
And through the boundless empyrean leaps
Its prayer, borne like a faint, expiring cry,
To angel-warders, listening as they pace
The crystal walls of Heaven. Down the blue fields
Of the untraveled Infinite, they come:
Beneath their wings one sweet, diluting wave
Thrills the pure deep, and bears my soul aloft,
To walk amid their shining groups, and call
Its guardian spirit, as an orphan calls
His vanished brother, taken in childhood home:

"White through my cradled dreams thy pinions waved,
Lost Angel of the Soul! thy presence led
The babe's faint gropings through the glimmering dark
And into Being's conscious dawn. Thy hand
Held mine in childhood, and thy beaming cheek
Lay close, like some fond playmate's, to mine own.
Up to that boundary, whence the heart leaps forth
To life, like some wild torrent, when the rains
Pour dark and full upon the cloudy hills,

Thy gentle footsteps wandered near to mine.
Be with me now! Oh, in the starry hush
Of the deep night, that holds the earthly down
In all my nature, bring to me again
The early purity, which kept thy hand
From the entrancing harp it held in Heaven!
Through the warm starting of my hoarded tears,
Let me behold thine eyes divine, as stars
Gleam through the twilight vapors of the sea!

"Not yet hast thou forsaken me. The prayer
Whose crowning fervor lifts my nature up
Midway to God, may still evoke thy form.
Thou hast been with me, when the midnight
Clung damp upon my brow, and the broad
Stretched far and dim beneath the ghostly maw;
When the dark, awful woods were silent save,
And with imploring hands toward the stars
Clasped in mute yearning, I have questioned Heaven
For the lost language of the book of Life.
Oh, then thy face was glorious, and thy hair
On the white moonbeam floating, veiled thy brow.
But in the holy sadness of thine eye
Which held my spirit, tremblingly I saw,
Through rushing tears, the sign of angel-grief
O'er the false promise of diviner years.
From the far glide of some descending strain
Of tenderest music I have heard thy voice;
And thou hast called amid the stormy rush
Of grand orchestral triumph, with a sound
Resistless in its power. I feel the light,
Which is thine atmosphere, around my soul,
When a great sorrow gulfs it from the world.

"Come back! come back! my heart grows faint, when
How thy withdrawing radiance leaves more dim
The twilight borders of the night of Earth.
Now when the bitter truth is learned; when all
That seemed so high and good but mocks its seeming—
When the warm dreams of youth come shivering back,
In the cold chambers of the heart to die—
When, with the wrestling years, familiar grows
The merciless hand of pain, desert me not!
Come with the true heart of the faithful Night,
When I have cast away the masquing garb
Of hollow Day, and lain my soul to rest
On her consoling bosom! From the founts
Of thine exhaustless light, make clear the road
Through toil and darkness, into God's space!"

SCOUTING NEAR VERA CRUZ.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

BY SCOLIER.

Hours before day, Lieutenant Rolfe and his party were threading the mazes of the chaparral. The moon glistened upon their bayonets and bright barrels. Their path lay in a southwesterly direction, near the old road to Orizava. Here it passed through a glade or opening, where the moonbeams fell upon a profusion of flowers, there it reëntered dark alleys among the clustering trees, where the "trail arms" was given in a half whisper. The boughs met and looked overhead, and the thick foliage hid the moon from sight. Now a bright beam escaping through some chance opening in the leaves, quivered along the path, and scared the wolf in his midnight wanderings. Out again upon the open track through the soft grass, and winding around the wild maguey, or under the claw-shaped thorns of the musquit. A deer sprung from his lair among the soft flowers—looked back for a moment at the strange intruders, and, frightened at the gleaming steel, dashed off into the thicket. The woods are not silent by night, as in the colder regions of the north. The southern forest has its voices, moonlit or dark. All through the livelong night sings the mock-bird—screams the "loredo." From dark till dawn, you hear the hoarse baying of the "coyote," and the dismal howl of the gaunt gray wolf. The cicada fills the air with its monotonous and melancholy notes. In all these sounds there is a breathing, a wild voluptuousness that tells you you are wandering in the clime of the sun—amidst scenes like those rendered classical by the pen of St. Pierre. They who have read the sweet French romance, will recognize his faithful painting of tropical pictures. The sunny glades—and shady arbors—the broad green and yellow leaves—the tall palm-trees, with their long, lazy feathers and clustering fruits waving to the slightest breeze, and looking the same as in that sea island where they flung their changing shadows over the loves of Paul and Virginia. Scouting at night, and to strangers (as were Rolfe and his men) in the land, was not without its perils. Objects of alarm were near and around. The nopal rose before you like the picket of an enemy. Its dark column gleaming under the false light of the moon is certainly some sentinel on the outpost. A halt is the consequence, and silent and cat-like one of the party, on his hands and knees, steals nearer and nearer, through the thorny brambles, until the true nature of the apparition betrays itself, in the shape of a huge column of prickly pear. He then returns to his comrades, and the obstacle is passed, some one as he passes, with a muttered curse, slashing his sabre through the soft trunk of the harmless vegetable.

The wild maguey grasps you by the leg, as though

some hideous monster had sprung from the bushes. You start and rush forward, only to be dragged back among the elastic leaves. It is useless to struggle. You must either return and unwind yourself by gentle means, or leave the better part of your cloth inexpressibles in the ruthless fangs of the plant. The rancho fencibles his limbs with leather, or with leggings of tiger-skin. It is not fancy or choice to wear leather breeches in Mexico. Necessity has something to say in fixing the fashion of your small clothes.

When day broke, Rolfe and his party were ten miles from camp—ten miles from the nearest American picket, and with only thirty men! They were concealed in a thicket of aloes and musquit. This thicket crowned the only eminence for miles in any direction. It commanded a view of the whole country southward to the Alvarado.

As the sun rose the forest echoed with sounds and song. The leaves moved with life, as a thousand bright-plumed birds flashed from tree to tree. The green parrot screamed after his mate, uttering his wild notes of endearment. They are seen in pairs flying high up in the heavens. The troupiale flashed through the dark foliage like a ray of yellow light. Birds seemed to vie with each other in their songs of love. Amidst these sounds of the forest, the ear of Rolfe caught the frequent crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, and the other well-known sounds of the settlement. These were heard upon all sides. It was plain that the country was thickly settled, though not a house was visible above the tree-tops. The thin column of blue smoke as it rose above the green foliage proved the existence of dwellings.

At some distance, westward, an open plain lay like an emerald lake. The woods that bordered it were of a darker hue than the meadow-grass upon its bosom. In this plain were horses feeding, and Rolfe saw at a glance that they were picketed. Some of them had dragged their laryettes and were straying from the group. There appeared to be in all about an hundred horses. It was plain that their owners were not far off. A thin blue smoke that hung over the trees on one side of the meadow gave evidence of a camp. The baying of dogs came from this direction, mingled with the sounds of human voices. It was evidently a camp of the "Jarocho," (guerilleros.)

Suddenly a bugle sounded, wild and clear above the voices of the singing-birds, a few notes somewhat resembling the dragoon stable-call. The horses flung up their heads and neighed fiercely, looking toward the encampment. Presently a crowd of men were seen running from the woods, each carrying a

saddle. The few strays that had drawn their pickets during the night, came running in at the well-known voices of their masters. The saddles were flung on and tightly girthed—the bits adjusted and the laryettes coiled and hung to the saddle-horns, in less time than an ordinary horseman would have put on a bridle. Another flourish of the bugle, and the troop were in their saddles and galloping away over the greensward of the meadow in a southerly direction. The whole transaction did not occupy five minutes, and it seemed to Rolfe and his party, who witnessed it, more like a dream than a reality. The Jarochos were just out of musket range. A long shot might have reached them, but even had Rolfe ventured this, it would have been with doubtful propriety. Rumor had fixed the existence of a large force of the enemy in this neighborhood. It was supposed that at least a thousand men were on the Alvarado road, with the intention of penetrating our lines, with beeves for the besieged Veracruzanos.

"They got off in good time, sergeant," muttered Rolfe, "had they but waited half an hour longer—Oh! for a score of Harney's horses!"

"Lieutenant, may I offer an opinion?" asked the sergeant, who had raised himself and stood peering through the leafy branches of a cacahou-tree.

"Certainly, Heiss, any suggestion—"

"Wal, then—thar's a town," the sergeant lifted one of the leafy boughs and pointed toward the south-east—a spire and cross—a white wall and the roofs of some cottages were seen over the trees. "Raoul here, who's French, and knows the place, says it's Madalin—he's been to it—and there's no good road for horses direct from here—but the road from Vera Cruz crosses that meadow far up—now, lieutenant, it's my opinion them thieving Mexicans is bound for that 'ere place—Raoul says it's a good sweep round—if we could git across this yere strip we'd head 'em sure."

The backwoodsman swept his broad hand toward the south, to indicate the strip of woods that he desired to cross. The plan seemed feasible enough. The town, although seemingly near, was over five miles distant. The road by which the guerrilleros had to reach it was much farther. Could Rolfe and his party meet them on this road, by an ambuscade, they would gain an easy victory, although with inferior numbers, and Rolfe wished to carry back to camp a Mexican prisoner. This was the object of the scout, to gain information of the force supposed to be in the rear of our lines. The men, too, were eager for the wild excitement of a fight. For what came they there?

"Raoul," said Rolfe, "is there any path through these woods?"

"Zar is, von road I have believe—oui—Monsieur Lieutenant."

Raoul was a dapper little Frenchman, who had joined the army at Vera Cruz, where we found him. He had been a sort of market-gardener for the plaza, and knew the back country perfectly. He had fallen into bad odor with the rancheros of the *Tierra Caliente*, and owed them no good-will. The coming of

the American army had been a perfect godsend: Raoul, who was now an American volunteer, as circumstances afterward proved, worthy of a title.

"Close teecket, monsieur," continued the Frenchman, "but there be von road, I make ver sure; that tree, vot you call him, big tree,"

Raoul pointed to some live-oaks that formed a belt across the woods.

"Take the lead, Raoul."

The little Frenchman sprang out in front and commenced descending into the dark woods beneath. The party was soon winding through the shade, aisles of a live-oak forest. The woods were at first open and easy. After a short march they came to a small stream, bright and silvery. But what was the surprise of Rolfe to find that the path here gave out and on the opposite bank of the rivulet the trees grew closer together, and the woods were almost won into a solid mass, by the lianas and other creeping plants. These were covered with blossoms. In some places a wall of snow-white flowers rose before you. Pyramidal forms of foliage, green and yellow, over which hung myriads of vine-blossoms, like a scarlet mantle. Still there was no path least to be trodden by human foot. Birds flew and scared in their solitary haunts. The arm of the wolf stood at a distance with glaring eyes. The fearful-looking guana scampered off upon its long limbs of the live-oak, or the still more hideous cobra di capella glided almost noiselessly on its dry leaves and brambles.

Raoul confessed that he had been doubtful. He had never traveled this belt of timber. The path was lost.

This was strange. A path had conducted him thus far, but on reaching the stream had suddenly stopped. Soldiers went up and down the water course, and peeped through the tangle of vines, but to no purpose. In all directions they were met by an impenetrable chapparal.

Chafing with disappointment, the young officer was about to retrace his way, when an exclamation from Heiss recalled him. The backwoodsman had found a clew to the labyrinth. An opening led into its thicket. This had been concealed by a perfect curtain of closely woven vines, covered with thick foliage and flowers. It appeared at first to be a natural door to the avenue which led from this spot, but a slight examination showed that these vines had been trained by human hands, and that the path had been kept open by the same agency. Branches were here and there lopped off and cast aside, and the ground had the marks of human footsteps. The track was clear and beaten, and Rolfe ordering his men to follow noiselessly, in Indian file, took the lead. For at least two miles they traced the windings of this forest road, through dark woods, occasionally opening out into green flowery glades. The bright sky began to gleam through the trees. Farther on and the breaks became larger and more frequent. An extensive clearing was near at hand. They reached it, but to their astonishment, instead

and a cultivated farm, which they had been expecting to see, the clearing had more the appearance of a vast flower-garden. The roofs and turrets of a house were visible near its centre. The house itself appeared of a strange oriental style, and was buried amidst groves of the brightest foliage. Several huge old trees spread their branches over the roof, and their leaves hung around the fantastic turrets.

What should have been fields were like a succession of huge flower-beds—and large shrubs, covered with sheets of pink and white blossoms that resembled wild roses. This shrubbery was high enough to conceal the approach of Rolfe and his party as they followed the path—apparently the only one which led to the house.

On nearing this, the officer halted his men in a little glade, and taking with him Heiss and the boy Gerry, (who might return for the men in case of a surprise,) proceeded to reconnoitre the strange-looking habitation.

A wall of ivy, or some perennial vine, lay between him and the house. A curtain of green leaves covered the entrance through this wall. This appeared to have grown up by neglect. As Rolfe lifted this festoon, to pass through, the sound of female voices greeted him. These voices reached his ear in tones of the lightest mirth. At intervals came a clear ringing laugh from some throat of silver, and then a plunging, splashing sound of water. Rolfe conjectured that some females were in the act of bathing, and not wishing to intrude upon them sat down for a moment outside the wall. The sounds of merriment were still heard, and among the soft tones the officer imagined that he could distinguish the coarser voice of a man. Curiosity now prompted him to enter. Moreover, he reflected that if there were men there already there could not be much impropriety in his taking a share in the amusement.

Drawing aside the curtain of leaves he looked in. The interior was a garden, but evidently in a neglected state. It appeared the ruin of a once noble garden and shrubbery. Broken fountains and statues crumbling among weeds, and untrained rose-trees, met the eye. The voices were more distinct, but

those who uttered them were hidden by a hedge of jessamines. Rolfe stepped silently up to this hedge and peeped through an opening. The picture presented was indeed an enchanting one.

A large fountain lay between him and the house filled with crystal water. In this fountain two young girls were plunging and diving about in the wildest abandon of mirth. The water was not more than waist deep, and the arms and bosoms of the young girls appeared above its surface. They were strikingly alike, in all except color. In this there was a marked contrast. The neck, arms and bosom of one seemed carved from snow-white marble, while the other's complexion was almost as dark as mahogany. There was the same cast of features, the same expression in both countenances, and their forms, just emerging from the slender figure of girlhood, were exactly alike. Their long hair trailed after them, black and luxuriant, on the surface of the water, as they plunged and swam from one side of the basin to the other. A huge negress sat upon the edge of the fountain, seemingly enjoying the bath as much as those who partook of it. It was the voice of this negress that Rolfe had mistaken for that of a man.

The young officer did not hesitate a moment, but stole gently back and regained his comrades.

Then striking through the flowery fields that stretched away toward the woods in the rear, he commenced searching for the path that led from the woods in a direction opposite to that whence he had come, without disturbing the inmates of this peaceful mansion. Finding this path on the other side, the party entered and hastily kept on, in order to intercept the guerilleros, whom they still hoped to fall in with. In these hopes they were not disappointed, for emerging from the woods near Medellin they came upon the guerilleros, with whom they had a sharp skirmish. Rolfe and his party were successful, killing two of the guerrilla and taking the same number prisoners.

The young girls continued their pleasant pastime, little dreaming how near to them had been these strange and warlike visitors.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

"I WANT to go home!" saith a weary child,
That hath lost its way in straying;
Ye may try in vain to calm its fears,
Or wipe from its eyes the blinding tears,
It looks in your face, still saying—
"I want to go home!"

"I want to go home!" saith a fair young bride,
In anguish of spirit praying;
Her chosen hath broken the silver cord—

Hath spoken a harsh and cruel word,
And she now, alas! is saying—
"I want to go home!"

"I want to go home!" saith the weary soul,
Ever earnest thus 'tis praying;
It weepeth a tear—heaveth a sigh—
And upward glanceth with streaming eye
To its promised rest, still saying—
"I want to go home!"

THE HUMBLING OF A FAIRY.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

THE Princess Dewbell was confessed to be the queen of the ball, notwithstanding that the beauty and grace and wit of the whole realm were there, for it was the birth-night festival of the fairy princess, and her royal father, with all a parent's fond pride, had exhausted invention, and impoverished extravagance, to give *éclat* to the occasion. The walls of his ancestral palace were sparkled all over with dew-drops, which a troop of early bees had spent all the summer mornings in collecting and preserving in the royal patent dew-preserver, invented by one of the native geniuses of the realm. These brilliant mirrors, flashing in the light of ten thousand fire-flies of the royal household, whose whole lives had been expended in learning how to carry their dainty lamps about so as to produce the finest effects, reflected the forms of the ladies and the dazzling military trappings of the handsome cavaliers, (there was war at that time between the glorious empire of Fairydom and the weak and infatuated republic of Elfland on its southern borders, and the epaulette and spurs were the only pass to the hearts of the fair,) imbuing them with an infinitude of prismatic hues, all softened into a kind of tinted starlight, exquisite as the dying voice of music. In this gorgeous saloon, at the head of which sat, well pleased, the benevolent old King Paterfleur and his modest and still lovely queen Sweetbriar, all were noble and accomplished and beautiful and gay; but the charms of the Princess Dewbell, just bursting into the richness of full-grown fairyhood, were so surpassing that none had ever been found to question, even in their own hearts, her supremacy. This, perhaps, may appear strange to many of my pretty readers, but they must remember that mine is a faithful chronicle of fairies—not of women. The princess was standing lightly touching—it could not be said that she leaned against—the slender stalk of a garden lily, that rose like an emerald column of classic mould above her lovely form, and expanded into a graceful dome of transparent and crimson-veined cornelian above her head. Her eyes were cast pensively (at the Musical Fund Hall it would have been called coquettishly) upon the ground, and ever and anon she tossed her proud head with an imperious gesture, until the streaming curls waved and parted around her cheek and neck, like vine-leaves about a marble column as the south wind creeps among them soliciting for kisses. The lady Dewbell, amid all this scene of enchantment, which spread out before and around her, as if her own loveliness had breathed it into existence, still was discontented; sad, perhaps, at the total absence of care in her bosom, and sighing for a sorrow. Unhappy lady Dewbell! She had so many hundred times been told, what she herself believed full well,

that she was absolutely the most beautiful creature in existence, that the tale had lost its interest. Its champagne of flattery, its creaming foam long melted into the brain, stood untasted before her, and flat as the subsided fountain poured by the rain-shower into the tulip's cup. And so the princess stood listless and apart from the jollity, her little form swaying lightly to and fro, with the undulations of the lily-stem against which more perceptibly rested. It is well for Roderick Collins and Plumble that the royal dagger was laid up in a cowslip, with a broken skygnat which he had received in a rough-and-tumble vignat, about the ownership of a particular ray of light at last sunset.

But if the lady Dewbell were queen of the ball, the noble knight Sir Timothy Lawn was as undignifiedly worthy of the post of honor among her gallant train of admirers. Indeed, it was universally known of course as a profound secret among the gossip of the palace, that Sir Timothy was the declared lover of the proud Dewbell, and it was even whispered that she had actually been seen hanging around him one bright June morning, in a sweet dew-droplet by the brook-side, while he bent tenderly over her, his eyes filled with tears of rapture. But as this story could only be traced to a rough beetlebird, when he saw the lovers thus as he was driving his herd of black cattle to water, it was not generally believed. At any rate, all the ladies were decidedly of opinion that Sir Timothy was in every way a match for his haughty beauty, and that if she did not accept him while he was in the humor she would be very likely to go farther and fare worse. In fact, several of the maids and bluestockings, over their dishes of soup and marsh-fog, (both of which they made uncommonly strong,) openly avowed it as their opinion that he was a great deal too good for her, and that if the truth must be told, the princess was an impudent, saucy and irreverent creature, who lacked the slightest respect for her superiors. "As to her beauty," said one of these cronies, whose little nose was very much of the size and complexion of a little camomile-flower, and who was shrewdly suspected of qualifying her marsh-fog with pale pink-blossom, "As for her beauty, that is all in my eye. I have seen plenty of your plump, smooth-skinned piece of paint and affectation fade in my time, like an Iliad yet seen of life. Mark my words—before we have reached our prime, my great lady princess will be as ugly as—"

"As ugly as yourself, granny! Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho! haw, haw, haw!" shouted a mischievous voice, while an indescribably comic old man, with a baby, appeared for a moment behind the bar.

lock leaf behind which the spinsters were holding their *conversazioni*.

"There's that imp Puck again, as sure as I am a woman!" exclaimed the gentle Mrs. Mullenstock, rising hastily and spilling a dish of fog all over the front of her new green and yellow striped grass dress, as she ran toward the spot whence the voice had proceeded. "I'll to the palace this very night, and lay my complaint against that wretch. We'll see whether virtuous ladies are to be insulted in this manner, and their helplessness trampled under foot!"

The intruder had already disappeared; but as the amiable Mrs. Mullenstock got her spectacles adjusted, she just caught sight of him throwing a somerset into a pumpkin-flower; while his laugh still sounded faintly upon the air, mingled with snatches of a wild refrain, of which she could only distinguish these lines:

"Oh ho, Granny Mullenstock, how envious you be;
I'll plague you to death, or the hornets catch me!"

The spinster shook her fist and grinned horribly at the broad-mouthed, innocent yellow flower, down whose throat the varlet had leaped—but chancing at that moment to catch a glimpse of her own face in a little bit of mica, which served her for a toilet-mirror, she uttered the least bit of a little shriek in the world and fainted—her companions, who had by this time gathered round her, exchanging sly winks and malicious looks of gratification as she went off.

But we must return to the ball-room, where the fire-flies have got sleepy, and many of them had already put out their lamps and retired, and the brilliant company of dancers and promenaders has dwindled down to a few sets, composed of those ladies who had not been asked to dance in the height of the evening, and some sour-looking gentlemen in very tight coats and pants, who had "got the mitten" from their sweethearts at the door, and were desperately trying to do the amiable out of sheer revenge.

At length even these disappeared; the saloons were entirely deserted, save by the beautiful mother moon-beam, who slept upon the fragrant turf, her babe, the silver starlight, folded lovingly within her bosom.

Yet no, the scene is not quite solitary. Carefully bending aside the tall, slender spears of diamond-tipped grass that perpetually guarded the sacred domain of the imperial palace, a cavalier in full armor appears, making way for a lady, whose long veil of the finest spider's web completely conceals her head and form, making her seem like an exhalation, taking, as its highest gift of grace, the shape of woman. The two advance slowly and cautiously to the centre of the saloon, and then the cavalier, throwing himself on his knees, (that's the way fairies invariably make love,) beseeches his companion to have pity upon him. The lady throws back her veil with a motion of indescribable grace, and looking down into the upturned face of her lover, seriously a moment, then lightly, utters a low laugh, and replies,

"Very well, Sir Timothy Lawn, upon my word! Quite prettily done, indeed! You must have been taking lessons of Signor Sweetbriar, the royal parson.

Now do run and bring me a glass of geranium-dew—I protest I have drank scarcely a drop all the evening."

"Not one word, then, for your poor lover and true knight," sighed Sir Timothy, in a tone of the deepest despondence.

"I did not come here to listen to school-boy nonsense," said the lady Dewbell, with a haughty and impatient motion of the head. "I came to get a glass of geranium-water. But, as you decline obliging me to that extent, I suppose I must e'en get it for myself. Good-night to you, Sir Timothy! Pleasant dreams!" and she disappeared.

The knight was for a moment confounded; then rising slowly, he pointed to a bright star that shone directly above him, winking and winking with all its might, as much as to say, "what a green-horn you are!" and swore an oath that no fairy should ever henceforth have power over his heart, till she who had so wantonly scorned and insulted him should beg to be forgiven. As he was turning sadly away, to seek his solitary chamber in the upper branch of a bachelor's button, on the other side of the brook, the elf-clown Puck stood before him, looking as demure as puss herself.

"Well, fool," said the knight, somewhat impatiently, "how long hast thou been listening here?"

"As long as my ears, your worship," replied the urchin, undauntedly, "and they were long enough to hear that your worship's valiancy is a very much over-praised commodity—since a maiden's dainty veil of knitted night-air has proved too strong for him.

The knight he sued, and the knight he sighed,
But he went away without supper or bride."

"Silence, imp! or I'll make thine ears, of which thou hast had such pestilent service, shorter by a span."

"No, I thank your valiancy! my ears do very well as they are. And I came to do you a good turn by offering you the use of them. But as your worship is so high and dry in Dundrum Bay, as we say at sea, I'll e'en get back to my nap in the hazle copse again."

"Nay, good Puck, I meant thee no harm, as thou knowest well enough. Since thou knowest my innermost grief, let me hear thy fool's advice in the matter."

"If I gave thee advice, I were in truth a fool. But I'll very willingly forgive thee this time, and tell thee what I overheard to-night at the palace."

"Ah, that's a good Puck!"

"That depends on circumstances, your valiancy. I am somewhat like a dish of toasted gallinippers—whether it is palatable or not depending very much in the way it is served. But this is what I heard his majesty say to her majesty. 'Sweetbine, my dear,' said he, 'don't you think Dewbell has a fancy for our brave and noble knight, Sir Timothy Lawn?' 'Why, my love,' replied her majesty, 'I have long been almost certain that she loved him. But she is such a confirmed flirt I am afraid she can never be brought to say so. I have n't the least idea that she

would not reject Sir Timothy, were he to propose.' 'We must cure her of this fatal pride and folly,' replied his majesty, 'and I think that, with a little of your assistance, I can manage it capitally.' And then the dear old people passed into the royal bed-chamber, in the japonica wing, and I heard no more."

"I'll to the king."

"And I'll to a better friend than he; if you permit me, your worship, I take my *bag* and *leave*."

"Avaunt, vile punning Puck! Thou hast been to Philadelphia, where all the streets rhyme, and every corner is a pun upon the next. May the fiend unquip thee! Away!"

"If thou likest not jokes, thou hadst best stick to thy bachelor's-buttonhood. I tell thee, marriage is a capital joke."

"What knowest thou of marriage?"

"I am one of its fruits."

"A bitter jest, indeed, and plucked ere half ripened. St. Bulwer! but thou wilt be a mother's blessing when thou art fully grown!"

"Better save thy wits, sir knight! Thou wilt have a plentiful lack of them ere the honeymoon be out of the comb. A pleasant roost in thy bachelor's hall, and many of them!" and the vagabond sprung upon the back of a green lizard creeping silently through the grass, and sticking his heels into his astonished charger, dragoon-fashion, disappeared down the bank of the brook.

The old king and his good wife, Sweetbine, were very much grieved at the foolish trifling of their daughter, Dewbell—for they were well assured that Dewbell loved the noble knight, Sir Timothy, and that it was only a spirit of mere wantonness that led her to vex and torment him. Long into the night did the royal couple converse, striving to devise some means of bringing their wayward daughter to her senses. They at last hit upon a plan, which they fondly hoped might be the means of securing the happiness of their child, and settling her comfortably in life.

The next morning his majesty sent for the dwarf, Puck, to his private cabinet, and received him with an unusually grave and troubled aspect.

"Venerable sire," said Puck, making a mock reverence, and scarcely able to suppress a chuckle at the solemn looks of his master, "what facetious dream hath been playing its mad pranks about thy sacred pillow? Never saw I kingly face so mirthfully bepranked."

"Come hither, good Puck," said the king, patiently, "and when thou hast made thy breakfast of fun upon thy poor master, listen to him seriously."

"Dear prince, said the dwarf, suddenly running up to the king and casting himself weeping at his feet, "art thou, then, really troubled? Forgive thy poor slave!" and he began blubbing in the most pitiable manner, while he looked up into the face of the king with such a look of wo-begone and ludicrous despair, that Paterfamilias himself could scarce refrain from bursting into laughter.

"Thou hast done nothing wrong, good Puck—handsome Puck," said the king, chucking his favorite

under the chin. "I have need of thee. Here is a signet-ring. Bring me straight hither a young handsome peasant, one who has never been in the court, nor any inhabitant of the palace. He must be intelligent, conscientious, and trustworthy. Ist thou know of such a one?"

"Yes, your majesty, I think I do. My friend young Paudeen O'Rafferty, the son of the old forester, has just returned from Ireland, where he was carried by the fairies at his christening, and has been kept ever since until now, trying to get through a rent made by Mr. O'Connell in the pocket of his relatives. He's as tight an Irish lad as your majesty ever saw; and as for his honesty, I'll endorse it with both hands. The O'Raffertys are constitutionally honest."

"Well, bring him hither at once. I shall be bound to receive him."

Puck, with his funny face entirely restored to good humor, left the palace by a private gate, was running across a beautiful meadow, disappeared into the dark green forest. Idle lingerer as he was, he felt a strong inclination, at every hazel-copse he passed, to stop and have a chat with the rabbits he knew were hid beneath it; and more than once he was on the point of running up to a friendly doe and kissing his cold, black nose, just for auld lang syne. But, for a wonder, he was constant to his end, and ran straight on—not stopping even to throw stones at a squirrel by the way—till he came to the forester's hut.

He found the old forester and his wife there. They received him kindly, for, notwithstanding his mad pranks, Puck was a favorite everywhere, especially among the poor and humble, who were always safe from his mischievous propensities. The young Paudeen was out a little bit in the forest, he would return directly.

"And what brings good Master Puck from among the great lords and beautiful ladies of the court to this poor little shieling, not bigger nor better than the mud cabins of old Ireland itself?" inquired the old woman, who had grown, with age and toil, wrinkled, deaf and sour.

"I'll explain all that as soon as Paudeen comes home," replied the grave and mysterious Puck; "but, in the meantime, how do you get on with O'Rafferty, and what is the news in the forest?"

"We get on but poorly," said the old forester, "and the news is, that the people at the other side of the forest, where the potatoes have all rotted, and the land is worn down to its bare bones, for want of rest like, are very bad. Some of the women and childers have already starved, and the men have for the most part took to drink and fights, so things is in a mighty bad way."

"Yes," chimed in the old woman, who seemed to have caught by instinct the subject of conversation, "and the poor starven people say, too, that there's plenty of money squandered upon extravagance by the king and his court to give them all bread; and that the forests that is kept for the deer and craythurs to be killed for the sport of signig folk

"would give every man a bit of fresh land, and that the potatoes would grow well enough then."

"Auch, Peggy, will ye have us hung for parjery, out and out!" exclaimed the terrified husband, casting a deprecating look at Puck. "Poor craythur, she does n't know what she is saying."

At this juncture the young Paudéen made his appearance, and put a stop to a conversation that was becoming decidedly stupid. He made his respects cordially to Puck; and when he heard his errand, seemed amazed and delighted. After a good deal of difficulty, the old lady was made to understand what was the desire of the king.

"Hooh!" exclaimed the old crone, leaping from her seat and dancing about the room, "the dhrame's come true at last! Och, hullybaloo! did n't I know that the pretty Paudéen was n't born for the pig-stye! Bedad, but he'll ruffle the gentles! Wont you, darlint?" and the old woman fell upon her son's neck, smothering him with kisses, while the poor youth could hardly keep his legs under the vigor of her maternal caresses.

PART II.

In a few days after the interview of Puck and Paudéen in the hut of the forester, there was great excitement at the court of Fairyland. The fashionable milliners and dress-makers never had seen such a time—orders from the aristocracy poured in upon them by scores, and their doors were beset by fashionable carriages, and little fairy footmen caparisoned in long coats with many capes, and broad red bands fastened with shining buckles round their hats. The great *artistes* who were at the head of these establishments saw themselves amassing fortunes from the sudden influx of fashionable custom. But the poor little fairy seamstresses, who sat up all night, sometimes without time to eat or sleep, from sunset to sunset, so that all these splendid dresses might be finished in time—they did not fare so well. They grew pale and sick, and sat swaying and swinging about as they worked, until one might have thought them the ghosts of fairy workers, come back for a ghostly midnight frolic in their old haunts. It was melancholy enough, truly; but then nobody knew any thing about it. The rich ladies, when their splendid robes came home, did not stop to think that good, earnest, faithful fairy hearts had embroidered the roses that adorned the skirts from their own cheeks, and spangled them with the broken fragments of their youth's faded dreams. If they had—

Well, and if they had?

That is not at all to the purport of my story; and so I will proceed to let the reader into the secret of all this flutter and fluster. A great prince had made his appearance at the court of Paterfior, and had created almost as great an excitement in Fairyland as a new prima donna with bright eyes and a *sfogato* voice among mere mortals. Nobody knew exactly who he was, but he came from a great way off, and had a name as long as a province, and, beside being

incalculably wealthy, it was universally voted (ladies vote in Fairyland) that he was the very handsomest love of a fairy knight that ever jingled spurs, or sighed at the feet of beauty. He had come to court evidently with the "highest recommendations" to the king, such as would have procured him immediate access into the first "circles," even in Philadelphia, where society lives behind barred doors, and goes about armed cap-a-pie against encroachment or intrusion. He had been at once received at the royal table, and a splendid suite of apartments had been assigned him in the palace itself. Such extraordinary attentions from the imperial family, of course, made the stranger a favorite and a welcome guest wherever he appeared; and there was not a lady at court who would not have given her eyes—if it would not have spoiled her beauty—for a smile from his magnificent mouth.

It was discovered, however, at a very early stage of the proceedings, that the chief object of the prince's admiration was the lady Dewbell, who, proud as she was, could not help feeling flattered by the evident and special devotion of one for whom the whole of her sex were dying. Sir Timothy Lawn, who, from pique or melancholy, or from some unknown cause, had left the court the very day after the arrival of the new prince, was not entirely forgotten, but was laid away carefully on a back shelf of her heart; and the lady Dewbell never had been so beautiful, so fascinating, so joyous and irresistible. Courts are as fickle as coquettes; and before the month had passed, in a series of brilliant *fêtes* and entertainments, at all of which the prince and princess were the reigning toast, it was regarded as a settled thing that there would, ere the maple leaves grew red in the dying gaze of the year, be a royal marriage in Fairyland.

But while to all around the beautiful Dewbell was ever the same careless, saucy and happy creature as ever, in her heart she nursed a bitter sorrow. After many and severe struggles, she was forced at last to make to herself the humiliating acknowledgment that she deeply and truly loved Sir Timothy Lawn, that noble and chivalric spirit, whom her unworthy trifling had driven—so her frightened heart interpreted it—in disgust from her. Compelled in common courtesy to receive the devoted attentions of the stranger prince, and to hear every day and every hour repeated the earnest solicitations of her father that she should school herself to regard the stranger as her future husband, her little fairy heart was quite broken with its ceaseless struggles. Her pride and self-will were entirely vanquished, and she felt herself truly the most miserable of fairy maidens. Suicide is of course a thing strictly prohibited among immortals; but had it been otherwise, I sadly fear that one of the lady Dewbell's spider-web silk hose would some morning have been found without a garter, and she herself hanging like a beauteous exhalation among the elm-leaves in the morning sunshine. Oh, had Sir Timothy been there then, he would have found, instead of his imperious and tantalizing coquette, the tenderest and truest of dis-

console maidens, ready to melt into his arms between the delicious pause of a sigh and a kiss. "Naughty, cruel Sir Timothy! Horrid creature! to take all my nonsense for real earnest, and to go away and leave me to be persecuted to death!" exclaimed the lady Dewbell, with an uncontrollable burst of tears, as she threw herself, her toilet half finished, and her hair all strewn over her face and shoulders, upon her little praying cushion. "What will become of poor Bell!"

"What ails my daughter?" said the sweet, soft voice of the queen mother, as she knelt tenderly over her child, and pressed her head to her bosom. "Tell your sorrows to your mother."

"Oh, mother, I am the most wretched fairy that ever existed. I don't want to marry that odious, red-haired stranger; and my father has made me promise that the wedding shall take place on Halloween—and I—I have consented. But I love Sir Timothy; and I won't marry any body but him," sobbed the poor creature, convulsively, as she cast herself upon the floor, and looked up to her mother, terrified and half frantic.

"But, dearest, you know you laughed at poor Sir Timothy's vows—and he is so sensitive."

"Oh, yes, I know I did, but I'll never do so any more. If Sir Timothy will only come back and forgive me, and marry me, just this once, I will never, never offend him again as long as I live—never, never, never! Do, mamma, do make him come back!"

"Poor child! I will certainly do all I can. But you have promised to be married on Halloween."

"Oh, yes, but that is a good fortnight off, and you can bring Sir Timothy back before then, you know, and he can kill this horrid stranger, and then every body will be so happy!" and the face of the volatile creature began already to re-clothe itself in smiles.

"I fear you are mistaken, love," said her mother, solemnly, and shaking her head in an impressive manner, she added, "do not deceive yourself with such fallacies, my daughter; your princely word is passed, your father's royal honor is pledged, and you must be married on Halloween."

The lady Dewbell, sobbing hysterically, again looked up. She was alone; at the same moment the cat-and-baby face of Puck glanced by the window, and a wild, mischievous laugh melted away into a song, of which the lady only caught the two last lines:

"He rideth fast, and he rideth well,
But his heart still clings to the pretty Bell."

"Oh, bless thee, dear Puck!" sighed the haply wondering lady, rising and leaning from the window. "May thy sweet prophecy come true!"

PART III.

'T is Halloween midnight. Through the tall windows of the venerable church streamed in the broad moonlight, in bright silver floods, that lost themselves

in the profound recesses of the distant aisles, or like many-colored snow-flakes upon the marble floor. Entering without sound, came up the middle of the royal wedding-procession. First walked the father, the royal Paterfamilias, looking stern and determined, yet, it must be confessed, a little nervous about the crowsfeet. Upon his arm leaned his only and stricken daughter, the once proud, joyous imperious Princess Dewbell. She was pale as a lily's cup, and drooping as its stem. She raised her head from her bosom, and her eyes, sparkling like fountains of light, were hidden beneath their willowy lids. Next comes the "red-headed prince," as the lady Dewbell had scornfully designated him, (his head was a little inclined to the dear reader, between you and me,) respectfully conducting the ever sweet and placid Queen Woodnymph, and after them a troop of merry and gayly-dressed fairies, both ladies and gentlemen, but very demure and solemn; while Puck, in the united capacity of Hymen and Grand Usher, was dodging about with his flaming torch, now in front, now in rear, here, now there, and every where imparting a tinge of grotesqueness to the whole affair.

At the altar the party stopped, and ranged themselves in the approved order for such occasions: the priest—a grave and reverend bullfrog, whose office was scrupulously neat and tidy—presided with the ceremony. When he came to the part—"dost thou, my daughter, freely and voluntarily bestow thy hand and thy affections upon this Paudeen O'Rafferty, commonly called Pat?"

The pale and shrinking lady raised her head and opened her great ox-like eyes; the bridegroom, looking sheepish and hung his head; King Paterfamilias suddenly troubled with a severe fit of coughing, and the priest could scarcely forbear a chuckle.

"Father, dear father, what is the meaning of this cruel joke?" exclaimed the poor lady Dewbell, running to her father and catching hold of his arm. But the old king's cough was still very troublesome. She then appealed to the priest, but he seemed to and only made a grum kind of noise in his throat that sounded a good deal like "Pat O'Rafferty."

"Who, then, are you, sir?" demanded she last, of the groom, turning suddenly and imperiously upon him her piercing gaze.

"So plaze yer ladyship, I am Paudeen O'Rafferty, the son of the forester—at yer ladyship's service."

The fairy princess was about to faint, in the most approved manner, and had already selected a convenient cushion upon which to fall, when a tall and noble form crossed the moon-ray, and Sir Timothy Lawn stood before her.

"Beloved princess," said he, kneeling, and respectfully taking her hand, "I hope my presence is not disagreeable to the queen of my heart, for whose love I have so long pined. Speak to me frankly, sweet lady Dewbell, tell me, can you love me? Will you permit me to call you mine forever?"

The lady Dewbell changed her intention respecting the cushion upon which she had intended to fall, and, somehow, found herself before she was half

conscious of it, in her lover's arms. An explanation
 issued; the prince Paudeen gave up his post of
 honor to Sir Timothy; the ceremony was concluded
 on the spot; and as the gay and joyous party left
 the church, Puck was seen sitting at the organ

accompanying himself in a sort of wild yet sweet
 chant, of which the lady Dewbell easily distin-
 guished—

“Oh, a merry tale will the gossips tell,
 Of the happy mishap of the proud lady Bell.”

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Long have I gazed upon all lovely things,
 Until my soul was melted into song,
 Melted with love till from its thousand springs
 The stream of adoration, swift and strong,
 Swept in its ardor, drowning brain and tongue,
 Till what I most would say was borne away unsung.

The brook is silent when it mirrors most
 Whate'er is grand or beautiful above;
 The billow which would woo the flowery coast
 Dies in the first expression of its love;
 And could the bard consign to living breath
 Feelings too deep for thought, the utterance were death!

The starless heavens at noon are a delight;
 The clouds a wonder in their varying play,
 And beautiful when from their mountainous height
 The lightning's hand illumines the wall of day:—
 The noisy storm bursts down—and passing brings
 The rainbow poised in air on unsubstantial wings.

But most I love the melancholy night—
 When with fixed gaze I single out a star
 A feeling floods me with a tender light—
 A sense of an existence from afar,
 A life in other spheres of love and bliss,
 Communion of true souls—a loneliness in this!

There is a sadness in the midnight sky—
 An answering fullness in the heart and brain,
 Which tells the spirit's vain attempt to fly

And occupy those distant worlds again.
 At such an hour Death's were a loving trust,
 If life could then depart in its contempt of dust.

It may be that this deep and longing sense
 Is but the prophecy of life to come;
 It may be that the soul in going hence
 May find in some bright star its promised home;
 And that the Eden lost forever here
 Smiles welcome to me now from yon suspended sphere.

There is a wisdom in the light of stars,
 A wordless lore which summons me away—
 This ignorance belongs to earth which bars
 The spirit in these darkened walls of clay,
 And stifles all the soul's aspiring breath;—
 True knowledge only dawns within the gates of Death.

Imprisoned thus, why fear we then to meet
 The angel who shall ope the dungeon-door,
 And break these galling fetters from our feet,
 To lead us up from Time's benighted shore?
 Is it for love of this dark cell of dust,
 Which, tenantless, awakes but horror and disgust?

Long have I mused upon all lovely things;
 But thou, oh Death! art lovelier than all;
 Thou sheddest from thy recompensing wings
 A glory which is hidden by the pall—
 The excess of radiance falling from thy plume
 Throws from the gates of Time a shadow on the tomb.

THE BARD.

BY S. ANNA LEWIS.

Why should my anxious heart repine
 That Wealth and Power can ne'er be mine,
 And Love has flown—
 That Friendship changes as the breeze?
 Mine is a joy unknown to these;
 In Song's bright zone,
 To sit by Helicon serene,
 And hear the waves of Hippocrene
 Lave Phoebus' throne.

Here deathless lyres the strains prolong,
 That gush from living founts of song,
 Without a cross;
 Here spirits never feel the weight
 Of Wrong, or Envy, or of Hate,
 Or earthly loss;
 The pomp of Self—the pride of Birth—
 The gilded trappings of this earth
 Return to dross.

Oh, ye! who would forget the ills
 Of earth, and all the bosom fills
 With agony!
 Come dwell with me in Fancy's dream,
 Beside this lovely fabled stream
 Of minstrelsy;
 And let its draughts celestial roll
 Into the deep wells of thy soul
 Eternally.

God always sets along the way
 Of weary souls some beacon ray
 Of light divine;
 And only when my spirit's wings
 Are weary in the quest of springs
 Of Song, I pine;
 If I could always heavenward fly,
 And never earthward turn mine eye,
 Bliss would be mine.

THE WILL.

BY MISS E. A. DUPUY.

PART I.

There is peace in the Night of the Early Dead—
It will yield to a glorious morrow! *Clarke.*

AMID all the brightness and bloom which the imagination conjures up, when we think of the sunny islands lying within the tropics, many mournful associations arise and cast a sadness over the picture. Very few have not had within the circle of their relatives, or friends, some cherished one, who has vainly sought the balmy breezes of those favored spots, with the feverish hope that amid their loveliness Death would forget to launch his arrows for them.

Alas! to die among strangers is usually the fate of those who are thus lured from their homes by a deceitful hope. There, where Nature wears a perpetual verdure—where the fervid sun brings forth a luxuriance of vegetation unknown in more northern regions, the wearied spirit sinks to repose, soothed, or saddened, by the glow of existence around.

A spacious apartment on the southern side of a highly ornamented villa, opened into a magnificent garden, filled with orange-trees, oleanders, and many other gorgeous flowers peculiar to the climate of Cuba; while in the distance the sunlight gleamed upon a row of towering palms, whose stately columns, crowned by their verdant coronal, resembled the pillars of some mighty temple, which found a fitting canopy in the blue arch of heaven, glowing with the gorgeous hues of a tropical sunset.

The floor of this room was inlaid with marble of different colors, and the couch and windows were draped with snowy lace, lightly embroidered at the edges, and looped with cords of blue and silver—tables with marble tops, supporting porcelain vases filled with flowers, were placed between the windows, for these ephemeral children of sunshine were dear to the heart of the dying one. Beside one of these stood a large cushioned chair, in which reclined a young man of delicate features and wasted form. He appeared in the last stages of his fell disease, and the friends who had received him beneath their roof to die, wondered that he should have been deluded with the hope that health could ever again reanimate his bowed and shrunken form. There was an expression of care upon his sharpened features—a feverish restlessness in his manner, which betrayed the spirit's unrest.

At his feet sat a young girl, whose brilliant complexion and pale-brown hair betrayed her Saxon origin; the finely rounded figure, the delicately formed feet and hands, and the gracefully turned head and bust, were all evidences of the grade of life to which she belonged. She held the burning hand of the invalid between her own soft, cool palms, and sung in

a sweet low voice an old ballad which told of the ancient greatness of the Saxon race. At a short distance from them sat an elderly lady, clad in deep mourning, and her saddened countenance corresponded well with her weeds.

The young man made an impatient movement, and said—"Sing not to me England's former prowess, dear Edith. What to the dying can such themes be but a bitter mockery? Take your guitar, my sister, and throw your soul into its vibrating strings, while you sing me such a lay as I can fancy the angels of Heaven to be pouring forth around the throne of God."

"Shall I sing the chants of our church, dearest Edgar?" said Edith in a subdued voice.

"Yes—yes—they breathe peace and resignation into my restless soul. When I am dying, my sister, stifle your own feelings as you love me, and pour into my failing senses those magnificent strains. If God sees fit to tear me from you before I can legally provide for you and my beloved mother, I shall be enabled to forget the bitter truth in listening to your sweet voice. You promise me this, Edith?"

"I do—Heaven will sustain me even then, my darling brother, and give me power to forget my own anguish in soothing your last moments."

Edith Euston pressed his hand to her lips, and raising from the floor a guitar which lay beside her, she poured forth a strain of melody which seemed to soothe the senses of the invalid to rest. His eyes closed, and an expression of repose rested on his worn features.

Twilight deepened over the earth—a single ray of light, from the reddened sky, fell through the open window upon the figure of the young girl, and the mother, who sat silent and abstracted, thought as she glanced upon her that even in a higher world her beloved Edith could wear no lovelier outward semblance than was now hers. There was an expression of elevated feeling, of pure tenderness in her upturned face which revealed the high and noble soul within. One fitted to suffer and conquer in the dark struggle which she felt awaited her.

Hers were not the only eyes which contemplated that lovely picture of sisterly devotion upon that twilight eve. Another stood without, beneath the shadow of a high hedge, and gazed upon the unconscious musician with even deeper admiration; and his dark, expressive features lighted up with an emotion almost of reverence. The stars came forth in the translucent depths of ether; the young moon cast her tremulous light over the garden, yet still the intruder lingered in his place of concealment. Twice he put the boughs aside, as if to approach the room and announce his presence, but again receded,

if irresolute and uncertain as to the effect his presence might produce.

At length all became silent. The tones of the instrument died slowly away, and the voice of the singer ceased to pour forth its song. The windows are still unclosed, for the invalid had reached that stressing stage in his malady, when his oppressed breathing required a constant circulation of free air. The lamp burning beneath an alabaster shade was swung from the centre of the ceiling, and its mellow lustre diffused a faint moonlight radiance throughout the apartment.

With suppressed breathing the two ladies watched the sleep of the sick youth, and he who had so earnestly observed every movement of Edith, ventured to approach so near the open window that the heavy and interrupted respiration of young Euston was distinctly audible to him; while his eagle eye sought to penetrate the shadow in which his features reposed, that he might read upon them the ravages made by approaching dissolution.

As he stood thus, the moonlight revealed a tall, well proportioned figure, clad in a suit of black, well fitted to his form. His prominent features and lashing black eyes were half concealed by a large straw hat, which was carelessly placed upon his head. As he gazed upon the sleeping form, his lips curled, and a strange expression of exultation came to his face; his eye wandered triumphantly to the air brow of Edith.

"Twice rejected," he muttered half audibly—"twice rejected, and with scorn, by yon dainty girl; how methinks my vengeance is almost within my grasp. I hold her future destiny in my power; for this boy cannot drag out his existence another week. Yes, Edith—to labor you have not been bred—to beg you will be ashamed, and he who vainly hopes that time will be granted him to deprive me of my inheritance, will perish from my path, just as he believes himself on the verge of consummating his hatred to me."

Edith softly arose, and making a sign to her mother, glided noiselessly from the room by a distant window, which opened to the floor. The intruder hesitated a moment, and then followed her with light and rapid steps. The flutter of her white dress guided him to the retreat she had chosen, and she had scarcely thrown herself upon a rustic seat beneath the shelter of some orange-boughs, and given vent to her painfully repressed emotion, by a burst of tears, when the dark stranger stood before her. She started up and would have fled, but he spoke, and the sound of his voice seemed to bind her to the spot as by a spell.

"Why would you fly from me, Edith?" he asked. "I come in the spirit of good-will to you and yours."

A struggle seemed to be passing in the mind of the young girl. She wiped her tears away, and after a pause answered in a tone which faltered at first, but grew firm, and even haughty as she proceeded.

"What has brought you hither, Mr. Barclay? Yet why do I ask? To exult in the fate of your unfortunate victim; to watch each painful breath which

brings him nearer to his grave, with the certainty that the very eagerness with which he desires a few more days of existence, that he may fulfill a sacred duty, is fast wearing away the faint thread that yet binds him to life. Oh false, unfeeling man! depart, I pray you, if one human instinct yet remains within your callous heart, and leave my unhappy brother to die in peace."

She turned to depart, but Barclay stepped forward and placed his hand on her arm, as if to detain her. She shrunk from his touch with an expression of loathing, which called the crimson to his cheek, but he suppressed his emotion, and said calmly—

"I knew that you would soon need a protector, Miss Euston, and I came hither with the faint hope that I might be able to overcome your cruel prejudices against me—that I might become to you a friend at least, if no dearer title were allowed me."

"You a friend to me!" exclaimed Edith impetuously. "You, who lured my brother from his home, to wreck his existence in the life of dissipation to which you tempted him. Ever feeble from his boyhood, you knew that little was needed to destroy his frail constitution—yet, because he stood between you and the possession of wealth, his life was offered as the sacrifice to your criminal cupidity. And now you come hither to watch the last fluttering throes of existence, fearful that Death may delay his arrows until he shall have passed that hour which entitles him to dispose of his property—and disappoint your hopes, by bequeathing his wealth to those who are dearest to him."

"You are excited, Edith. You judge me too severely. Edgar's own headlong passions destroyed him. I merely urged him to do as others of his years and station, without foreseeing such fatal results. My love for you would have prompted me to save your brother."

"Speak not to me of love—dare not approach the sister of your victim with proffers of affection. The death of Edgar may leave me penniless—nearly friendless—I have been tenderly nurtured, but I would sooner embrace a life of sternest self-denial, of utter poverty, than link myself with infamy in your person. Leave me—and dare not approach the room of my brother, to imbitter his last hours by your presence."

"And your mother, my fair heroine?" said Barclay, in a tone of sarcasm bordering on contempt. "What will become of her if you persist in the rejection of the only person in the wide world on whom you have any claim? She is old, feeble, broken in health and spirit. Ah! will not your proud heart faint when you behold her sharing this life of poverty and self-denial, which seems to you so much more attractive than the home and protection I offer you?"

Edith stifled the tears that sprung anew to her eyes, and after a brief struggle said with composure—

"My mother is too honorable—she has too bitter a disdain of meanness ever to wish her child to sacrifice the truth and integrity of her soul, by accepting the hand of one for whom she has no respect."

"By Heaven!" said Barclay passionately, "you

force me to throw away the scabbard and declare war to the knife. Be it so, then. Yonder weak boy cannot survive five of the ten days yet required to complete his majority. Then comes to me—yes to *me*—all his wealth; and only as *my* wife shall one ray of my prosperity shine upon you. The gray hairs of your only parent may be brought to the grave by want and sorrow, and unless you relent toward me my heart shall be steeled to her sufferings.”

At this picture, which was only too likely to be realized, the courage of the unhappy Edith forsook her, and she exclaimed in faltering tones—

“My dear, dear mother! for her sake any other sacrifice might be borne—but not this—not this. My brother yet lives, and Heaven may in pity prolong his existence beyond the hour he so anxiously prays to see. Then we escape your power.”

Barclay laughed mockingly.

“This is the fifteenth, and he is not of age until the twenty-fifth, exactly at the second hour of the morning. One moment only before that time should Death claim his victim the estate is mine, and you dependent on my bounty. Think you that the frail and wasted ghost of a man who struggles for breath in yonder room can live through another week? Hope—yes, hope for the best, for despair will come soon enough. I feel as secure of my inheritance as though it were already mine.”

Edith proudly motioned him from her path, and fled toward the house, with his mocking words still ringing in her ears. Her brother yet slept, and as she gazed upon his sunken features it seemed to her as if death were already stamped upon them, and she bent her head above his still face, to convince herself that he yet breathed.

Barclay and Euston were distantly related, and had both been educated by an eccentric kinsman, with the belief among their connections that he designed dividing his ample fortune between them. To the surprise and chagrin of Barclay, he found on the death of Colonel Euston that the whole of his estate was bequeathed to his young cousin, encumbered with an annuity to himself, which appeared to one of his expensive tastes, and lavish prodigality, as absolute poverty.

Edgar Euston was then but seventeen years of age, and of a delicate bodily organization, which did not promise length of days. A clause in Colonel Euston's will offered a temptation to Barclay, which he had not sufficient principle to resist. If Euston died before attaining his majority the estate was to pass into the hands of his kinsman, and no mention was made of the mother or sister of the young heir. Barclay reflected that if he could remove Euston from his path, before he attained his twenty-first year, the coveted wealth would yet be his.

From that hour he made every effort to win the confidence and affection of young Euston. He was his senior by nearly ten years, and possessed a knowledge of the world, and a fascination of manner which was extremely attractive to a youth who had passed the greater portion of his life, at a country

residence, in the society of his mother and sister. Euston entered one of our Northern colleges, and under the auspices of his kinsman he soon achieved a reputation which was far more applauded by the wild students than agreeable to the professors. He blindly followed wherever Barclay led, and before he entered his twenty-first year he returned to his early home, with a constitution completely broken by the reckless life he had led, and the symptoms of early decay in his flushed cheek and hollow cough. Vain had been the entreaties and remonstrances of his mother and sister; under the influence of his tempter, they were utterly disregarded—until the hand of disease was laid upon him, and he felt that the only atonement he could offer for all the suffering he had inflicted upon them would probably be denied to him.

He earnestly desired to live, that he might reach that age which would entitle him to make a legal transfer of his property to those who were deservedly dear to him, for in the event of his death without a will, his mother and sister would be left entirely dependent on the tender mercies of his successor. An unfortunate lawsuit had deprived his mother of the property which had become hers on the death of his father, and his own reckless extravagance had dissipated more than the annual revenue of his own property since it came into his possession.

Too late he discovered the baseness of Barclay's motives, and renounced all intercourse with him—but he would not thus be cast off. He had seen and loved the noble-hearted Edith, and he forced his hypocritical offers of service upon the afflicted family, until Edith distinctly assured him that he need never hope for a return to his passion.

Euston had long since abandoned all hope of recovery, but he sought the mild climate of Cuba, trusting that the fatal day might be deferred until he had secured independence to his family, but his physician feared that the very eagerness of his wishes would eventually defeat them. It was mournful, and deeply touching, to witness that clinging to existence in one so young, not from love of life itself, but from a desire to perform an act of justice. That completed, his mission on earth was ended, and Death might claim him without a murmur.

The hours dragged heavily on toward the desired day, and each one as it passed appeared to hurry the poor invalid with rapid strides toward the grave, that seemed eager to claim its prey. Barclay had not again ventured to intrude on Edith, but he nightly hovered around the room of the dying youth, and gloated on the wasted and death-like form which held his earthly fortunes in his hands.

A skillful physician had accompanied Euston from his native land, and his unremitting attention, aided by the tender nursing of his affectionate sister, seemed as if they would eventually reap their reward in the preservation of life beyond the hour of his majority.

In pain and weariness time slowly waned, but it still left him life and an unclouded mind; and the

bold, bad heart, that nightly watched him, feared that the wealth he so ardently coveted, might yet elude his grasp.

The evening of the twenty-fifth at last arrived. Euston reclined in his chair as we first beheld him, wrapped in a brocade dressing-gown, whose brilliant colors made his extreme pallor the more remarkable; a table was drawn close beside him, and on it, at his own desire, was placed his repeater, from which his eyes scarcely wandered. His breath came slowly, and gaspingly, and at brief intervals his physician moistened his parched lips with a restorative cordial, and murmured words of encouragement in his ear.

As before, Edith sat at his feet, with her guitar, ready to stifle her deep emotion, and fulfill her promise to sing to him while his parting soul was struggling for release from its earthly tenement. His mother leaned over his chair, and bathed his cold brow with her burning tears; in the back-ground sat a clergyman, gazing on the scene with absorbing interest.

Each one in that hushed room felt the approach of the stern tyrant, and all prayed fervently that his dart might be stayed yet a few hours.

"My sister, sing to me. Soothe me into quietness by the loved tones of your voice. It is my *only* hope for life beyond the desired hour," murmured the dying youth.

With tremulous fingers Edith touched the chords, and poured forth the solemn strains to which he loved to listen, and he sunk back and closed his eyes. At first her voice faltered, but she gradually regained her self-command, and never had those clear, rich tones uttered a sweeter strain, than that which floated around the fluttering spirit, which struggled to release itself from the attenuated form of the early doomed.

Barclay stood without, watching the scene with breathless interest, and a terrible struggle was passing in his dark and stormy soul. Euston might live beyond the hour of two, and he would then be a beggar. His eye wandered toward Edith, so nobly devoted, so purely beautiful; and the tempter whispered,

"She might save you—ennoble you; the love, the sweet influence of such a woman are all powerful. Once yours, you could surround her with such an atmosphere of care and tenderness, that her heart must be won to love you—to forget the past. Without her, you are doomed—doomed. What matters a few more moments of existence to one like him, when the eternal welfare of a human being hangs trembling in the balance? Deprived of the means of living, Edith will have no choice—she must marry you, or debase her pride of soul before the iron sway of poverty. Her mother is old—infirm; and for her sake, the daughter will listen to your proffers of love. Take your destiny into your own hands. Cowardly soul! why falter now? It is but completing your own work. He is *your* victim—you know it, and feel it in every pulse of your throbbing heart. Years of usefulness might have been his, but for you; then complete the sacrifice without hesitation. What

avails it to have accomplished so much, if the reward escapes you at the last moment?"

Such were the wild thoughts that oppressed his soul during those terrible hours. He saw that the parchment which disinherited him was placed beside Euston, and the pen stood in the inkstand, ready to do its service, so soon as the hand of the watch pointed to the hour of two; and he ground his teeth in impotent rage, as the moments flitted by, and Euston yet continued to breathe.

Terrible is the watch of love beside the flitting soul which parts in peace; but how much more awful was that vigil, in which the anguish of bereavement was doubly embittered by the fear of future want to those who had been reared amid all the refinements of luxury. The mother looked upon her remaining child, and felt that she was not formed to struggle with poverty and neglect, and the daughter bent her tearful eyes on that venerable form, and in the depths of her soul, prayed that her old age might be spared the grinding cares of want.

The watch struck the half hour—then the quarter—and a feeble motion of Euston stopped the hand of Edith as she swept it over the strings of her instrument. She arose and stood beside him; a breathless silence reigned throughout the apartment, only broken by the monotonous ticking of the watch, which struck upon the excited nerves of those around with a sound as distinct as the reverberations of thunder.

Not a word was uttered until the hand pointed to the hour, then, as if endued with sudden energy, the dying man stretched forth his hand, and grasping the pen, said in a firm, distinct voice,

"Now let me sign my name, and yield up my spirit to the angel that has been beckoning me away for hours. My mother—my sister, God has vouchsafed to me a mercy I did not deserve. Thank Heaven! your interests are safe. You are free from his power."

At that instant a strange cry was heard; a bird flew into the room, and, dazzled by the light, flapped his wings against the shade of the lamp, overturned it, and left the apartment in utter darkness. In the confusion of the moment, a figure glided through the open window, and stood beside the chair of Euston. He noiselessly placed his firm grasp upon his laboring breast, and held it there a single instant. A faint rattling sound was heard, and Edith wildly called for lights.

Noiselessly as he had entered glided that dark form from the side of his victim, and buried itself in the shadows of the trees without. Many lights flashed into the room—they glared coldly on the face of the dead, and the mother sunk senseless in the arms of her daughter.

PART II.

Several months have passed away, and Mrs. Euston and her daughter have returned to their native land. A single room in an obscure boarding-house in the heart of a southern city was occupied by both. The expenses of their voyage to New Orleans, and

a few months sojourn in their present abode, humble as it was, had nearly exhausted their slender resources. Edith had made many efforts to procure a few scholars to instruct in music and drawing, but the departure of the greater portion of the wealthy, during the unhealthy season, had deprived her of those she had been able to obtain. She thought of going out as a daily governess, but the feeble health and deep dejection of her mother, offered an insuperable objection to such an arrangement. When she left her alone even for an hour, she usually found her in such a state of nervous excitement on her return, as was painful to behold.

Edith is seated near the only window of their sordid apartment in the afternoon of a sultry summer day; the sun is shining without with overpowering splendor; a heated vapor rises from the paved streets and seems to shimmer in the breathless atmosphere. Edith had lost all the freshness and roundness of youth; her cheek was deadly white, and her emaciated form seemed to indicate the approach of the terrible disease of which her brother had died. She was sewing industriously, and her air of weariness and lassitude betrayed the strong mastery of the spirit over the body, in the continuance of her employment.

Mrs. Euston was lying on the bed; and twenty years seemed to have passed over her since the night of her son's death. The oppressive heat had induced her to remove her cap, and her long hair, white as the snows of winter, lay around her wasted and furrowed features. From infancy the respect and observance due to one of high station had been bestowed upon her, and the reverse in their fortunes was more than she could bear. At first, her high-toned feelings had shrunk from obligations to the new heir, and she approved of Edith's rejection; but as time passed, amid privations to which she had never been accustomed, her very soul revolted against their miserable mode of living.

To a woman of refined feelings and vivid imagination, the coarse and sordid realities around her were sufficiently heart-sickening, without having the terrible fear forced upon her that her only child was hurrying to the grave through her exertions to keep them literally from starvation. Her daughter now thought she slept, but her mind was far too busily occupied to permit the sweet influences of slumber to soothe her into a momentary forgetfulness of her bitter grief. Suddenly she unclosed her eyes, and spoke.

"Edith, my child, lay aside that work—such constant employment is destroying you. Is it not time that we heard from Robert Barclay? Surely he will not be relentless, when he hears that your health is failing. After all, Edith, you need not be so averse to receiving assistance from him; the property he holds is rightfully ours."

"Mother," replied Edith, a faint flush mounting to her cheek, "for your sake I have submitted to humiliate myself before our ruthless kinsman, but I fear it will be in vain. Only as his wife will my claims on his humanity and justice be acknowledged. Would

you not shrink, dearest mother, from condemning your child to such a doom? Could you not better bear to stand above my grave, and know me at peace within it, than to behold me wedded to this unprincipled man, to whose pernicious example my brother owed his early doom?"

"Speak not of dying, my daughter," said the poor mother, hysterically, "I cannot bear it; I am haunted by the fear that I shall at last be left on earth alone. I daily behold you fading before my eyes without the power to avert the fate I see written upon your pale cheek and wasted form. As Robert's wife you would have a luxurious home, the means of gratifying refined tastes, and of contributing to the happiness of others. He may atone to me, by the preservation of one child, for the destruction of the other."

"Mother, your fears for me blind you to the truth. Are not mental griefs far more difficult to bear than the privations of poverty, galling as they are? As Mr. Barclay's wife, I should loathe myself for the hypocrisy I should be compelled to practice toward him; and the wealth for which I had sold myself, would allow me leisure to brood over my own unworthiness, until madness might be the result. No, no, mother—come what may, I never can be so untrue to myself as to become the wife of Robert Barclay."

"God help us, then!" said Mrs. Euston, despondingly.

A carriage drove to the door, and a gentleman alighted from it. Edith heard the bustle, but she did not look out to see what occasioned it, and she was startled from her painful reverie by a knock on the door. She opened it, and started back with a faint cry as she recognized Barclay.

"The landlady told me to come up," he said, as he glanced around the wretched apartment, and a slight twinge of remorse touched his heart as he remarked the changed appearance of Edith. She motioned him to enter, while Mrs. Euston arose from the bed, and offered him a seat.

"I concluded it would be best to reply to your communication in person," said he to Mrs. Euston, as he took the offered chair. "I come with the most liberal intentions, provided Miss Euston will listen to reason. I am grieved to see you in a place so unsuited to your former station as this wretched apartment."

"And yet," said Edith, "I have passed some pleasant hours in this room, comfortless as it looks. So long as I had the hope of being able to provide for our wants by my own exertions, I found contentment in its humble shelter."

"Your happiness must then be truly independent of outward circumstances," replied Barclay, with a touch of his old sarcasm. "I supposed, from the tenor of your mother's petition, that you had begun to repent of your high-toned language to me in our last interview, and would now accede to terms you once spurned, as the price of my assistance to you and yours."

Edith curbed her high spirit, and calmly replied,

"You misunderstood my mother's words. As the mother of the late heir, she justly considers herself

"titled to a pittance from your estate, and she claimed in your humanity, what she was hopeless of obtaining from your sense of justice. For myself, I hoped nothing from either, but I acquiesced in her apportionment. I am sorry that you have founded on it expectations which must prove fallacious."

"Then, madam, I need remain no longer," said Barclay, addressing Mrs. Euston. "Your daughter remembers our interview previous to, and after, the death of her brother; the only terms on which I could assist you were then explicitly expressed."

Mrs. Euston caught his hand, and bowed her venerable head upon it.

"Have mercy, Robert, upon my gray hairs—my daughter; look at her—she is dying by inches—she is stifling in this wretched spot. The money that was my son's should surely buy a shelter for us. Leave us helpless, hopeless. My God! my God! give me eloquence to plead for my child!" and she threw herself upon the floor, and raised her clasped hands to heaven.

"Madam," said Barclay, "it only rests with your daughter to have mercy upon you and herself. Where, I ask you, is her filial piety, when she beholds you suffer thus, and relents not toward one who offers her a love that has survived coldness, contempt, contumely."

Edith approached her mother, and assisted her to rise.

"My dearest mother, calm yourself. Humble not yourself thus before our oppressor. God is just—is merciful. He will not forget the widow and the orphan in their extremity. Leave us, Mr. Barclay; had my father alone been consulted, you never would have been called on thus to witness our misfortunes."

Barclay bowed, and haughtily strode from the room.

"Another month of privation," he muttered, "and he will surely be mine or Death's. It does not much matter to which she belongs. Ah, if she only knew all!" and he sprung into his cabriolet, and dashed off toward the more aristocratic portion of the city.

In the hope that Edith would be forced to relent, Barclay had remained in New Orleans thus late in the season, and he resolved to linger yet a little longer, until want and suffering should leave her no choice. His passion for her was one of those inanities to which men of his violent character are often liable. He desired her as the one great gift, which was to purify, to exalt him in the scale of humanity. The delicate beauty of her person, the sensibility of her soul, the grace of her manner, rendered her irresistibly attractive to him; but so selfish was his love, that he would sooner have seen her perish at his feet, than have rendered her assistance, except at the price proposed.

Another month passed by, and still there was no news of Edith or her mother. He grasped the daily paper, almost with a sensation of fear, and glanced at the column of deaths, which at that season usually contains a goodly array. Their names were not yet among them, or perchance in their poverty and obscurity they would not find admittance even among the daily list of mortality.

The yellow fever had commenced its annual

ravages, and Barclay retreated to a country-house in the vicinity, owned by a friend, and dispatched a confidential servant to inquire concerning Mrs. Euston and her daughter. They were still in the same place, but the mother had been ill, and was still confined to her bed.

One morning, about two weeks afterward, Barclay was seated in a delightful little saloon, over a late breakfast. The room was furnished with every appliance of modern luxury, and the morning air stirred the branches of noble trees without, whose verdant shade completely shut out the glare of the sun. A servant entered, and presented to him a letter which had just been left. The irregular hand with which it was directed, prevented him from recognizing the writing of Edith, and when he opened the missive, which had evidently been blotted with her bitter tears, a flush of triumph mounted to his cheek, and he exclaimed with an oath,

"Mine at last!—I knew it must end thus!"

The letter contained the following words:

"After a night of such suffering as casts all I have previously endured into the shade, I address you. My mother now lies before me in that heavy and death-like sleep which follows utter exhaustion. Her state of health for the last month has demanded my constant care, and the precarious remuneration I have been able to obtain for sewing, I have thus been compelled to give up. We have parted with every souvenir of our better days—even our clothing has been sacrificed, until we have but a change of garments left; and now our landlady insists on being paid the small sum we owe her, or we must leave her house to-day. She came into our room last evening, and the scene which ensued threw my mother into such a state of nervous excitement, that she has not yet recovered from it.

"I cannot disguise from myself that she is very ill. If she awakes to a renewal of the same anguish, I dare not contemplate the consequences. You know that I do not love you, Mr. Barclay. I make no pretension to a change in my feelings; repugnant as it must be to a heart of sensibility, I must view this transaction as a matter of bargain and sale. I will accept your late offer, to save my mother from further suffering, and to gain a home for her declining years.

"For myself, I will endeavor to be to you—but why should I promise any thing for myself. God alone can give me strength to live after the sacrifice is completed.

"EDITH."

There was much in this letter that was wounding to his vanity, and bitter to his feelings; but he had triumphed! The stately pride of this girl was humbled before him—her spirit bowed in the dust before the gaunt spectre she had thought herself capable of braving. She would be his—the fair, the pure in heart, would link herself to vice, infamy and crime, for money. Money! the world's god! See the countless millions groveling upon the earth before the great idol—the golden calf, which so often brings with it as bitter a curse as was denounced against

the people of old, when they forsook the living and true God for its worship.

Can it not buy every thing—even woman's love, or the semblance of it, which would serve him just as well? He, the murderer of the brother, would purchase the compliance of the sister with this magical agent; but—and his heart quailed at the thought—could it buy self-respect? Could it enable him to look into the clear eye of that woman he would call his wife, and say, "My soul is worthy to be linked with thine in the realms of eternity."

No—he felt that the sacrilegious union must be unblest on earth, and severed in heaven, yet he shrunk not from his purpose.

He lost no time in seeking Edith; Mrs. Euston was yet buried in the leaden slumber produced by a powerful narcotic. The unhappy girl received him alone, and he remarked that his words of impassioned love brought no color to her marble cheek—no emotion to her soul; she seemed to have steeled herself for the interview, and it was not until he pressed the kiss of betrothal upon her pallid lips, that she betrayed any sensibility—then a thrill, a shudder pervaded her whole frame, and he supported her nearly insensible form several moments before she regained power to sustain herself. Could he have looked into that breaking heart, and have read there all the bitter loathing, the agonized struggles for self-control, would he have persisted in his suit? Yes—for this was a part of his vengeance for the slights she had put upon him; and in the future, if she did not play the part he thus forced upon her, with all the devotion he should exact, had he not bitter words at his command to taunt her with the scene of that morning?

A physician was called in, who advised the removal of Mrs. Euston while she slept; and arrangements were soon made to accomplish it. The family to whom Barclay's present retreat belonged, were spending the summer at the north, and their house had been left at his disposal. He determined to remove Mrs. Euston and her daughter thither, while he took up his own abode, until the day of his marriage, with a bachelor friend in the neighborhood.

Edith demanded an interval of a week before their union took place, which he reluctantly granted. Naturally prodigal, he employed the time in ordering the most elegant *trousseau* for his bride. She who so lately was struggling with bitter want, was now surrounded by servants eager to anticipate every wish, while Barclay played the devoted lover. Edith prayed earnestly for power to regard him with such feelings as alone could hallow the union they were about to form. Vain were her lonely struggles—her tearful supplications; a spectral form seemed to rise ever between them, and reproach her that she had been so untrue to herself, even for the preservation of a mother.

The only thing that consoled her for her great sacrifice, was that her beloved mother seemed to revive to some sense of enjoyment, when she again found herself surrounded by that comfort to which she had been accustomed. Weakened in mind as in body, Mrs. Euston fondly flattered herself

that her daughter might yet be happy amid the splendors of wealth; and the poor mother welcomed the arbiter of their future fate with smiles and courteous words, to which he listened with politeness, and scorned as the hollow offspring of necessity.

The dreaded day at length arrived, and with the calmness of exhausted emotion, Edith prepared herself for the ceremony which was to consign her to the protection of Barclay. She believed her earthly fate sealed, and resignation was all she could command.

Amid all her suffering, there was one thought which arose perpetually before her; there was one human being on earth who would have risked his life to serve or save her, and she knew that a heart worthy of her love would hear the history of her enforced marriage with bitter disappointment and anguish.

Near the home of her infancy dwelt a family of sons and daughters with whom she had been reared in habits of intimacy. Between herself and the eldest son a strong attachment had grown up; it had never been expressed in words, yet each felt as well assured of the affection of the other, as if a thousand protestations had been uttered. About the time that Mrs. Euston and her daughter left their own home to travel with their beloved invalid, Walter Atwood bade adieu to his paternal home, on a tour to Europe, where he was to complete his professional education as a medical man.

Mrs. Euston's place passed into the hands of strangers, and after a few months all intercourse by letter ceased between their former friends and themselves. After the death of her son, the bereaved mother would not consent to return to their former neighborhood, and thus all trace of them was lost to the Atwoods; but Edith knew in her deep heart that Walter would return—would seek her; and it was this conviction which gave her firmness to resist so long the overtures of Barclay.

Now all was at an end; another hour and the right even to think of him would no longer be hers. Her mother entered her room, folded her to her breast, and whispered,

"The hour has arrived, my child. Robert is here with the clergyman. Do not keep them waiting."

"I am quite ready, mother," said Edith, calmly, and she advanced without hesitation toward the door, for she heard an impatient step without, which she well knew. Barclay awaited her in the hall—he impetuously seized her hand and drew it beneath his arm.

At that moment the door-bell was violently pulled, and both turned impulsively to see who made so imperious a demand for admittance.

At the open door stood two figures, one of a young man, who appeared deeply agitated, for his features, beneath the light of the lamps, seemed white and rigid, as if cut from marble. Over his shoulder appeared a swarthy face, with a pair of bright, keen eyes, gleaming from beneath overhanging brows.

Edith and Barclay both uttered an exclamation—but they were very different in their character. In the impulse of the moment, the former drew her hand forcibly from him who sought to retain it, and with

no bound, was in the arms of the foremost stranger, she exclaimed,
 "Walter—my saviour—my preserver! you have come at last!"

The face of Atwood lost its unnatural rigidity as he pressed her to his heart, and said,

"Thank Heaven! I am not then too late!"

Barclay advanced threateningly,

"What does this mean, sir? Are you aware that such conduct in my house is not to be tolerated—that you shall answer for it to me with your life?"

"It means, Mr. Barclay, that I come with authority to prevent the unholy alliance you were about to force upon this helpless and unprotected girl, to place the seal upon your crimes, by clasp[ing] in wedlock the hand of the sister with that which is bed with the brother's blood."

"T is false—the boy killed himself, as Edith herself knows full well. Am I to be held accountable for the dissipation of a young fool, who, when once the curb was removed, went headlong to destruction without the necessity of any prompting from me."

"We will waive that part of the question, if you please, Mr. Barclay. I have brought with me one who can prove much more than that. Come forward, Antoine."

The Frenchman advanced, and Barclay grew pale as he recognized him.

"Let us retire to a private room," continued Atwood, in a lower tone—"I would not have Mrs. Euston and her daughter hear too suddenly the developments I am prepared to make."

Then turning to Edith he said—

"You are saved, my dear Edith. Retire with your mother, while I settle with Mr. Barclay."

Mechanically Barclay led the way into an adjoining room. When there, he turned haughtily and said—

"Now, sir, explain yourself—tell me why my privacy is thus invaded, and—"

Atwood interrupted him.

"It is useless to attempt bravado with me, sir. Your whole career is too intimately known to me to render it of any avail. You know that from my boyhood I have loved Miss Euston, for you may remember a conversation which took place between us several years since, when you were received as a visitor at her mother's house. Jealousy enabled you to penetrate what had been carefully veiled from others, and you taxed me with what I would not deny. Do you remember the words you used to the boy you then spoke to? That you would move heaven and earth to win Edith Euston."

"To what does all this tend?" asked Barclay, in an irritated tone.

"Patience, and you will see. I returned from Europe and found that Mrs. Euston's family had left for Havanna. Her lawsuit had gone against her, and she had lost her home. Nothing more was known of her. I lost no time in following her. I reached Cuba, and after many inquiries, traced her to the house of the family which had received her beneath their roof. There I heard the history of her son's unhappy death, at the moment he was about to

confer independence upon his mother and sister.

You were mentioned as a visitor after his death; your generous offer to share with Miss Euston as your wife the wealth which should have been hers was dwelt on. All this aroused a vague suspicion in my mind. I made minute inquiries, and traced you through all the orgies of your dissipation. One night I was following up the inquiry, and I entered a tavern much frequented by foreigners. A man sat apart in gloomy silence. One of his comrades said—

"Antoine grieves over the loss of his bird. All the money the American paid him does not make him forget that he sold his best friend!"

By an electric chain of thought, the incident which attended poor Euston's last moments, occurred to me. I approached the man, and addressed him in French, for I saw that he was a native of that country. I spoke of his bird. He shook his head and said—

"It is not the loss of the bird, monsieur, but the use that was made of him, that troubles my conscience."

In short, to condense a long story, I learned from Antoine, that he remained in your lodgings several days, until the mackaw he sold to you became sufficiently accustomed to you to be caressed without biting. During that time you had a room darkened, and required him to train the bird to fly at a light and overturn it. When he was dismissed, his curiosity was excited, and he watched your movements. He nightly dogged your steps, and traced you to the garden of the villa. He stood within a few feet of you on the night of Euston's death, and beheld the use to which you put his bird. His eyes, accustomed to the gloom without, beheld your dark form glide to the side of your victim. He saw your murderous hand pressed upon the breast of the dying youth."

"T is false—false. I defy him to prove it."

"It is true, sir—the evidence is such as would condemn you in any court; and now listen to me. I offer you lenient terms, in consideration of the ties of relationship which bind you to those you have so cruelly oppressed. One third of the fortune for which you have paid so fearful a price shall be yours, if you will sign a paper I have with me, which will restore the remainder to Mrs. Euston. If you refuse, I have in my pocket a writ of arrest, and the officers are in the shrubbery awaiting my orders to execute it. Comply with my terms and I suffer you to escape."

Thus confronted by imminent danger, Barclay seemed to lose his courage and presence of mind. He measured the floor with rapid steps a few moments, and then turning to Atwood motioned for the paper, to which he affixed his signature without uttering a word.

"There is yet another condition," said Atwood. "Leave this country within forty-eight hours. If, after that time, I am made aware of your presence within the jurisdiction of the United States, I will have you arrested as a murderer. The peace of mind of those I have rescued from your power shall not be periled by your presence within the same land they inhabit."

Barclay ground his teeth with rage.

"I *shall* leave it, be assured, but not to escape from this absurd charge."

"Go then. I care not from what motive."

Another instant, and Barclay had passed from the room. Edith and her mother traveled to their former home in the beautiful land of Florida, under the pro-

tection of Atwood, and there, amid rejoicing surrounded by all the happy associations of her youth, she gave her hand to her faithful lover.

Barclay perished in a street brawl, in a land, and the whole of her brother's estate involved upon her.

A VOICE FOR POLAND.

BY WM. H. C. ROSEMER.

Up, for encounter stern
While unsheathed weapons gleam;
The beacon-fires of Freedom burn,
Her banners wildly stream;
Awake! and drink at purple springs—
Lo! the "White Eagle" flaps his wings
With a rejoicing scream,
That sends an old, heroic thrill
Through hearts that are unconquered still.

Leap to your saddles, leap!
Tried wielders of the lance,
And charge as when ye broke the sleep
Of Europe, at the call of France:
The knightly deeds of other years
Eclipse, ye matchless cavaliers!
While plume and penon dance—
That prince, upon his phantom steed,
In Ellster lost your ranks shall lead.

Flock round the altar, flock!
And swear ye will be free;
Then rush to brave the battle shock
Like surges of a maddened sea;

Death, with a red and shattered brow
Yet clinging to the rigid hand,
A blissful fate would be,
Contrasted with that darker doom
A branded brow—a living tomb.

Speed to the combat, speed!
And beat oppression down,
Or win, by martyrdom, the meed
Of high and shadowless renown;
Ye weary exiles, from afar
Came back! and make the savage Czar
In terror clutch his crown;
While wronged and vengeful millions pour
Defiance at his palace-door.

Throng forth with souls to dare,
From huts and ruined halls!
On the deep midnight of despair
A beam of ancient glory falls:
The knout, the chain and dungeon cave
To frenzy have aroused the brave;
Dismembered Poland calls,
And through a land oppress, betrayed,
Stalks Kosciuszko's frowning shade.

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND IT.

BY MAYNE REID.

THEY tell me, lady, that thy heart is changed—
That on thy lip there is another name;
I'll not believe it—though for life estranged—
I know thy love's lone worship is the same.
The bee that wanders on the summer breath,
May wanton safely among leaves and flowers,
But by the honied jar it clings till death—
There is no change for hearts that loved like ours.

You may not mock me—'t is an idle game—
The lip may lie, the eye with bright beguiling
May, from the world, conceal a suffering flame,
But 't is the eye and not the heart is smiling;
And I, too, have that power of deceiving,
By the strong pride of an unfeeling will,
The cold and cunning world in its believing—
What boots it all? The heart will suffer still.

Comes there not o'er thy spirit, when 't is dreaming
In the lone hours of the voiceless night,
When the sweet past like a new present seeming,
Brings back those rosy hours of love and light?

Comes there not o'er thy dreaming spirit then
Delicious joy—although 't is but a vision—
That we have met, caressed and kissed again,
And revel still among those sweets Elysian?

Comes there not o'er thy spirit when it wakes,
And finds, with sleep, the vision too hath parted
A lone depression, till thy proud heart aches,
And from thy burning orb the tear hath started!
And with sad memories through thy bosom throng
Within thy heart's most secret deep recesses
Feel'st thou not then an agony of longing
To dream again of those divine caresses?

To dream them o'er and o'er, or deem them real,
While penitence is speaking in thy sighs—
For this, unlike thy dream, is not ideal—
It brings the pallid cheek, the moistened eyes:
Then, lady, mock not love so deeply hearted,
With that light seeming which deceit can give—
The love I promised thee, when last we parted,
Shall never be another's while you live.



A PICNIC IN OLDEN TIMES.

Engraved Expressly for the Gentlemen Magazine.



The next morning, as Willis says of one of his fine days, was astray from Paradise; and bright and early our pic-nickers, comprising a goodly company of young people, married and single, with several beautiful children, including of course the roguish Emma, were on the field selected for the day's campaign. It was a lovely spot. Under a noble oak whose limbs, rounded into a leafy dome, shed a palpitating shadow around a sweet little fountain, guarded by a marble naiad, gathered the merry company upon the green velvet ottoman, daisy-spangled, that ran around this splendid natural saloon, bower and drawing-room combined. The day had fulfilled the golden promise of the early morning; the air, impregnated with a sparkling, effervescing sunshine, was as bewitching as the breath of champagne foam, and our adventurers were in the liveliest and gayest spirits.

Noon was culminating, and the less excitable and more worldly portion of the company began to be thinking seriously of the bountiful refection which had been provided for the grand occasion. Hortensia, it was observed by Squire Deerdale and his wife, and the others who were in the secret, had seemed absent and thoughtful, all the morning, and little Emma had teased her sufficiently for not playing with her as usual. At this moment a young man was seen coming down the broad sloping glade at the foot of which the party were seated. The squire immediately rose and welcomed the stranger, introducing him to his bride and sister-in-law, and expressing his pleasure that he had come. "We almost began to fear," he added, "that you had forgotten our humble festival."

"A *fête* thus embellished," replied the stranger, bowing with peculiar grace to the ladies, and glancing admiringly at Hortensia, "is not an affair to be so easily forgotten by a wanderer who comes, after years of exile, to revive beneath the blue skies and bluer eyes of his native land."

"But your mandolin, Signor Foreigner; I hope you have not forgotten that?"

"Oh no indeed," returned the stranger with a musical laugh, "I never forget my little friend, whose harmonies have often been my only company. Here it comes," pointing to a lad who just then came up, bearing a handsome though outlandish-looking guitar gingerly across his arm.

Another of the party had also brought his guitar, and the two were soon tinkling away at different parts of the grounds—the latter surrounded by half a dozen young men and women, and several beautiful children; while the stranger, throwing himself on the grass at the feet of Hortensia, upon whose lap nestled the little Emma, began a simple ballad of the olden time—while the squire and his bride stood against the old oak behind Hortensia. At length the strain of the young musician changed, subsiding into low and plaintive undulations.

"It is time for us to go," whispered Alice to her husband; "we are evidently *de trop* here"—and the wedded pair glided noiselessly off, casting mischievous glances at the haughty Hortensia, who sat

absorbed in the music, and tears of sympathy in rapture ready to fall from her eyes. It was a case of love at first sight.

From this pleasant reverie both musician and listener were suddenly roused by little Emma, raising her head and shaking back the long ring from her face, exclaimed,

"Oh, sister, hear that! There goes the champagne and I am so hungry. Come, let us go to dinner."

"Excuse me, madam," exclaimed the stranger, ceasing to play and springing to his feet, "my beautiful little monitor is right. I was already getting myself and venturing to dream as of old and he offered his arm to Hortensia, with that poetic freedom not only permitted, but enjoined, by an etiquette of the pic-nic.

"And do you call it forgetfulness to dream?" quired Hortensia.

"With so fair a reality before me, yes; but other times to dream is to live."

"Oh, yes, it is nice to dream!" broke in the little Emma. Almost as nice as a wedding. Now last night I dreamt that you were married, Haughty, like sister Alice."

A lambent rosy flame seemed to envelop for an instant the beautiful Hortensia, disappearing instantly, yet leaving its scarlet traces on cheek and brow.

"What say you, my pretty one," said the stranger, patting the lovely child upon the head, "will you to a sandwich and a glass of wine with me on the greensward? (They had now approached the table—if a snow-white damask spread upon the velvet grass, and loaded with tempting viands will be called so.) Is not that better than dream?"

"I love wine, sir, but mamma and sister say I shouldn't drink it, because it makes my eyes red. Now your eyes are as bright as stars. Do you drink wine?"

It was the stranger's turn to blush. And this little childish prattle seemed to have removed the barrier of strangership from between the two young people, who exchanged glances of a sort of merry venia and seemed to understand each other as if they were old friends.

That was a merry meal, "all under the greenwood tree," and on the margin of that sweet little fountain, whose waters came up to the very lip of the tree, which it refreshed with a sparkling coolness that ever renewed the brightness of the flowers upon its bosom. After the dinner was over, a dance was proposed, and the services of the handsome stranger, as musician, were cheerfully offered and promptly accepted. It was observed, however, that Hortensia, usually crazy for dancing, strolled pensively about with little Emma at her side, and at length seated herself on a little grassy bank, remote from the dancers, yet where she could overlook the scene.

There was a little pause in the dance, and Squire Deerdale approached the stranger and whispered,

"Do you like her?"

"She's as beautiful as Juno, but I dare not hope that she would ever love a poor vagabond like me. She deserves a prince of the blood, at the very least."

"Never mind!—*Vedremo*, as we say in Italy;" and with a laugh the young man bounded again into the dance, while the stranger redoubled his attention to his guitar.

The day began to wane, and the shadows of a neighboring mountain to creep slowly across the sea; and yet, so absorbed was that gay company in the merry pleasures of the day, that hours glided by unnoticed; and it was not until the round, yellow moon rose over the eastern hills, as if peeping out to see the sun set, that they thought of breaking up a scene of little less than enchantment.

The stranger scarcely left the side of Hortensia, who seemed completely subdued and fascinated by the serious eloquence, the inexhaustible brilliancy of his conversation, as well as enthralled by the classic beauty of his face, and the respectful yet tender glances which he from time to time cast upon her face. It may also be supposed that the hints casually dropped by the squire the night before, respecting his distinguished acquaintance, the young Duke of St. James, had not been without their effect. Sooth to say, however, that the hitherto cold and impassive Hortensia was really in love, and that she had too much self-respect to make any conditions in the bestowal of her admiration. She was haughty, proud and ambitious—yet at the same time high-minded and generous where her feelings were really interested.

Much may be accomplished in an afternoon between two congenial hearts that meet for the first time; and it is not at all surprising that on their way home the stranger and Hortensia should have lingered a little behind the rest of the party, engaged in deep and earnest talk.

"Beautiful being," whispered the stranger, "I have at length found my heart's idol, whom in dreams I have ever worshiped. What need of long acquaintance between hearts made for each other? Lady, I love you!"

"Sir, sir, I beg you to pause. You know not what you are saying—you cannot mean that—"

"But I tell you he does mean it, though," exclaimed a merry voice close at the lady's elbow; and turning round, she saw her mischievous brother-in-law, who had been demurely following their tardy footsteps.

"Brother! you here! I—really—am quite astonished!"

"And," interrupted the stranger, while a dark flush came over his face, "allow me to say, Squire Deerdale, that I also am astonished at this violation of the rights of a friendship even so old and sincere as ours."

"Well, well, I beg your pardon, fair lady; and as for you, sir, after you have heard my explanation, I shall be prepared to give you any satisfaction you may require. You must know, then, my dear old friend, that from a few careless words I dropped last evening, by way of joke, this young lady has imbibed the idea that you are the young Duke of St. James in disguise; and for the purpose of preventing any misunderstandings for the future, it is requisite

that my sister and my friend Walter Willie, the artist, should comprehend one another's position fully."

"Good heavens! madam, you cannot believe that I was accessory to this mad prank of your brother's? Do not believe it for the world."

"No, no, I acquit you and every body but myself. I am sure I intended no harm by my thoughtless joke. Come, come, make up the matter at once, so that I may hasten back to Alice, who will begin to grow jealous, directly."

"Madam, dear madam, (Hortensia turned away her head with an imperious gesture,) I have only to beg your pardon for having too long intruded upon your attention, and to take my leave. The poor artist must still worship his ideal at a distance. For him there is but the world of imagination. No such bright reality as being beloved rests in his gloomy future. Farewell!" and the young man, bowing for a moment over the hand of Hortensia, withdrew.

"Brother, brother, what have you done!" passionately exclaimed the beauty, in a voice choked by sobs. "For a foolish joke you have driven away the only being who has ever interested my lonely heart. And now I can never, never be happy again."

"But, dear Hortensia, would you stoop to love a mere artist?"

"Stoop, sir,—stoop! I know not what you mean. Think you so meanly of me as to believe I would sell myself for wealth and a title? Proud I may be—but not, I thank God, mercenary nor mean. And what a lofty, noble spirit is that of your friend! What lord or duke could match the height of his intellect or the gorgeousness of his imagination. Oh, too soon my beautiful dream is broken!" and the young lady, all power of her usual self-restraint being lost, wept like a child upon the shoulder of her brother.

"Nay, nay, sister dear, weep not," at length said the squire, tenderly raising her head and leading her homeward. "All is not lost that is in danger. And so that you really *have* lost your hard little heart to my noble, glorious friend, I'll take care that it is soon recovered—or at any rate another one quite as good. Come, come, cheer up! All will go well."

The squire, although not usually rated as a prophet, predicted rightly for once; for the very next day saw young Walter Willie at Sweetbriar Lodge, with a face as handsome and happy as the morning. Hortensia was ill, and must not be disturbed; and at this information his features suddenly became overcast, as you may have seen a spring sky by a thick cloud, springing up from nobody knows where. However, the squire entered directly after, and whispered a few words to his guest, which seemed to restore in a measure the brightness of his look.

"And you really think, then, that I may hope?"

"Nay, my friend, you may do as you like about that. All men may hope, you know Shakespeare says. But I tell you that Hortensia has fallen in love with your foolish face—it's just like her!—and that's all about it. Come in and take some breakfast. Oh, I forgot—you've no appetite. Of course not. Well, you'll find some nice fresh dew

in those morning-glories yonder, and I will rejoin you in a minute. We'll make a day of it."

That evening the moon shone a million times brighter, the sky was a million times bluer, and the nightingale sung a million times sweeter than ever before. At least so thought the beautiful Hortensia

and her artist-lover, as they strolled, arm-in-arm, through the woody lawn that skirted the gates of Sweetbriar Lodge, and held sweet converse of mortal things by gazing into each other's eyes. And so ends our voracious history of the Pic-Nic of Olden Time.

TO THE VIOLET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

SWEET trophy of life's morning, fresh and calm,
Dropped from the gleanings of relentless time,
How from thy dainty chalice steals the balm
That hush like incense o'er its dewy prime!

The lily's stateliness thou dost not own,
Nor glow voluptuous of the damask rose,
Thou canst not emulate the laurel's crown,
Nor, like the Cereus, watch while all repose.

And these gay rivals of parterre and field
May freely drink the sunshine and the dew,
But only unto thee does heaven yield
The pure reflection of her cloudless blue.

Thy tint will sometimes darken till it wear
A purple such as decked the eastern kings,
And yet, like innocence, all unaware
Its tribute to the wind thy blossom flings.

Symbol of what is cherished and untold,
Thy fragrance oft reveals thee to the sight,
Peering in beauty from the common mould,
As casual blessings the forlorn requite.

Thy image upon Laura's robe was wrought,
O'er which her poet with devotion mused,
And gentle souls, I ween, have ever caught
From thee a solace that the world refused.

The Tuscan flower-girls delight to cheer
Each pensive exile with thy scented leaves,
Fit largess of a clime to fancy dear,
Which a new blandishment from thee receive.

Grief's frenzy, when it melts, of thee will rave,
As of a thing too winsome to decay,
And thus Laertes at his sister's grave
Bids violets spring from her unsullied clay.

Lowly incentive to celestial thought!
We ne'er with listless step can pass thee by,
For thou with tender embassies art fraught,
Like the fond beaming of a northern eye.

Hence thou art sacred to our human needs;
Laid on the maiden's white and throbbing breast
Thy delicate odor for the absent pleads,
And mourners strew thee where their libations

In those wild hours when feeling chafed is weak,
And deepened more that utterance was dumb,
In thee persuasive messengers I found
That reached the haven of love's wayward dream.

And I have borne thee to the couch of death
When naught remained to do but wait and pray,
And marked the sudden flush and quickened breath
That proved thee dear though all had passed away!

THEY MAY TELL OF A CLIME.

TO ———.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

THEY may tell of a clime more delightful than this,
The land of the orange, the myrtle and vine;
Where the roses blush red beneath Zephyr's warm kiss,
And the bright beams of summer unceasingly shine.
But I know a sweet valley, a beautiful spot,
Where the turf is so green, and the breezes are bland;
And methinks, if you'll share there my ivy-crowned cot,
There'll be no place on earth like my own native land.

A palace 'neath Italy's star-covered sky,
Unblest by thy presence would desolate be;
But cheered by the light of thy soft beaming eye,
Ah! sweet were a tent in the desert with thee.

For 't is love—O! 't is love which thus hallows the ground,
And brightens the gloom of the anchorite's cell;
And the Eden of earth—whereasoe'er it be found—
Is the spot where the heart's cherished idol doth dwell.

Then come to my cottage—though cool be the shade,
And verdant the sod 'neath the wide-spreading bough—
Where the wood-dove its nest 'mid the foliage hath made,
Yet lone is that cottage, and desolate now.
For as the green forest, bereft of the dove,
No more with sweet echoes would musical be—
Even so is the rose-mantled bower of love,
Unblest and uncheered, if not gladdened by thee.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

BY C. A. WASHBURN.

I DREAMED that for a long time I courted Charlotte—what need of dreaming? It was true. Nevertheless I dreamed that for a long time I courted Charlotte, and at last, which was not true, married her. And I thought that Charlotte and I lived very happily together.

She loved me better than she ever thought she could before we were married, for I loved her exceedingly, and was very kind to her.

I remember how long it was that I wooed her, always hoping, though sometimes fearing that she would never love me so as to marry me; how, when at last we were married, and I carried her home to my pretty cottage, I could hardly contain myself for joy; and when I saw her seated in our own parlor on the wedding eve, I could not keep a tear from trickling down my cheek; and how she kissed away the tear, and when she knew the cause, how she burst into a flood of tears, and said she would love me the better for my having loved her so; and how that we were from that time wholly united in heart and sympathy.

Then, in the course of time, we had two darling children, which we both loved—and I thought my cup of happiness completed. I had been an ambitious man in my youth, and had experienced much of the disappointment incident to a life for fame. But when God had given us two such lovely children, I thought it was abusing his mercy to neglect them for the applause of the world—and so devoted myself entirely to their welfare. If I worked hard and was inclined to feel peevish and cross, I thought how that I was laboring to make happy, and good, and great, the dear boys, and I forgot every thing else. If I became tired of the turmoil of life, I was the more happy when I got home, for the children were always waiting and glad to see me, and their presence immediately banished all anxiety and care. They seemed so happy when I came—for Charlotte used to teach them to prize my presence by dating their pleasures by my arrival; that I thought it joy enough for one mortal to have looked upon the impersonation of innocence and joy in his own children.

Then, when the boys were asleep, how we used to talk about them; how anxious we were when either of them was restless or unquiet! How we used to reckon on the joy they would give us in age, and how in the happiness of our lot we shed tears of happiness and joy! With what fervor did we unite in prayer for their health and preservation, and wish all the world as happy as we were. We became selfish in our joy, and felt to care little for any thing but home, and in our enjoyment of the gift we had like to have forgotten the Giver.

But at length Charlie, the younger boy, was sick, and we feared he would die. We then remembered

in whose hands his life was, and, I believe, ever after regarded our treasures as trusts committed to our keeping. Charlie suffered great pain, but he complained not. His very submission smote our hearts, and though we could not think he was to die, yet we thought he was too good to live. Benny could no longer smile upon us, but watched by his brother's bed without speaking or moving, unless to do him some service. We felt anxious about Charles, yet forbore to speak of our anxiety, though when he was asleep we could no longer conceal our sorrow and fears. And when one day the physician imprudently said in his hearing that he feared Charles would die, he looked at him in surprise, as if he had not thought of that; and kissing the fevered brow of his sick brother, he came and stood by his mother's side, and looking in her face as much as to say you won't let brother die, he saw a tear in the clear blue eye of his mother, and he sobbed aloud; and Charlotte could contain herself no longer, but dropped hot tears on his face faster than she could kiss them away. Then I feared if Charlie should die lest Benny should die too; and then I knew that Charlotte could not bear all this, and I prayed in my heart to God for Charles. And the next day, when the good physician said the danger was past, we felt to thank God that he had so chastened our affections, and ever loved him the more.

So we lived in love and happiness for many years, and all that time not a shade of discord passed between us; and I often thought what a dreary world this had been to me if Charlotte had never been mine. I used to pity my bachelor neighbor, and, as I thought, I could see the tear of disappointment in his eye when he witnessed my happy lot. I saw it was a vision, and only the figure of Margaret, my once loved and pretty sister, who existed then but in the land of spirits, was before me.

And I told Margaret of the vision, and could not repress a sigh that it was not reality; and musing long on what I was, and what I might have been had nature dealt with me more kindly, until the vision returned. Again I lived the life of youth's fancy.

But the boys now began to mingle a little with the world, and we feared we were not equal to the task of educating them. We trembled when we thought of the dangers before them, though we could not believe it possible that they should ever do wrong. Alas! what trouble was before us!

I had carried home a box of strawberries, and set them in the pantry, and setting myself down in the library, waited for Charlotte to come home from shopping. I saw Charlie come from the pantry, but thought nothing at the time, and when Benny came in, bade him bring them to me that I might divide them between them—they were gone; Charles must

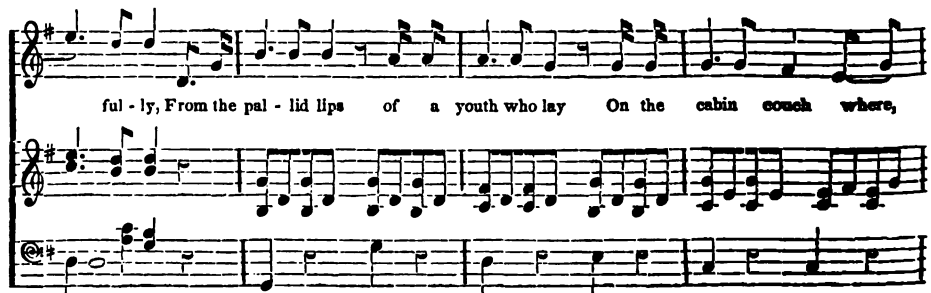
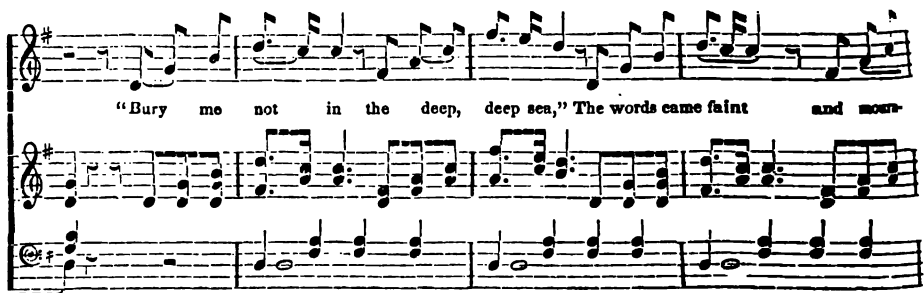
THE OCEAN-BURIED.

COMPOSED, AND DEDICATED TO MISSES HARRIET AND MARY HALSEY,

OF BLOOMING GROVE, O. C., N. Y.,

BY MISS AGNES H. JONES.

Andantino Soave.



y by day, He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow The death shade had slow - ly
 pass'd, and now, When the land and his fond loved home were nigh, They had gath'rd a - round to
 him die.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a more complex piano accompaniment with multiple staves and a vocal line that begins with the lyrics 'him die.'

Let my death-slumber be where a mother's prayer
 And sister's tears can be blended there.
 Oh, it will be sweet ere the heart's throb is o'er,
 To know, when its fountain shall gush no more,
 That those it so fondly has yearn'd for will come,
 To plant the first wild-flower of spring on my tomb.
 Let me lie where lov'd ones can weep over me—
 Bury me not in the deep, deep sea !

And there is another, her tears would be shed
 For him who lays far in an ocean bed ;
 In hours that it pains me to think of now,
 She has twin'd these locks and kiss'd this brow—
 In this hair she has wreathed shall the sea-snake hiss ?
 The brow she has press'd shall the cold wave kiss ?
 For the sake of that bright one that waits for me,
 Bury me not in the deep, deep sea !

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed short,
 They gave no heed to his dying prayer.—
 They have lowered him o'er the vessel's side—
 Above him hath closed the solemn tide.
 Where to dip her wing the wild fowl rests—
 Where the blue waves dance with their foamy crests—
 Where the billows bound and the winds sport free,
 They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Calaynos: A Tragedy. By George H. Baker. E. H. Butler & Co. Philadelphia. pp. 218.

The spirit of English poetry has been for years eminently lyric; the few attempts at the epic or dramatic having been laid aside, if not permanently, at least for a time. The age has been too busy in working out, with machinery and steam, its own great epic thought, to find leisure to listen to any thing longer than a single bugle-blast encouraging its advancement. We cannot but believe, however, if we may be allowed an analogical inference, that the age is fast approaching the climax of its utilitarian inventions, and that man, instead of chasing through unknown regions every will-o'-wisp of his brain, in the hope of bringing it a captive to the Patent-office, will sit modestly down to apply to their various uses the discoveries already made. Then will the healthy feast of literature once more begin, and the public cease to be surfeited by the watery hash which has been daily set steaming before them. In the volume under consideration we think we can discern the promise of the return of the good old spirit of English poetry—of solid honest thought expressed in straight forward Saxon. The story, which is one of the chivalrous days of Spain, while it is devoid of trick is full of thrilling interest, and its style, while it is eminently poetical, neither swells into bombast nor descends to the foppery so common among the verse-makers of our day. There is a stately, old-fashioned tread in the diction, as of a man in armor, who, should he attempt to gather flowers of mere prettiness, would crush them at the first touch of his iron gauntlet, and who, if he seems to move ungracefully at times, owes his motion to his weight of mail. Calaynos, the hero, is in every respect a nobleman, not only in blood, but what is better, in mind. He is a scholar, one who, in the words of Dona Alda his wife,

—uses time as usurers do their gold,
Making each moment pay him double interest.

He is a philosopher—

Things nigh impossible are plain to him;
His trenchant will, like a fine-tempered blade,
With unturned edge, cleaves through the baser iron.

He is generous and has

—a predetermined trust in man;

and holds that

He who hates man must scorn the Source of man,
And challenge as unwise his awful Maker.

The character of Dona Alda is noble and womanly—her chief trait being her great pride and jealous care of her honor. She conceives that no one will brave the

—peril, such as he must brook,
Who dares to love the wife of great Calaynos.

Her maid, Martina, tells her that

—Queens of Spain
Have had their paramours—

and she replies,

—So might it be,
Yet never hap to bride of a Calaynos!

Don Luis, the villain of the plot, thus paints his own picture:

—I was not formed for good:
To what Fate orders I must needs submit:

The sin not mine, but His who made me thus
Not in my will but in my nature lodged.

I will grasp the stable goods of life,
Nor care how foul the hand that does the deed.

Martina is admirably drawn; her wit is exact as exhaustless as it is keen. She says of Calaynos—

He looks on pleasure as a kind of sin,
Calls pastime waste-time—

I heard a man, who spent a mortal life
In hoarding up all kinds of stones and ores.
Call one, who spitted flies upon a pin,
A fool to pass his precious lifetime thus.

She says of Oliver, Calayno's secretary,

Yes, there he goes—
Backward and forward, like a weaver's shuttle,
Spinning some web of wisdom most divine.

She addresses him thus—

Our clay, the preachers say, was warmed;
But yours, your dall, cold mud, was frozen;
I would not be the oyster that you are
For all the pearls of wisdom in your shell.

All the persons of the play are vivid and lifelike. At the beginning of the third act the interest becomes more intense and nothing could be more vigorous and touching in action and depth of pathos toward the close of the play. Every page teems with fine thoughts and images which lead us to believe that the mine from which this specimen, contains a golden vein of poetry waiting far to enrich our native literature.

Literary Sketches and Letters: Being the Final Manuscript of Charles Lamb, Never before Published. By Thomas Talfourd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol.

The present work is important in more respects than one. It was needed to clear up the obscurity which rests upon several points of Lamb's life, and it was needed to show for some of the peculiarities of his character. It proves that this most genial and kindly of humorists was tried by as severe a calamity as ever broke down the energies of a great spirit, and the frailties commonly ascribed to him with his name seem almost as nothing compared with the stern duties he performed from his early manhood to his death. The present volume is calculated to increase personal sympathy and love for him, which has distinguished the readers of Lamb from the readers of other authors, and also to add a sentiment of profound respect for his virtues and his fortitude. The truth is that his intellect was one of the largest and strongest, as well as one of the finest, among the great contemporaries of his time, and it was altogether owing to circumstances and those of a peculiarly calamitous character, that so ample mind left but inadequate testimonials of its range and fertility. He is, and probably will be, chiefly remembered as an original and somewhat whimsical essayist, and his essays, inimitable of their kind, were but the playthings of his intellect.

Talfourd has performed his editorial duties with his usual taste and judgment, and with all that sweetness and delicacy of expression which ever distinguishes the author. His sketches of Lamb's companions are additions to the literary history of the present century. Lamb's letters, which constitute the peculiar charm of the book,



LE FOLLET

Boulevard St. Martin, 61

Chapeau de M^{me} Baudry, à Richelieu, 37. — Bonnet & Lingeries de Vasslard, à de Menard.
 Stoffes des Magasins du Faubourg Charente, à M^{me} des Champs, 32.
 Robes de M^{me} Breuvon, à de la Chaussée d'Antin, 31. — Parapluies de Richelieu Bayard, à St.
 Boutelles de Volard, à de Charente, 2 bis. — Manchons de L. Chapron & Dubois, à de la Rue.
 Laines & flans de Guérin, à de la Rue, 11. — Chaussures de Hoffmann, à de la Rue, 11.
 Graham's Magazine

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admirable—the serious ones being vivid transcripts of his moods of mind, and some of them almost painful in their direct expression of agony, and the semi-serious rioting in mirth, mischief and whim, full of wit and meaning, and full also of character and kindliness. One of his early letters he closes, as being from his correspondent's "afflicted, headache, sore-throate, humble servant." In another he calls Hoole's translation of Tasso "more vapid than smallest small beer, 'sun-vinegared.'" In speaking of Hazlitt's intention to print a political pamphlet at his own expense, he comes out with a general maxim, which has found many disciples: "The first duty of an author, I take it, is never to pay any thing." When Hannah More's Cælebs in Search of a Wife appeared, it was lent to him by a precise lady to read. He thought it among the poorest of common novels, and returned it with this stanza written in the beginning:

If ever I marry a wife
I'd marry a landlord's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy-and-water.

In speaking of his troubles toward the close of his life, he has a strange, humorous imagination, in every way worthy of his peculiar genius: "My bedfellows are cough and cramp; we sleep three in a bed."

The present volume is elegantly printed, and will doubtless have a run. It is full of matter, and that of the most interesting kind. No reader of Lamb, especially, will be without it.

Modern French Literature. By L. Raymond de Vericour. Edited by W. S. Chase, A. M. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work is the English production of a native Frenchman, and was written for one of Chambers's series of books for the people. It is edited, with notes alluding particularly to writers prominent in the late French Revolution, by a young American scholar, who has recently resided in France. The book, though deficient and sometimes incorrect in details, deserves much praise for its general correctness and accuracy. The author, though by no means a critic of the first class, is altogether above the herd of Grub street hacks who commonly undertake the popularizing of literary history. He is no Winstanley and no Cibber. The range of his reading appears to be extensive. His judgments are somewhat those of a school-master, but one of the highest grade. There are several amusing errors relating to the position of English authors, to some of which we cannot help alluding, as they seem to have escaped the vigilant eye of the editor. Speaking of Guizot and Sismondi as the leaders of the school of French philosophical historians, he remarks that "the English language possesses some good specimens of this class of history; the most remarkable are Gibbon's Decline and Fall and the works of Mr. Millar." This is as if the author had said that England possessed some good specimens of the Romantic Drama, the most remarkable being Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and the works of Mr. Colman.

Again, in speaking of the novels of Paul de Kock, and protesting against those English critics who call him the first writer of his time and country, he says that it is as ridiculous as it would be in Frenchmen to exalt the novels of Charles Dickens above *Ivanhoe*, *Philip Augustus* and *Eugene Aram*. The idea of a Frenchman thinking it a paradox to rank Dickens above James, or even Bulwer, shows how difficult it is for a foreigner, especially a Frenchman, to pass beyond the external form of English literature.

The author deserves the praise of being a sensible man, in the English meaning of the phrase. There is one sen-

tence in his introductory which proves that his mind has escaped one besetting sin of the French intellect, which has prevented its successful cultivation of politics as a practical science. In speaking of the histories of Thiers and Mignet, he says that they "have hatched a swarm of *Jeunes Frances*, vociferating in their wild aberrations, emphatic eulogies on Marat, Couthon and Robespierre, and breathing a love of blood and destruction, which they call the progressive march of events."

Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe, Ex-King of the French, Giving a History of the French Revolution from its Commencement in 1789. By Benj. Perley Poore. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Of all the publications we have seen relating to Louis Philippe this is the most complete and the most agreeable. The author, from his long residence in Paris, and from his position as Historical Agent of the State of Massachusetts, was enabled to collect a large mass of matter relating to French history, and also to learn a great deal respecting the Orleans dynasty, which would not naturally find its way into print. The present volume, though it has little in relation to the first French Revolution not generally known by students, embodies a large number of important facts respecting Louis Philippe, which we believe are now published for the first time. The biography itself has the interest of a romance, for few heroes of novels ever were, in imagination, subjected to the changes of fortune which Louis encountered in reality. Mr. Poore's view of his character is not more flattering than that which commonly obtains—on both sides of the Atlantic. To sustain this disparaging opinion of his subject, however, he is compelled to suppose policy and hypocrisy as the springs of many actions which a reasonable charity would pronounce virtuous and humane. It must be conceded that the conduct of the king during the last few days of his reign was feeble, if not cowardly, but his uniform character in other periods of his life was that of a man possessing singular readiness and coolness in times of peril, and encountering obstacles with a courage as serene as it was adventurous.

The Tenant of Wildfield Hall. By Acton Bell, Author of *Wurthuring Heights*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The appearance of this novel, so soon after the publication of *Wurthuring Heights*, is an indication of Mr. Bell's intention to be a frequent visitor, or visitation, of the public. We are afraid that the personages he introduces to his readers will consist chiefly of one class of mankind, and this class not the most pleasing. He is a monomaniac on the subject of man's rascality and brutality, and crowds his page with forcible delineations of offensive characters and disgusting events. The power he displays is of a high but limited order, and is exercised chiefly to make his readers uncomfortable. To be sure the present novel is not so bad as *Wurthuring Heights* in the matter of animal ferocity and impish diabolism; but still most of the characters, to use a quaint illustration of an eccentric divine, "are engaged in laying up for themselves considerable grants of land in the bottomless pit," and brutality, blasphemy and cruelty constitute their stock in trade. The author is not so much a delineator of human life as of inhuman life. There are doubtless many scenes in *The Tenant of Wildfield Hall* drawn with great force and pictorial truth, and which freeze the blood and "shiver along the arteries;" but we think that the author's process in conceiving character is rather logical than imaginative, and consequently that he deals too much in unmixed ma-

lignity and selfishness. The present novel, with all its peculiar merits, lacks all those elements of interest which come from the generous and gentle affections. His champagne enlivens, but there is arsenic in it.

Brothers and Sisters. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is by no means one of Miss Bremer's best productions, but it is not on that account a commonplace production. The pathos, the cheerfulness, the elevation, the sweet humane home-feeling of the Swedish novelist, are here in much of their old power, with the addition of universal philanthropy and the rights of labor. But we fear that the original vein of our authoress is exhausted, and that she is now repeating herself. It is a great mistake to suppose that a new story, new names of characters, additional sentiments nicely packed in new sentences, make a new novel, when the whole tone and spirit of the produc-

tion continually reminds the reader of the authors previous efforts. It is no depreciation of Miss Bremer's really fine powers to assert, that she lacks the creative energy of Scott, or the ever active fancy and various observation of Dickens.

Grantley Manor. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is altogether one of the finest novels which have appeared for many years. It is written with much beauty of style; evinces a creative as well as cultivated mind, and contains a variety of characters which are not only interesting in themselves, but have a necessary connection with the plot and purpose. The mind of the author has that combination of shrewdness and romantic fervor, of sense and passion, so necessary to every novelist who desires to idealize without contradicting the experience of common life.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO THE READERS OF "GRAHAM."—A series of misfortunes having bereft me of any proprietary interest in this Magazine, the present publishers have made a liberal arrangement with me, and for the future, the editorial and pictorial departments of Graham's Magazine will be under the charge of Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., J. Bayard Taylor, Esq., and myself.

It is due to the subscribers to "Graham" from me, to state, that from the first hour I took charge of it, the warmest support and encouragement were given me, and from two not very profitable magazines "Graham" sprung at once into boundless popularity and circulation. Money, as every subscriber knows, was freely expended upon it, and an energy untiring and sleepless was devoted to its business management, and had I not, in an evil hour, forgotten my own true interests, and devoted that capital and industry to another business which should have been confined exclusively to the magazine, I should to-day have been under no necessity—not even of writing this notice.

I come back to my first love with an ardor undiminished, and an energy not enervated, with high hopes and very bold purposes. What can be done in the next three years, time, that great solver of doubts, must tell. What a daring enterprise in business can do, I have already shown in Graham's Magazine and the North American—and, alas! I have also shown what folly can do, when business is forgotten—but I can yet show the world that he who started life a poor boy, with but eight dollars in his pocket, and has run such a career as mine, is hard to be put down by the calumnies or ingratitude of any. Feeling, therefore, that having lost one battle, "there is time enough to win another," I enter upon the work of the "redemption of Graham," with the very confident purposes of a man who never doubted his ability to succeed, and who asks no odds in a fair encounter.

GEO. R. GRAHAM.

AN ACQUISITION.—Our readers will share in the pleasure with which it is announced, that JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, Esq., the accomplished writer, and former editor of "The United States Gazette," will hereafter be "one of us" in the editorial management of Graham's Magazine. There are few writers in the language who equal, and none excel Mr. Chandler in graceful and pathetic composition. His sketches live in the hearts of readers, while they are heart-histories recognized by thousands in every part of the land. An article from Mr. Chandler's pen may be

looked for in every number, and this will cause each number to be looked for anxiously.

EDITORS LOOKING UP.—It is expected that an early number of "Graham" will be graced with a portrait of our distinguished rival of the "Lady's Book," that gentleman having "in the handsomest manner," as they say in theatricals, sat for a picture of his goodly countenance and proportions. At our command this has been transferred to steel, to be handed over to the readers of "Graham," by Armstrong, an artist whose ability is fair warrant for a fine picture. Now if any of our fair readers fall in love with Godey, we shall take it as a formal slight, and shall insist upon having our faces run through an edition of a magazine, to be gazed at and loved by thousands of as fine looking people as can be crowded upon a subscription book.

W. E. TUCKER, Esq.—We are very much gratified to be able to state, that an arrangement has been made by the proprietors of "Graham" with Mr. W. E. Tucker, whose exquisite title-pages and other gems in the way of engraving are familiar to our readers, and that for the year 1849, he engraves exclusively for Graham's Magazine.

This is but the beginning of arrangements proposed to revive the original splendor of the pictorial department of this magazine, while the literary arrangements are in the same style of liberality which has ever distinguished "Graham." "There is a good time a-coming boys" in 1849.

SKETCHES FROM EUROPE.—In the present absorbing state of affairs abroad, it will please our readers to know, that we have engaged an accomplished writer to furnish sketches of European manners, events and society, such as escape the daily journals, for the pages of the magazine. These sketches will occasionally be illustrated with engravings of scenery and persons taken on the spot, and cannot fail to add to the value of "Graham."

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.—We shall introduce into the next number of Graham a department which we think cannot fail to be of interest, by selections from authors which it is not possible for all the readers of Graham to have seen. Culling such passages as may strike us in our reading as worthy of wide circulation and preservation.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

THE BRIDE OF FATE.

A TALE: FOUNDED UPON EVENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF VENICE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMES.

It was a glad day in Venice. The eve of the feast of the Purification had arrived, and all those maidens of the Republic, whose names had been written in the "Book of Gold," were assembled with their parents, their friends and lovers—a beautiful and joyous crowd—repairing, in the gondolas provided by the Republic, to the church of San Pietro de Castella, at Olivolo, which was the residence of the Patriarch. This place was on the extreme verge of the city, a beautiful and isolated spot, its precincts almost without inhabitants, a ghostly and small priesthood excepted, whose grave habits and taciturn seclusion seemed to lend an additional aspect of solitude to the neighborhood. It was, indeed, a solitary and sad-seeming region, which, to the thoughtless and unmeditative, might be absolutely gloomy. But it was not the less lovely as a place suited equally for the picturesque and the thoughtful; and, just now, it was very far from gloomy or solitary. The event which was in hand was decreed to enliven it in especial degree, and, in its consequences, to impress its characteristics on the memory for long generations after. It was the day of St. Mary's Eve—a day set aside from immemorial time for a great and peculiar festival. All, accordingly, was life and joy in the sea republic. The marriages of a goodly company of the high-born, the young and the beautiful, were to be celebrated on this occasion, and in public, according to the custom. Headed by the Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, the city sent forth its thousands. The ornamented gondolas plied busily from an early hour in the morning, from the city to Olivolo; and there, amidst music and merry gratulations of friends and kindred, the lovers disembarked. They were all clad in their richest array. Silks, which caught their colors from the rainbow, and jewels that had inherited, even in their caverns, their beauties from the sun and stars, met the eye in all directions. Wealth had put on all its riches, and beauty, always modest, was not satisfied with her intrinsic love-

liness. All that could delight the eye, in personal decorations and nuptial ornaments, was displayed to the eager gaze of curiosity, and, for a moment, the treasures of the city were transplanted to the solitude and waste.

But gorgeous and grand as was the spectacle, and joyous as was the crowd, there were some at the festival, some young, throbbing hearts, who, though deeply interested in its proceedings, felt any thing but gladness. While most of the betrothed thrilled only with rapturous anticipations that might have been counted in the strong pulsations that made the bosom heave rapidly beneath the close pressure of the virgin zone, there were yet others, who felt only that sad sinking of the heart which declares nothing but its hopelessness and desolation. There were victims to be sacrificed as well as virgins to be made happy, and girdled in by thousands of the brave and goodly—by golden images and flaunting banners, and speaking symbols—by music and by smiles—there were more hearts than one that longed to escape from all, to fly away to some far solitude, where the voices of such a joy as was now present could vex the defrauded soul no more. As the fair procession moved onward and up through the gorgeous avenues of the cathedral to the altar-place, where stood the venerable Patriarch in waiting for their coming, in order to begin the solemn but grateful rites, you might have marked, in the crowding column, the face of one meek damsel, which declared a heart very far removed from hope or joyful expectation. Is that tearful eye—is that pallid cheek—that lip, now so tremulously convulsed—are these proper to one going to a bridal, and that her own? Where is her anticipated joy? It is not in that despairing vacancy of face—not in that feeble, faltering, almost fainting footstep—not, certainly, in any thing that we behold about the maiden, unless we seek it in the rich and flaming jewels with which she is decorated and almost laden down; and these no more declare for

her emotions than the roses which encircle the neck of the white lamb, as it is led to the altar and the priest. The fate of the two is not unlike, and so also is their character. Francesca Ziani is decreed for a sacrifice. She was one of those sweet and winning, but feeble spirits, which know how to submit only. She has no powers of resistance. She knows that she is a victim; she feels that her heart has been wronged even to the death, by the duty to which it is now commanded; she feels that it is thus made the cruel but unwilling instrument for doing a mortal wrong to the heart of another; but she lacks the courage to refuse, to resist, to die rather than submit. Her nature only teaches her submission; and this is the language of the wo-begone, despairing glance—but one—which she bestows, in passing up the aisle, upon one who stands beside a column, close to her progress, in whose countenance she perceives a fearful struggle, marking equally his indignation and his grief.

Giovanni Gradenigo was one of the noblest cavaliers of Venice—but nobleness, as we know, is not always, perhaps not often, the credential in behalf of him who seeks a maiden from her parents. He certainly was not the choice of Francesca's sire. The poor girl was doomed to the embraces of one Ulric Barberigo, a man totally destitute of all nobility, that alone excepted which belonged to wealth. This shone in the eyes of Francesca's parents, but failed utterly to attract her own. She saw, through the heart's simple, unsophisticated medium, the person of Giovanni Gradenigo only. Her sighs were given to him, her loathings to the other. Though meek and finally submissive, she did not yield without a remonstrance, without mingled tears and entreaties, which were found unavailing. The ally of a young damsel is naturally her mother, and when she fails her, her best human hope is lost. Alas! for the poor Francesca! It was her mother's weakness, blinded by the wealth of Ulric Barberigo, that rendered the father's will so stubborn. It was the erring mother that wilfully beheld her daughter led to the sacrifice, giving no heed to the heart which was breaking, even beneath its heavy weight of jewels. How completely that mournful and desponding, that entreating and appealing glance to her indignant lover, told her wretched history. There he stood, stern as well as sad, leaning, as if for support, upon the arm of his kinsman, Nicolo Malapieri. Hopeless, helpless, and in utter despair, he thus lingered, as if under a strange and fearful fascination, watching the progress of the proceedings which were striking fatally, with every movement, upon the sources of his own hope and happiness. His resolution rose with his desperation, and he suddenly shook himself free from his friend.

"I will not bear this, Nicolo," he exclaimed, "I must not suffer it without another effort, though it be the last."

"What would you do, Giovanni," demanded his kinsman, grasping him by the wrist as he spoke, and arresting his movement.

"Shall I see her thus sacrificed—delivered to misery and the grave! Never! they shall not so lord it over true affections to their loss and mine.

Francesca was mine—is mine—even now, in the very sight of Heaven. How often hath she vowed it! Her glance avows it now. My lips shall as boldly declare it again; and as Heaven has heard our vows, the church shall hear them. The Patriarch shall hear. Hearts must not be wronged—Heaven must not thus be defrauded. That selfish, vain woman, her mother—that mercenary monster, miscalled her father, have no better rights than mine—none half so good. They shall hear me. Stand by me, Nicolo, while I speak!"

This was the language of a passion, which, however true, was equally unmeasured and imprudent. The friend of the unhappy lover would have held him back.

"It is all in vain, Giovanni! Think! my friend, you can do nothing now. It is too late; nor is there any power to prevent this consummation. Their names have been long since written in the 'Book of Gold,' and the Doge himself may not alter the destiny!"

"The Book of Gold!" exclaimed the other. "Ay, the 'Bride of Gold!' but we shall see!" And he again started forward. His kinsman clung to him.

"Better that we leave this place, Giovanni. It was wrong that you should come. Let us go. You will only commit some folly to remain."

"Ay! it is folly to be wronged, and to submit to it, I know! folly to have felt and still to feel! folly, surely, to discover, and to live after the discovery, that the very crown that made life precious is lost to you forever! What matter if I should commit this folly! Well, indeed, if they who laugh at the fool, taste none of the wrath that they provoke."

"This is sheer madness, Giovanni."

"Release me, Nicolo."

The kinsman urged in vain. The dialogue, which was carried on in under tones, now enforced by animated action, began to attract attention. The procession was moving forward. The high anthem began to swell, and Giovanni, wrought to the highest pitch of frenzy by the progress of events, and by the opposition of Nicolo, now broke away from all restraint, and hurried through the crowd. The circle, dense and deep, had already gathered closely about the altar-place, to behold the ceremony. The desperate youth made his way through it. The crowd gave way at his approach, and under the decisive pressure of his person. They knew his mournful history—for when does the history of love's denial and defeat fail to find its way to the world's curious hearing. Giovanni was beloved in Venice. Such a history as his and Francesca's was sure to beget sympathy, particularly with all those who could find no rich lovers for themselves or daughters, such as Ulric Barberigo. The fate of the youthful lovers drew all eyes upon the two. A tearful interest in the event began to pervade the assembly, and Giovanni really found no such difficulty as would have attended the efforts of any other person to approach the sacred centre of the bridal circle. He made his way directly for the spot where Francesca stood. She felt his approach and presence by the most natural instincts, though without ever daring to lift her eye to his

person. A more deadly paleness than ever came over her, and as she heard the first sounds of his voice, she faltered and grasped a column for support. The Patriarch, startled by the sounds of confusion, rose from the sacred cushions, and spread his hands over the assembly for silence; but as yet he failed to conceive the occasion for commotion. Meanwhile, the parents and relatives of Francesca had gathered around her person, as if to guard her from an enemy. Ulric Barberigo, the millionaire, put on the aspect of a man whose word was law on 'change. He, too, had his retainers, all looking daggers at the intruder. Fortunately for Giovanni, they were permitted to wear none at these peaceful ceremonials. Their looks of wrath did not discourage the approach of our lover. He did not seem, indeed, to see them, but gently putting them by, he drew near to the scarcely conscious maiden. He lifted the almost lifeless hand from her side, and pressing it within both his own, a proceeding which her mother vainly endeavored to prevent, he addressed the maiden with all that impressiveness of tone which declares a stifled but still present and passionate emotion in the heart. His words were of a touching sorrow.

"And is it thus, my Francesca, that I must look upon thee for the last time? Henceforth are we to be dead to one another? Is it thus that I am to hear that, forgetful of thy virgin vows to Gradenigo, thou art here calling Heaven to witness that thou givest thyself and affections to another?"

"Not willingly, O! not willingly, Giovanni, as I live! I have not forgotten—alas! I cannot forget that I have once vowed myself to thee. But I pray thee to forget, Giovanni. Forget me and forgive—forgive!"

Oh! how mournfully was this response delivered. There was a dead silence through the assembly; a silence which imposed a similar restraint even upon the parents of the maiden, who had showed a desire to arrest the speaker. They had appealed to the Patriarch, but the venerable man was wise enough to perceive that this was the last open expression of a passion which must have its utterance in some form, and if not this, must result in greater mischief. His decision tacitly sanctioned the interview as we have witnessed. It was with increased faltering, which to the bystanders seemed almost fainting, that the unhappy Francesca thus responded to her lover. Her words were little more than whispers, and his tones, though deep, were very low and subdued, as if spoken while the teeth were shut. There was that in the scene which brought forward the crowd in breathless anxiety to hear, and the proud heart of the damsel's mother revolted at an exhibition in which her position was by no means a grateful one. She would have wrested, even by violence, the hand of her daughter from the grasp of Giovanni; but he retained it firmly, the maiden herself being scarcely conscious that he did so. His eye was sternly fixed upon the mother, as he drew Francesca toward himself. His words followed his looks:

"Have you not enough triumphed, lady, in thus bringing about your cruel purpose, to the sacrifice of

two hearts—your child's no less than mine. Mine was nothing to you—but hers! what had she done that you should trample upon hers? This hast thou done! Thou hast triumphed! What would'st thou more? Must she be denied the mournful privilege of saying her last parting with him to whom she vowed herself, ere she vows herself to another! For shame, lady; this is a twofold and a needless tyranny!"

As he spoke, the more gentle and sympathizing spirits around looked upon the stern mother with faces of the keenest rebuke and indignation. Giovanni once more addressed himself to the maiden.

"And if you do not love this man, my Francesca, why is it that you so weakly yield to his solicitings? Why submit to this sacrifice at any instance? Have they strength to subdue thee?—has he the art to ensnare thee?—canst thou not declare thy affections with a will? What magic is it that they employ which is thus superior to that of love?—and what is thy right—if heedless of the affections of *thy* heart—to demand the sacrifice of *mine*? Thou hadst it in thy keeping, Francesca, as I fondly fancied I had thine!"

"Thou hadst—thou hast!—"

"Francesca, my child!" was the expostulating exclamation of the mother; but it failed, except for a single instant, to arrest the passionate answer of the maiden.

"Hear me and pity, Giovanni, if you may not forgive! Blame me for my infirmity—for the wretched weakness which has brought me to this defeat of thy heart—this desolation of mine—but do not doubt that I have loved thee—that I shall ever—"

"Stay!" commanded the imperious father.

"What is it thou wouldst say, Francesca? Be-ware!" was the stern language of the mother.

The poor girl shrunk back in trembling. The brief impulse of courage which the address of her lover, and the evident sympathy of the crowd, had imparted, was gone as suddenly as it came. She had no more strength for the struggle; and as she sunk back nerveless, and closed her eyes as if fainting under the terrible glances of both her parents, Giovanni dropped her hand from his grasp. It now lay lifeless at her side, and she was sustained from falling by some of her sympathizing companions. The eyes of the youth were bent upon her with a last look.

"It is all over then," he exclaimed. "Thy hope, unhappy maiden, like mine, must perish because of thy weakness. Yet there will be bitter memories for this," he exclaimed, and his eye now sought the mother—"bitter, bitter memories! Francesca, farewell! Be happy if thou canst!"

She rushed toward him as he moved away, recovering all her strength for this one effort. A single and broken sentence—"Forgive me, O forgive!"—escaped her lips, as she sunk senseless upon the floor. He would have raised her, but they did not suffer him.

"Is this not enough, Giovanni?" said his friend reproachfully. "Seest thou not that thy presence but distracts her?"

"Thou art right, Nicolo; let us go. I am myself choking—undo me this collar!—There! Let us depart."

The organ rolled its anthem—a thousand voices joined in the hymn to the Virgin, and as the sweet but painful sounds rushed to the senses of the youth he darted through the crowd, closely followed by his friend. The music seemed to pursue him with mockery. He rushed headlong from the temple, as if seeking escape from some suffocating atmosphere in the pure breezes of heaven, and hurried forward with confused and purposeless footsteps. The moment of his disappearance was marked by the partial recovery of Francesca. She unclosed her eyes, raised her head and looked wildly around her. Her lips once more murmured his name.

"Giovanni!"

"He is gone," was the sympathizing answer from more than one lip in the assembly; and once more she relapsed into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II.

Giovanni Gradenigo was scarcely more conscious than the maiden when he left. He needed all the guidance of his friend.

"Whither?" asked Nicolo Malapiero.

"What matter! where thou wilt," was the reply.

"For the city then;" and his friend conducted him to the gondola which was appointed to await them. In the profoundest silence they glided toward the city. The gondola stopped before the dwelling of Nicolo, and he, taking the arm of the sullen and absent Giovanni within his own, ascended the marble steps, and was about to enter, when a shrill voice challenged their attention by naming Giovanni.

"How now, signor," said the stranger. "Is it thou? Wherefore hast thou left Olivolo? Why didst thou not wait the bridal?"

The speaker was a strange, dark-looking woman, in coarse woollen garments. She hobbled as she walked, assisted by a heavy staff, and seeming to suffer equally from lameness and from age. Her thin depressed lips, that ever sunk as she spoke into the cavity of the mouth, which, in the process of time, had been denuded of nearly all its teeth; her yellow wrinkled visage, and thin gray hairs, that escaped from the close black cap which covered her head, declared the presence of very great age. But her eye shone still with something even more lively and impressive than a youthful fire. It had a sort of spiritual intensity. Nothing, indeed, could have been more brilliant, or, seemingly, more unnatural. But hers was a nature of which we may not judge by common laws. She was no common woman, and her whole life was characterized by mystery. She was known in Venice as the "Spanish Gipsy;" was supposed to be secretly a Jewess, and had only escaped from being punished as a sorceress by her profound and most exemplary public devotions. But she was known, nevertheless, as an enchantress, a magician, a prophetess; and her palmistry, her magic, her symbols, signs and talismans, were all held

in great repute by the superstitious and the poor of the ocean city. Giovanni Gradenigo himself, obeying the popular custom, had consulted her; and now, as he heard her voice, he raised his eyes, and started forward with the impulse of one who suddenly darts from under the gliding knife of the assassin. Before Nicolo could interfere, he had leapt down steps, and darted to the quay from which the woman was about to step into a gondola. He awaited his coming with a smile of peculiar meaning, as she repeated her inquiry:

"Why are not you at Olivolo?"

He answered the question by another, grasping her wrist violently as he spoke.

"Did you not promise that she should wed me—that she should be mine—mine only?"

"Well!" she answered calmly, without struggling or seeking to extricate her arm from the strong grasp which he had taken upon it.

"Well! and even now the rites are in progress which bind her to Ulric Barberigo!"

"She will never wed Ulric Barberigo," was the quiet answer. "Why left you Olivolo?" she continued.

"Could I remain and look upon these hated rituals—could I be patient and see her driven like sheep to the sacrifice? I fled from the spectacle, if the knife of the butcher were already in my heart."

"You were wrong; but the fates have spoken, and their decrees are unchangeable. I tell you! have seen your bridal with Francesca Ziani. So she weds that maiden. She is reserved for you alone. You alone will interchange with her the final vows before the man of God. But hasten, that this may find early consummation. I have seen other things hasten—but hasten not alone, nor without armor! A sudden and terrible danger hangs over San Pietro di Castella, and all within its walls. Gather your friends, gather your retainers. Put the weapons of war and fly thither with all possible speed. I see a terrible vision, even now, of blood and struggle! I behold terrors that frighten me! Your friend is a man of arms. Let your galleys be put forth, and bid them steer for the gulf of Caorlo. There will you win Francesca, thenceforth shall you wear her—you only—so that as it may be allowed you to wear any human joy."

Her voice, look, manner, sudden energy, and wild fire of her eyes, awakened Giovanni to fullest consciousness. His friend drew sigh—would have conferred together, but the woman interrupted them.

"You would deliberate," said she, "but you have no time! What is to be done must be done quickly. It seems wild to you, and strange, and idle, what I tell you, but it is nevertheless true; and if you heed me not now bitter will be your repentance hereafter. You, Giovanni, will depart at least. Heed not your friend—he is too cold to be successful. He will always be safe, and do well, but he will do nothing further. Away! if you can but gather a dozen friends and man a single galley, you will be in season. I

the time is short. I hear a fearful cry—the cry of women—and the feeble shriek of Francesca Ziani is among the voices of those who wail with a new terror! I see their struggling forms, and floating garments, and disheveled hair! Fly, young men, lest the names of those whom Venice has written in her Book of Gold, shall henceforth be written in a Book of Blood!”

The reputation of the sybil was too great in Venice to allow her wild predictions to be laughed at. Besides, our young Venetians—Nicolo no less than Giovanni, in spite of what the woman had spoken touching his lack of enthusiasm—were both aroused and eagerly excited by her speech. Her person dilated as she spoke—her voice seemed to come up from a fearful depth, and went thrillingly deep into the souls of the hearers. They were carried from their feet by her predictions. They prepared to obey her counsels. Soon had they gathered their friends together, enough to man three of the fastest galleys of the city. Their prows were turned at once toward the Lagune of Caorlo, whither the woman had directed them. She, meanwhile, had disappeared, but the course of her gondola lay for Olivolo.

CHAPTER III.

It will be necessary that we should go back in our narrative but a single week before the occurrence of these events. Let us penetrate the dim and lonesome abode on the confines of the “Jewish Quarter,” but not within it, where the “Spanish Gipsy” delivered her predictions. It is midnight, and still she sits over her incantations. There are vessels of uncouth shape and unknown character before her. Hugo braziers lie convenient, on one of which, amidst a few coals, a feeble flame may be seen to struggle. The atmosphere is impregnated with a strong but not ungrateful perfume, and through its vapors objects appear with some indistinctness. A circular plate of brass or copper—it could not well be any more precious metal—rests beneath the eye and finger of the woman. It is covered with strange and mystic characters, which she seems busily to explore, as if they had a real significance in her mind. She evidently united the highest departments of her art with its humblest offices; and possessed those nobler aspirations of the soul, which, during the middle ages, elevated in considerable degree the professors of necromancy. But our purpose is not now to determine her pretensions. We have but to exhibit and to ascertain a small specimen of her skill in the vulgar business of fortune-telling—an art which will continue to be received among men, to a greater or less extent, so long as they shall possess a hope which they cannot gratify, and feel a superstition which they cannot explain. Our gipsy expects a visitor. She hears his footstep. The door opens at her bidding and a stranger makes his appearance. He is a tall and well made man, of stern and gloomy countenance, which is half concealed beneath the raised foldings of his cloak. His beard, of enormous length, is seen to stream down upon his

breast; but his cheek is youthful, and his eye is eagerly and anxiously bright. But for a certain repelling something in his glance, he might be considered a very handsome man—perhaps by many persons he was thought so. He advanced with an air of dignity and power. His deportment and manner—and when he spoke, his voice—all seemed to denote a person accustomed to command. The woman did not look up as he approached—on the contrary she seemed more intent than ever in the examination of the strange characters before her. But a curious spectator might have seen that a corner of her eye, bright with an intelligence that looked more like cunning than wisdom, was suffered to take in all of the face and person of the visitor that his muffling costume permitted to be seen.

“Mother,” said the stranger, “I am here.”

“You say not who you are,” answered the woman.

“Nor shall say,” was the abrupt reply of the stranger. “That, you said, was unnecessary to your art—to the solution of the questions that I asked you.”

“Surely,” was the answer. “My art, that promises to tell thee of the future, would be a sorry fraud could it not declare the present—could it not say who thou art, as well as what thou seekest.”

“Ha! and thou knowest!” exclaimed the other, his hand suddenly feeling within the folds of his cloak, as he spoke, as if for a weapon, while his eye glared quickly around the apartment, as if seeking for a secret enemy.

“Nay, fear nothing,” said the woman calmly. “I care not to know who thou art. It is not an object of my quest, otherwise it would not long remain a secret to me.”

“It is well! mine is a name that must not be spoken among the homes of Venice. It would make thee thyself to quail couldst thou hear it spoken.”

“Perhaps! but mine is not the heart to quail at many things, unless it be the absolute wrath of Heaven. What the violence or the hate of man could do to this feeble frame, short of death, it has already suffered. Thou knowest but little of human cruelty, young man, though thy own deeds be cruel!”

“How knowest thou that my deeds are cruel?” was the quick and passionate demand, while the form of the stranger suddenly and threateningly advanced. The woman was unmoved.

“Saidst thou not that there was a name that might not be spoken in the homes of Venice? Why should thy very name make the hearts of Venice to quail unless for thy deeds of cruelty and crime? But I see further. I see it in thine eyes that thou art cruel. I hear it in thy voice that thou art criminal. I know, even now, that thy soul is bent on deeds of violence and blood, and the very quest that brings thee to me now is less the quest of love than of that wild and selfish passion which so frequently puts on his habit.”

“Ha! speak to me of that! This damsel, Francesca Ziani! ’Tis of her that I would have thee speak. Thou saidst that she should be mine, yet lo! her name is written in the “Book of Gold,” and she is allotted to this man of wealth, this Ulric Barberigo.”

"She will never be the wife of Ulric Barberigo."

"Thou saidst she should be mine."

"Nay; I said not that."

"Ha!—but thou liest!"

"No! Anger me not, young man! I am slower, much slower to anger than thyself—slower than most of those who still chafe within this mortal covering—yet am I mortal like thyself, and not wholly free from such foolish passions as vex mortality. Chafe me, and I will repulse thee with scorn. Annoy me, and I close upon thee the book of fate, leaving thee to the blind paths which thy passions have ever moved thee to take."

The stranger muttered something apologetically.

"Make me no excuses. I only ask thee to forbear and submit. I said not that Francesca Ziani should be *thine*! I said only that I beheld her in thy arms."

"And what more do I ask!" was the exulting speech of the stranger, his voice rising into a sort of outburst, which fully declared the ruffian, and the sort of passions by which he was governed.

"If that contents thee, well!" said the woman, coldly, her eye perusing with a seeming calmness the brazen plate upon which the strange characters were inscribed.

"That, then, thou promisest still?" demanded the stranger.

"Thou shalt see for thyself," was the reply. Thus speaking the woman slowly arose and brought forth a small chafing-dish, also of brass or copper, not much larger than a common plate. This she placed over the brazier, the flame of which she quickened by a few smart puffs from a little bellows which lay beside her. As the flame kindled, and the sharp, red jets rose like tongues on either side of the plate, she poured into it something like a gill of a thick tenacious liquid, that looked like, and might have been, honey. Above this she brooded for awhile with her eyes immediately over the vessel; and the keen ear of the stranger, quickened by excited curiosity, could detect the muttering of her lips, though the foreign syllables which she employed were entirely beyond his comprehension. Suddenly, a thick vapor went up from the dish. She withdrew it from the brazier and laid it before her on the table. A few moments sufficed to clear the surface of the vessel, the vapor arising and hanging languidly above her head.

"Look now for thyself and see!" was her command to the visitor; she herself not deigning a glance upon the vessel, seeming thus to be quite sure of what it would present, or quite indifferent to the result. The stranger needed no second summons. He bent instantly over the vessel, and started back with undisguised delight.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. "She droops! whose arm is it that supports her—upon whose breast is it that she lies—who bears her away in triumph?"

"Is it not thyself?" asked the woman, coldly.

"By Hercules, it is! She is mine! She is in my arms! She is *my* bosom! I have her in my galley! She speeds with me to my home! I see it all, even as thou hast promised me!"

"I promise thee nothing. I but show thee what is written."

"And when and how shall this be effected?"

"How, I know not," answered the woman; "is withheld from me. Fate shows what her will only as it appears when done, but not the means the doing."

"But when will this be?" was the question.

"It must be ere she marries with Ulric Barberigo for him she will never marry."

"And it is appointed that he weds with her on day of St. Mary's Eve. That is but a week hence, and the ceremony takes place—"

"At Olivolo."

"Ha! at Olivolo!" and a bright gleam of intelligence passed over the features of the stranger, which his cloak had by this time entirely faded. The woman beheld the look, and a slight smile seemed to denote scorn rather than any other emotion, played for a moment over her shriveled sunken lips.

"Mother," said the stranger, "must all matters be left to fate?"

"That is as thou wilt."

"But the eye of a young woman may be wakened; her heart may be touched—so that it shall be for fate to accomplish her designs. I am yet but little reason to be ashamed of the face which God has given me. Beside, I have musical genius, and can sing to the guitar as fairly as most the young men of Venice. What if I were to take my way to the damsel—what if I play and sing before her father's palace? I have disguises, and am used to practice in various garments; I can—"

The woman interrupted him.

"Thou mayest do as thou wilt. It is doubtless indifferent to the fates what thou doest, as it were to me. Thou hast seen what I have shown—no more. I am not permitted to counsel thee, I am but a voice; thou hast all that I can give thee."

The stranger lingered still, but the woman came to speak, and betrayed by her manner that she desired his departure. Thus seeing, he took a purse from his bosom and laid it before her. She did not notice the action, nor did she again look until he was gone. With the sound of his retreating footsteps, she put aside the brazen volume of strange characters which seemed her favorite study, as her lips slowly parted in soliloquy,

"Ay! thou exultest, fierce ruffian that thou art, the assurance that fate yields herself to thy will! Thou shalt, indeed, have the maiden in thy power; but it shall profit thee nothing; and that triumph shall exact from thee the last penny which are sure to follow on the footsteps of a like thine. Thou thinkest that I know thee as if thy shallow masking could baffle eyes and senses; mine; but I had not shown thee thus much, were not in possession of yet further knowledge—did I see that this lure was essential to embolden thee to thy own final overthrow. Alas! that in serving the cause of innocence, in saving the innocent

harm, we cannot make it safe in happiness. Poor Francesca, beloved of three, yet blest with neither! Thou shalt be wedded, yet be no bride; shall gain all that thy fond young heart craveth, yet gain nothing! Be spared the embraces of him thou loathest, yet rest in his arms whom thou hast most need to fear, and shalt be denied, even when most assured, the only embrace which might bring thee blessings! Happy at least that thy sorrows shall not last thee long—their very keenness and intensity being thy security from the misery which holds through years like mine!"

Let us leave the woman of mystery—let us once more change the scene. Now pass we to the pirate's domain at Istria, a region over which, at the period of our narrative, the control of Venice was feeble, exceedingly capricious, and subject to frequent vicissitudes. At this particular time, it was maintained by the fiercest band of pirates that ever swept the Mediterranean with their bloody prows.

CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight when the galley of the chief glided into the harbor of Istria. The challenge of the sentinel was answered from the vessel, and she took her place beside the shore, where two other galleys were at anchor. Suddenly her sails descended with a rattle; a voice hailed throughout the ship, was answered from stem to stern, and a deep silence followed. The fierce chief of the pirates, Pietro Barbaro, the fiercest, strongest, wisest, yet youngest of seven brothers, all devoted to the same fearful employment, strode in silence to his cabin. Here, throwing himself upon a couch, he prepared rather to rest his limbs than to sleep. He had thoughts to keep him wakeful. Wild hopes, and tenderer joys than his usual occupations offered, were gleaming before his fancy. The light burned dimly in his floating chamber, but the shapes of his imagination rose up before his mind's eye not the less vividly because of the obscurity in which he lay. Thus musing over expectations of most agreeable and exciting aspect, he finally lapsed away in sleep.

He was suddenly aroused from slumber by a rude hand that lay heavily on his shoulder.

"Who is it?" he asked of the intruder.

"Gamba," was the answer.

"Thou, brother!"

"Ay," continued the intruder; "and here are all of us."

"Indeed! and wherefore come you? I would sleep—I am weary. I must have rest."

"Thou hast too much rest, Pietro," said another of the brothers. "It is that of which we complain—that of which we would speak to thee now."

"Ha! this is new language, brethren! Answer me—perhaps I am not well awake; am I your captain, or not?"

"Thou art—the fact seems to be forgotten by no one but thyself. Though the youngest of our mother's children, we made thee our leader."

"For what did ye this, my brothers, unless that I might command ye?"

"For this, in truth, and this only, did we confer

upon thee this authority. Thou hadst shown thyself worthy to command—"

"Well!"

"Thy skill—thy courage—thy fortitude—"

"In brief, ye thought me best fitted to command ye?"

"Yes."

"Then I command ye hence! Leave me, and let me rest!"

"Nay, brother, but this cannot be," was the reply of another of the intruders. "We must speak with thee while the night serves us, lest thou hear worse things with the morrow. Thou art, indeed, our captain; chosen because of thy qualities of service, to conduct and counsel us; but we chose thee not that thou shouldst sleep! Thou wert chosen that our enterprises might be active and might lead to frequent profit."

"Has it not been so?" demanded the chief.

"For a season it was so, and there was no complaint of thee."

"Who now complains?"

"Thy people—all!"

"And can ye not answer them?"

"No! for we ourselves need an answer! We, too, complain."

"Of what complain ye?"

"That our enterprises profit us nothing."

"Do ye not go forth in the galleys? Lead ye not, each of you, an armed galley? Why is it that your enterprises profit ye nothing?"

"Because of the lack of our captain."

"And ye can do nothing without me; and because ye are incapable, I must have no leisure for myself."

"Nay, something more than this, Pietro. Our enterprises avail us nothing, since you command that we no longer trouble the argosies of Venice. Venice has become thy favorite. Thou shieldest her only, when it is her merchants only who should give us spoil. This, brother, is thy true offence. For this we complain of thee; for this thy people complain of thee. They are impoverished by thy newborn love for Venice, and they are angry with thee. Brother, their purpose is to depose thee?"

"Ha! and ye—"

"We are men as well as brethren. We cherish no such attachment for Venice as that which seems to fill thy bosom. When the question shall be taken in regard to thy office, our voices shall be against thee, unless—"

There was a pause. It was broken by the chief.

"Well, speak out. What are your conditions?"

"Unless thou shalt consent to lead us on a great enterprise against the Venetians. Harken to us, brother Pietro. Thou knowest of the annual festival at Olivolo, when the marriage takes place of all those maidens, whose families are favorites of the Signiory, and whose names are written in the "Book of Gold" of the Republic."

The eyes of the pirate chief involuntarily closed at the suggestion, but his head nodded affirmatively. The speaker continued.

"It is now but a week when this festival takes

place. On this occasion assemble the great, the noble and the wealthy of the sea city. Thither they bring all that is gorgeous in their apparel, all that is precious among their ornaments and decorations. Nobility and wealth here strive together which shall most gloriously display itself. Here, too, is the beauty of the city—the virgins of Venice—the very choice among her flocks. Could there be prize more fortunate? Could there be prize more easy of attainment? The church of San Pietro di Castella permits no armed men within its holy sanctuaries. There are no apprehensions of peril; the people who gather to the rites are wholly weaponless. They can offer no defense against our assault; nor can this be foreseen? What place more lonely than Olivolo? Thither shall we repair the day before the festival, and shelter ourselves from scrutiny. At the moment when the crowd is greatest, we will dart upon our prey. We lack women; we desire wealth. Shall we fail in either, when we have in remembrance the bold deeds of our ancient fathers, when they looked with yearning on the fresh beauties of the Sabine virgins? These Venetian beauties are our Sabines. Thou, too, if the bruit of thy followers do thee no injustice, thou, too, hast been overcome by one of these. She will doubtless be present at this festival. Make her thine, and fear not that each of thy brethren will do justice to his tastes and thine own. Here, now, thou hast all. Either thou agreeest to that which thy people demand, or the power departs from thy keeping. Fabio becomes our leader!"

There was a pause. At length the pirate-chief addressed his brethren.

"Ye have spoken! ye threaten, too! This power, of which ye speak, is precious in your eyes. I value it not a zecchino; and wert thou to depose me to-morrow, I should be the master of ye in another month; did it please me to command a people so capricious. But think not, though I speak to ye in this fashion, that I deny your demand. I but speak thus to show ye that I fear you not. I will do as ye desire; but did not your own wishes square evenly with mine own, I should bide the issue of this struggle, though it were with knife to knife."

"It matters not how thou feelest, or what movest thee, Pietro, so that thou dost as we demand. Thou wilt lead us to this spoil?"

"I will."

"It is enough. It will prove to thy people that they are still the masters of the Lagoon—that they are not sold to Venice."

"Leave me now."

The brethren took their departure. When they had gone, the chief spoke in brief soliloquy, thus:

"Verily, there is the hand of fate in this. Methinks I see the history once more, even as I beheld it in the magic liquor of the Spanish Gipsy. Why thought I not of this before, dreaming vainly like an idiot boy, as much in love with his music as himself, who hopes by the tinkle of his guitar to win his beauty from the palace of her noble sire, to the obscure retreats of his gondola. These brethren shall not vex me. They are but the creatures of a fate!"

CHAPTER V.

Let us now return to Olivolo, to the altar-place of the church of San Pietro di Castella, and resume the progress of that strangely mingled ceremonial—mixed sunshine and sadness—which was broken by the passionate conduct of Giovanni Gradenigo. We left the poor, crushed Francesca, in a state of unconsciousness, in the arms of her sympathizing kindred. For a brief space the impression was a painful one upon the hearts of the vast assembly; but as the deep organ rolled its ascending anthems, the emotion subsided. The people had assembled for pleasure and an agreeable spectacle; and though sympathizing, for a moment, with the pathetic fortunes of the sundered lovers, quite as earnestly as it is possible for mere lookers-on to do, they were not to be disappointed in the objects for which they came. The various shows of the assemblage—the dresses, the jewels, the dignitaries, and the beauties—were quite enough to divert the feelings of a populace, at times notorious for its levities, from a scene which, however impressive at first, was becoming a little tedious. Sympathies are very good and proper things; but the world seldom suffers them to occupy too much of its time. Our Venetians did not pretend to be any more humane than the rest of the great family; and the moment that Francesca had fainted, and Giovanni had disappeared, the multitude began to express their impatience of any further delay by all the means in their possession. There was no longer a motive to resist their desires, and simply reserving the fate of the poor Francesca to the last, or until she should sufficiently recover to be fully conscious of the sacrifice which she was about to make, the ceremonies were begun. There was a political part to be played by the Doge, in which the people took particular interest; and to behold which, indeed, was the strongest reason of their impatience. The government of Venice, as was remarked by quaint and witty James Howell, was a compound thing, mixed of all kinds of governments, and might be said to be composed of "a grain of monarchy, a dose of democracy, and a dram, if not an ounce of optimacy." It was in regard to this dose of democracy, that the government annually assigned marriage portions to twelve young maidens, selected from the great body of the people, of those not sufficiently opulent to secure husbands, or find the adequate means for marriage, without this help. To bestow these maidens upon their lovers, and with them the portions allotted by the state, constituted the first, and in the eyes of the masses, the most agreeable part of the spectacle. The Doge, on this occasion, who was the thrice renowned Pietro Candiano, "did his spiriting gently," and in a highly edifying manner. The bishop bestowed his blessings, and confirmed by the religious, the civil rites, which allied the chosen couples. To these succeeded the *voluntary parties*, if we may thus presume upon a distinction between the two classes, which we are yet not sure that we have a right to make. The high-born and the wealthy, couple after couple, now approached the altar, to receive

the final benediction which committed them to hopes of happiness which it is not in the power of any priesthood to compel. No doubt there was a great deal of hope among the parties, and we have certainly no reason to suppose that happiness did not follow in every instance.

But there is poor Francesca Ziani. It is now her turn. Her cruel parents remain unsubdued and unsoftened by her deep and touching sorrows. She is made to rise, to totter forward to the altar, scarcely conscious of any thing, except, perhaps, that the worthless, but wealthy, Ulric Barberigo is at her side. Once more the mournful spectacle restores to the spectators all their better feelings. They perceive, they feel the cruelty of that sacrifice to which her kindred are insensible. In vain do they murmur "shame!" In vain does she turn her vacant, wild, but still expressive eyes, expressive because of their very soulless vacancy, to that stern, ambitious mother, whose bosom no longer responds to her child with the true maternal feeling. Hopeless of help from that quarter, she lifts her eyes to Heaven, and, no longer listening to the words of the holy man, she surrenders herself only to despair.

Is it Heaven that hearkens to her prayer? Is it the benevolent office of an angel that bursts the doors of the church at the very moment when she is called upon to yield that response which dooms her to misery forever? To her ears, the thunders which now shook the church were the fruits of Heaven's benignant interposition. The shrieks of women on every hand—the oaths and shouts of fierce and insolent authority—the clamors of men—the struggles and cries of those who seek safety in flight or entreat for mercy—suggest no other idea to the wretched Francesca, than that she is saved from the embraces of Ulric Barberigo. She is only conscious that, heedless of her, and of the entreaties of her mother, he is the first to endeavor selfishly to save himself by flight. But her escape from Barberigo is only the prelude to other embraces. She knows not, unhappy child! that she is an object of desire to another, until she finds herself lifted in the grasp of Pietro Barbaro, the terrible chief of the Istrute pirates. He and his brothers have kept their pledges to one another, and they have been successful in their prey. Their fierce followers have subdued to submission the struggles of a weaponless multitude, who, with horror and consternation, behold the loveliest of their virgins, the just wedded among them, borne away upon the shoulders of the pirates to their warlike galleys. Those who resist them perish. Resistance was hopeless. The fainting and shrieking women, like the Sabine damsels, are hurried from the sight of their kinsmen and their lovers, and the Istrute galleys are about to depart with their precious freight. Pietro Barbaro, the chief, stands with one foot upon his vessel's side and the other on the shore. Still insensible, the lovely Francesca lies upon his breast. At this moment the skirt of his cloak is plucked by a bold hand. He turns to meet the glance of the Spanish Gypsy. The old woman leered on him with eyes that seemed to mock his triumph, even while she appealed to it.

"Is it not even as I told thee—as I showed thee?" was her demand.

"It is!" exclaimed the pirate-chief, as he flung her a purse of gold. "Thou art a true prophetess. Fate has done her work!"

He was gone; his galley was already on the deep, and he himself might now be seen kneeling upon the deck of the vessel, bending over his precious conquest, and striving to bring back the life into her cheeks.

"Ay, indeed!" muttered the Spanish Gypsy, "thou hast had her in thy arms, but think not, reckless robber that thou art, that fate has *done* its work. The work is but *begun*. Fate has kept its word to thee; it is thy weak sense that fancied she had nothing more to say or do!"

Even as she spoke these words, the galleys of Giovanni Gradenigo were standing for the Lagune of Caorlo. He had succeeded in collecting a gallant band of cavaliers who tacitly yielded him the command. The excitement of action had served, in some measure, to relieve the distress under which he suffered. He was no longer the lover, but the man; nor the man merely, but the leader of men. Giovanni was endowed for this by nature. His valor was known. It had been tried upon the Turk. Now that he was persuaded by the Spanish Gypsy, whom all believed and feared, that a nameless and terrible danger overhung his beloved, which was to be met and baffled only by the course he was pursuing, his whole person seemed to be informed by a new spirit. The youth, his companions, wondered to behold the change. There was no longer a dreaminess and doubt about his words and movements, but all was prompt, energetic, and directly to the purpose. Giovanni was now the confident and strong man. Enough for him that there *was* danger. Of this he no longer entertained a fear. Whether the danger that was supposed to threaten Francesca, was still suggestive of a hope—as the prediction of the Spanish Gypsy might well warrant—may very well be questioned. It was in the very desperation of his hope, perhaps, that his energies became at once equally well-ordered and intense. He prompted to their utmost the energies of others. He impelled all his agencies to their best exertions. Oar and sail were busy without intermission, and soon the efforts of the pursuers were rewarded. A gondola, bearing a single man, drifted along their path. He was a fugitive from Olivolo, who gave them the first definite idea of the foray of the pirates. His tidings, rendered imperfect by his terrors, were still enough to goad the pursuers to new exertions. Fortune favored the pursuit. In their haste the pirate galleys had become entangled in the lagune. The keen eye of Giovanni was the first to discover them. First one bark, and then another, hove in sight, and soon the whole piratical fleet were made out, as they urged their embarrassed progress through the intricacies of the shallow waters.

"Courage, bold hearts!" cried Giovanni to his people; "they are ours! We shall soon be upon them. They cannot now escape us!"

The eye of the youthful leader brightened with the expectation of the struggle. His exulting, eager voice declared the strength and confidence of his soul, and cheered the souls of all around him. The sturdy oarsmen "gave way" with renewed efforts. The knights prepared their weapons for the conflict. Giovanni signaled the other galleys by which his own was followed.

"I am for the red flag of Pietro Barbaro himself. I know his banner. Let your galleys grapple with the rest. Cross their path—prevent their flight, and bear down upon the strongest. Do your parts, and fear not but we shall do ours."

With these brief instructions, our captain led the way with the Venetian galleys. The conflict was at hand. It came. They drew nigh and hailed the enemy. The parley was a brief one. The pirates could hope no mercy, and they asked none. But few words, accordingly, were exchanged between the parties, and these were not words of peace.

"Yield thee to the mercy of St. Mark!" was the stern summons of Giovanni, to the pirate-chief.

"St. Mark's mercy has too many teeth!" was the scornful reply of the pirate. "The worthy saint must strike well before Barbaro of Istria sues to him for mercy."

With the answer the galleys grappled. The Venetians leapt on board of the pirates, with a fury that was little short of madness. Their wrath was terrible. Under the guidance of the fierce Giovanni, they smote with an unforgiving vengeance. It was in vain that the Istrutes fought as they had been long accustomed. It needed something more than customary valor to meet the fury of their assailants. All of them perished. Mercy now was neither asked nor given. Nor, as it seemed, did the pirates care to live, when they beheld the fall of their fearful leader. He had crossed weapons with Giovanni Gradenigo, in whom he found his fate. Twice, thrice, the sword of the latter drove through the breast of the pirate. Little did his conqueror conjecture the import of the few words which the dying chief gasped forth at his feet, his glazed eyes striving to pierce the deck, as if seeking some one within.

"I have, indeed, had thee in my arms, but—"

There was no more—death finished the sentence! The victory was complete, but Giovanni was wounded. Pietro Barbaro was a fearful enemy. He was conquered, it is true, but he had made his mark upon his conqueror. He had bitten deep before he fell.

The victors returned with their spoil. They brought back the captured brides in triumph. That same evening preparations were made to conclude the bridal ceremonies which the morning had seen so fearfully arrested. With a single exception, the original distribution of the "brides" was persevered in. That exception, as we may well suppose, was Francesca Ziani. It was no longer possible for her unnatural parents to withstand the popular sentiment. The Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, was particularly active in persuading the reluctant mother to submit to what was so evidently the will of destiny. But

for the discreditable baseness and cowardice of Ugo Barberigo, it is probable she never would have yielded. But his imbecility and unmanly terror at the moment of danger, had been too conspicuous. Even his enormous wealth could not save him from the shame that followed; and however unwillingly the parents of Francesca consented that she should become the bride of Giovanni, as the only proper reward for the gallantry which had saved her, and many more, from shame.

But where was Giovanni? His friends have been dispatched for him; why comes he not? The now happy beyond her hope, awaits him at the altar. And still he comes not. Let us go back for a moment to the moment of his victory over the pirate-chief. Barbaro lies before him in the agonies of death. His sword it is which has sent the much dreaded outlaw to his last account. But he himself is wounded—wounded severely, but not mortally by the blow whom he has slain. At this moment he received a blow from the axe of one of the brothers of Barbaro. He had strength left barely to behold and to shout his victory, when he sunk fainting upon the deck of the pirate vessel. His further care devolved upon his friend, Nicolo, who had followed his footsteps closely through all the paths of danger. In a state of stupor he lies upon the couch of Nicolo, when the aged prophetess, the "Spanish Gipsy," appeared beside his bed.

"He is called," she said. "The Doge demands his presence. They will bestow upon him his bride, Francesca Ziani. You must bear him thither."

The surgeon shook his head.

"It may arouse him," said Nicolo. "We can bear him thither on a litter, so that he shall feel no pain."

"It were something to wake him from this apathy," mused the surgeon. "Be it as thou wilt."

Thus, grievously wounded, was the noble Giovanni borne into the midst of the assembly for each member of which he had suffered and done so much. The soft music which played around, awakened him. His eyes unclosed to discover the lovely Francesca, tearful, but hopeful, bending fondly over him. He declared herself his. The voice of the Doge confirmed the assurance; and the eye of the dying man brightened into the life of a new and delightful consciousness. Eagerly he spoke; his voice was but a whisper.

"Make it so, I pray thee, that I may live!"

The priest drew nigh with the sacred unction. The marriage service was performed, and the hands of the two were clasped in one.

"Said I not?" demanded an aged woman, who approached the moment after the ceremonial, and whose face was beheld by none but him whom she addressed. "She is thine!"

The youth smiled, but made no answer. His hand drew that of Francesca closer. She stooped to his kiss, and whispered him, but he heard her not. With the consciousness of the sweet treasure that he had won after such sad denial, the sense grew conscious no longer—the lips of the youth were sealed

for ever. The young Giovanni, the bravest of the Venetian youth, lay lifeless in the embrace of the scarcely more living Francesca. It was a sad day, after all, in Venice, since its triumph was followed by so great a loss; but the damsels of the ocean city still declare that the lovers were much more blest in this fortune, than had they survived for the embrace of others less beloved.

[The touching and romantic incident upon which this little tale is founded, has been made use of by Mr. Rogers, in his poem of "Italy." It is one of those events which enrich and enliven, for romance, the early histories of most states and nations that

ever arrive at character and civilization. It occurs in the first periods of Venetian story, about 932, under the Doge Candiano II. I have divided my sketch into *five* parts, having originally designed a dramatic piece with the same divisions. That I have since thought proper to write the tale in the narrative and not the dramatic form, is not because of any insusceptibility of the material to such uses. I still think that the story, as above given, might easily and successfully be dramatized, giving it a mixed character—that of the melo-dramatic opera, and only softening the close to a less tragical denouement.]

ODE TO THE MOON.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

I.

MYRIADS have sung thy praise,
Fair Dian, virgin-goddess of the skies!
And myriads will raise
Their songs, as time yet onward flies,
To thee, chaste prompter of the lover's sighs,
And of the minstrel's lays!
Yet still exhaustless as a theme
Shall be thy name—
While lives immortal Fame—
As when to people the first poet's dream
Thy inspiration came.

II.

None ever lived, or loved,
Who hath not thine oblivious influence felt—
As if a silver veil hid outward things,
While some bright spirit's wings
Mysteriously moved
The world of fancies that within him dwelt—
Regent of Night! whence is this charm in thee,
That sways the human soul with potent witchery?

III.

When first the infant learns to look on high,
While twilight's drapery his heart appals,
Thy full-orbed presence captivates his eye;
Or when, 'mid shadows grim upon the walls,
Are sent thy pallid rays,
'T is awe his bosom fills,
And trembling joy that thrills
His tiny frame, and fastens his young gaze:
Thy spell is on that heart,
And childhood may depart,
But it shall gather strength with youthful days;
For oft as thou, capricious moon!
Shalt wax and wane,
He, now perchance a love-sick swain,
Will watch thee at night's stilly noon,
Pouring his passion in an amorous strain:
Or, with the mistress of his soul—
Lighted by thy love-whispering beams—
In some secluded garden stroll,
Bewildered in ambrosial dreams;
Nor once suspect, while his full pulses move,
That thou, whom tides obey, may'st turn the tide of love!

IV.

The watcher on the deep—
Though weary be his eye—
Forgets even drowsy sleep,
When thou art in the sky!
For with thine image on the silvery sea
A thousand forms of memory
Whirl in a mazy dance;
And when he upward looks to thee,
In thy far-reaching glance
There is a sacred bond of sympathy
'Twixt sea and land;
For on his native strand
That glance awakens kindred souls
To kindred thought,
And though the deep between them rolls,
Hearts are together brought;
While tears that fall from eyes at home,
And those that wet the sailor's cheek,
From the same sacred fountains come—
The same emotion speak.

V.

The watcher on the land—
Who holds the burning hand
Of one whom scorching fever wastes—
Beholds thee, orient moon!
With reddened face, expanded in the east,
Till Superstition chills his breast,
While tremulous he hastes
To draw the curtains as thou journeyest on:
But when the far-spent night
Is streaked with dawning light,
Again, to look on thee,
He lifts the drapery,
And hope divine now triumphs over fear,
As in the zenith far
A pale, small orb thou dost appear,
While eastward rises morn's resplendent star!
And Fancy sees the passing soul ascend
Where thy mild glories with the azure blend.

VI.

Even on the face of Death thou lookest calm,
Fair Dian! as when watchful thou didst keep
Love's holy vigils o'er Endymion's sleep,
Drinking the breath of youth's perpetual balm.

Thy beams are kissing now
 The icy brow
 Of many a youth in slumber deep,
 Who cannot yield to thee
 The incense of Love's perfumed breath,
 For no response gives Death!
 Ah, 'tis a fearful sight to see
 Thy lustre on a human face
 Where the Promethean spark has left no trace,
 As if it shone upon
 The marble cold,
 Of that famed ruin old—
 The grand, but empty Parthenon!

VII.

Dian, enchantress of all hearts!
 While mine in song now worships thee,
 From thy far-shooting bow the silver darts
 Fall thick and fast on me:
 Oh, beautiful in light and shade,
 By thee is this fair landscape made!
 Gems sparkle on the river's breast—
 Now covered by an icy vest—
 Upon the frozen hills
 A regal glory shines!
 And all the scene, as Fancy wills,
 Shifts into new designs.
 Yet night is still as Death's unbroken realms,
 And solemnly thy light, wan orb, is cast
 Through the arched branches of these reverend elms,

As though it through the Gothic windows pass
 Of some old abbey or cathedral vast.

VIII.

In awe my spirit kneels—
 And seems before a hallowed shrine;
 Yet not the majesty of Art it feels,
 But Nature's law divine—
 The presence of her mighty Architect!
 Who piled these pyramidal hills sublime,
 That still, pure moon, thy radiance will reflect
 And still defy the crumbling touch of Time
 Who built this temple of gigantic trees,
 Where Nature's worshippers repair
 To pray the heart's unuttered prayer,
 Whose veiled thought the great Omniscient se

IX.

Oh, I could wonder, and adore
 Religious Night! and thee, her queen!
 Till golden Phoebus should restore
 His splendor to the scene!
 But the same natural laws control
 Thy motions and the poet's will;
 So, that while tireless roves the soul,
 This actual life must weary still.
 And oh, inspirer of my song!
 While close these eyes upon thy beams,
 Watching, amid thy starry throng,
 Be thou the goddess of my dreams.

MY BIRD.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

RING out, ring out, thy clear sweet note!
 Art longing to be free—
 To break thy bars and heavenward float?
 My bird, this may not be.

Thou ne'er hast known another home
 Than in that cage of thine,
 And shouldst thou from its shelter roam,
 Where meet a love like mine?

When the gay wealth of leaves and flowers
 Wreathes every fragrant bough,
 And hides thee all the summer hours
 From noontide's sultry glow—

And when the limpid grass-fringed brook
 Reflects thy yellow wing,
 And thou may'st seek each quiet nook
 Where sweets are blossoming—

And warble there the cheerful song
 That oft has charmed mine ear,
 Thou might'st, those leafy shades among,
 Be happier far than here.

But when sad Autumn sheds abroad
 The stillness of decay,

And leaves beneath the feet are trod
 Where young winds love to play—

When icy chains the streams have bound,
 Gems hang from every tree,
 And but the snow-bird skims the ground,
 Where would my trembler flee?

Ah, fold thy wing and rest thee there,
 Nor trust deceitful skies,
 Though balmy now the gentle air,
 Dark tempests will arise.

And Freedom! 't is a glorious word!
 But should the rude winds come,
 Then wouldst thou wish, my warbling bird,
 For thine own quiet home.

My bird! I too would take my flight,
 I long to soar away
 To those far realms where all is bright,
 Where beams an endless day.

I may not tread a holier sphere,
 I may not upward move,
 But bound like thee, I linger here
 And trust a Father's love.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE RINGLET.

BY GIFTIN.

CHAPTER I.

IF to be seated, on a bright winter's day, before a glowing fire of anthracite, with one's feet on the fender, and one's form half-buried in the depths of a cushioned easy-chair, holding the uncut pages of the last novel, be indeed the practical definition of happiness, then Emma Leslie was to be envied as she sat thus cosily, one afternoon, listening to an animated discussion going on between an elderly lady and gentleman on the opposite side of the fire-place. The discussion ran on a grave subject—a very grave subject—one which has puzzled the heads of wise men, and turned the wits of weak ones. But though the argument grew every moment more close and earnest, the fair listener had the audacity to laugh, in clear, silvery tones, that told there was not one serious thought in her mind, as she said,

"Nay, good uncle, a truce to these generalities. If, as I imagine, all this talk upon woman's rights and woman's duties has been for my special edification, pray be more explicit and tell me what part I am to play in the general reform you propose?"

The gentleman thus addressed looked up at this interruption, and replied in a tone slightly acidified,

"For your benefit also has been your Aunt Mary's clear exposition of what woman may and should be. Perhaps you will profit as much by her suggestions as you seem to do by mine."

"Do not give me up as incorrigible just as I am coming to be taught how to be good," said Emma, with mock gravity. "With regard to this subject of temperance, of which you were just speaking, and upon which you say woman has so much influence, what shall I do? How can I reclaim the drunkard while I move in a circle where the degraded creatures are not admitted. They will not be influenced by a person who has no feelings or sympathies in common with them, even were it proper for me to descend to their level in order to help them."

"That may be. The tide of gay and fashionable life sweeps over and buries in oblivion the ruin its forms and ceremonies help to make. Yet there are some you might reach. Some who are just beginning to sink, and whom men cannot influence because they are too proud to own their danger."

"How less likely, then, would a woman be to influence them," replied Emma. "You know how men try to conceal their vices and foibles from us."

"True, but yet men do not suspect the weaker sex of doubting their power to reform themselves, and are therefore more willing to be advised and persuaded by them to abandon their bad habits, which have not yet become fixed vices. Woman's intuitive perception of what should be said, and the right moment to say it, men rarely possess; and this gives

your sex a superiority over ours in the work of reform. Yet, alas! how often is this influence employed to lure the wandering feet further and further from the path of virtue."

"Beware, uncle, I'll have no slander," replied Emma, half vexed.

"It is not slander. How often have I seen you, Emma, with smiles and gay words, sipping that which, however harmless to you, is poison to some of your thoughtless companions. Were you pure in word and deed from all contamination in that behalf, how different would be your influence. Yet you refused to join the Temperance Society I am endeavoring to establish in our neighborhood."

"But you know," said Emma, with a proud curl of her ruby lip, "that I am in no danger. Why should my name be mixed with the common herd?"

"That is false pride, unworthy a true-hearted woman. To refuse to aid a reforming movement that will assist thousands, simply because it will not benefit you, because you do not need its help. I did not think you so selfish."

"I am not selfish. You shall not call me such ugly names," replied the niece, striving to turn the conversation from the serious turn it had taken. "You know very well it is only my humility that speaks. I don't think women have any right to form societies and make laws. All that honor and glory I am willing to leave to men, and only ask for my sex the liberty of doing as they please in the humble station assigned to them by the 'lords of creation.' You may rule the world, and give orders, and we will—break them."

"Yes," said her uncle, rising to go, "you will break them, indeed—break all laws of justice, honor and humanity in your giddy course."

"Nay," said Emma, rising and holding his hands in hers as he was about to leave the room,

"Put down your hat, don't take your stick, Now, prithee, uncle, stay."

I will not let you go thinking me so naughty and saucy. Don't look so sober, or I shall certainly cry, and you know you hate scenes. I am really half convinced by your arguments, but were I to sign the pledge, what good would it do. I have no desire to go about with a sermon on my lips, and a frown on my brow, to bestow on all the luckless wights who 'touch, taste or handle.' It is not genteel to scold, and I fancy they might think me impertinent were I to advise. Who is there among my acquaintance who would not resent my interference with their habits in this respect?"

"There is your cousin, Edward," replied her uncle, seating himself again. "You know well how to lead him in your train through all kinds of fun and

folly, perhaps you might induce him to sign the temperance pledge."

"But Edward is strictly temperate. He rarely takes even wine."

"True, and I don't think him in danger of becoming less so. But his position in society gives him great influence over the young men with whom he associates; and some who follow his example in refusing to sign the pledge, are unable to follow him in controlling their appetites."

"There is young Saville, too," said Aunt Mary. "It is whispered among his friends, that unless something arrests his course, he will ere long be ruined."

A flush passed over Emma's beautiful face as, in a tone of surprise and horror, she exclaimed, "What, George Saville! with his genius and eloquence—is he a slave to that vice?"

"They say," replied her aunt, "that much of his fiery eloquence arises from the fumes of brandy, and the sparkling wit that makes him so delightful is caught from the bubbles that dance on the wine-cup. When the excitement, thus produced, passes away, he is dull and spiritless."

"And will no one warn him—no one save him?" said Emma, thoughtfully.

"Who can do it so well as yourself?" said her uncle. "Is he not one of the worshipers at your shrine? Of what avail is it to be young and beautiful and wealthy, if the influence such accidents give be not employed in the cause of truth and virtue?"

Emma did not reply, and her uncle left the room, where she remained a long time in deep thought, roused and startled by the new ideas presented to her mind, for giddy and thoughtless as she seemed, she possessed a mind and heart capable of deep feeling and energetic action.

The same evening she was seated by the piano, drawing thence a flood of melody, while her Cousin Edward and George Saville stood beside her. But the attention of the latter seemed more absorbed by the fair musician than by the sweet sounds produced by her flying fingers; and directing his companion's attention to the soft brown hair that fell in long, shining ringlets around her pure brow, and over her snowy neck, he said, in a tone intended to reach his ear alone,

"What would you give to possess one of those curls?"

Low as were the words, Emma heard them, and pausing suddenly, said, "What would *you* give?"

"Any thing—every thing," said the young man, eagerly.

"Would you give your liberty—would you bind yourself to do my bidding?" asked the maiden, in a tone in which playful gayety strove to hide a deeper feeling.

"The liberty to disobey your will, lady, has long been lost," replied Saville, with a glance that well-nigh destroyed Emma's self-possession. "It were a small matter to acknowledge it by my vow."

"On that condition it is yours," said Emma, while the rich blush that mantled cheek and brow, made her

more beautiful than ever as she severed from her queenly head one of the longest of the luxuriant tresses with which nature had adorned it.

"Ma belle Emma," interposed Edward as she did this, "I cannot allow of such partiality. Let me take the oath of allegiance and gain an equal prize."

"Will you dare?" replied Emma, gayly. "Will you bow your haughty spirit to do my bidding? Beware, for when you have vowed, you are completely in my power."

"And a very tyrant you will be, no doubt, for queen, yet I accept the vow. Royalty needs no disciples when there are so many deserters."

"Kneel, then, Cousin Edward, and you also, Mr. Saville, and rise Knights of the Ringlet, bound to serve in all things the will of your sovereign lady." So saying, she placed half the ringlet on the shoulder of each gentleman, as they knelt in mock humility before her. Some unutterable feeling seemed to compel Saville to *look* the thanks he would have spoken, but Edward, with a conscious privacy, seized her hand, and kissing it, exclaimed, as he threw himself into "an attitude,"

"Thy will, and thine alone,
For ever and a day,
By sea and land, through fire and flood,
We promise to obey."

CHAPTER II.

About a month after, Edward and his companions themselves listening to the eloquent appeals of a well-known temperance lecturer. He dwelt upon the woes and ruins of intemperance, and the responsibility of every one who did not do all in his power to remedy the evil. At the close of the lecture the pledge was passed among the audience. When it came to where they were sitting, Emma took it, and offering Edward her pencil, whispered, "Let the Knight of the Ringlet perform his vow." He looked at her inquiringly. She traced her own name beneath those written there, and bade him do the same. For an instant he hesitated, and was half offended with her for the stratagem, but good sense and politeness both forbade a refusal, and he complied.

It was a more delicate task to exert the same influence over the proud and sensitive George Saville, but at length the opportunity occurred.

One evening, as he mingled with the gay group that filled the splendid drawing-rooms of the fashionable Mrs. B——, one of his acquaintances came up and filling two glasses with wine that stood on the marble side-table, offered one to him. As he was raising it to his lips, a rose-bud fell over his shoulder into the glass, and a voice near him said, in low musical tones, "Touch it not, Knight of the Ringlet. I command you by this token;" and turning, he saw Emma standing beside him. As she met his gaze she passed her delicate hand through the dark curls that shaded her lovely face, and shaking her fingers him impressively, was lost in the crowd. Saville stood looking after her with a bewildered air, as if lost in thought, until the laugh of his companion recalled him to himself. "Excuse me," he said,

putting down the glass. "You saw the spell flung over me, I am under oath to obey the behests of beauty."

Emma watched him through the evening, but he seemed to avoid her, and appeared thoughtful and sad. They did not meet again until at a late hour; she was stepping into her carriage to return home, when suddenly he appeared at her side and assisting her into it, entreated, "Fair queen, permit the humblest of your most loyal subjects the honor of escorting you to the palace." She assented, and the carriage had no sooner started than in a voice, trembling with earnestness, he added, "and permit me to ask if your command this evening was merely an exercise of power, or did a deeper meaning lie therein?"

"I did mean to warn you," said Emma, gently, "that there was poison in the glass—slow, perchance, but sure."

"And do you think *me* in danger, Miss Leslie?"

"I think all in danger who do not adopt the rule of total abstinence; and, pardon me, if I say that with your excitable temperament, I imagine you to be in more than ordinary peril."

There was a long pause. When he spoke again his tones were calmer.

"I did not imagine I could ever become a slave to appetite. Often, while suffering from the fatigue induced by writing, I have taken brandy, and been revived by it. Sometimes before going to speak in public I have felt the need of artificial stimulus to invigorate my shattered nerves. Do you think that improper indulgence?"

"Do you not find," said Emma, "that this lassitude returns more frequently, and requires more stimulus to overcome it than formerly?"

"It is true," said he, thoughtfully; "yet I often speak with more fluency when under such excitement than I can possibly do at other times."

"Once it was not so," said Emma, kindly.

"Very true, but this kind of life wears on my system. I cannot get through with my public duties without help of this kind."

"Does not this show," replied Emma, "that you have already somewhat impaired those noble powers with which you are endowed. Would it not be far nobler as well as safer to trust solely to yourself than to depend on the wild excitement thus induced?"

"It does, indeed; fool that I have been to think myself secure. But, thank heaven! I am yet master. I can control myself if I choose."

By this time they had arrived at the door of Miss Leslie's mansion.

"Let me detain you one moment," said Saville, as they stood upon the steps, "to ask you if you have heard others speak of this. Tell me truly," he added, as she hesitated. "Do the public know that I am not always master of myself?"

"I have heard it intimated you were injuring yourself in this way," replied Emma, in a low voice, doubtful how the intelligence would be received.

"And you," said the young man, fervently, "you were the kind angel who interposed to save me from

the precipice over which I have well-nigh fallen. Be assured the warning shall not be in vain. A thousand thanks for this well-timed caution," he added, more cheerfully, as they parted, "the Knight of the Ringlet will not forget his vow."

For a few moments the joyous excitement of his spirit continued, as he thought of the interest in him which her conversation and actions had that evening evinced. But when the door closed and shut her fairy form from his sight, a shadow fell over his heart. Other feelings arose and whispered that after all it was but pity that actuated her. Love—would she not rather despise his weakness that had need of such a caution? Then came a sense of wounded pride, an idea that his confession had humbled him before her, and ere he reached his home he had become so deeply desponding that he was meditating taking passage for England, and doing a thousand other desperate things, so that he never again might see the gentle mistress who, he had persuaded himself, regarded him with pity that was more akin to disgust than love.

A letter received the next morning calling him into the country for a week, prevented his executing his rash designs; but a feeling, unaccountable even to himself, made him shun the places where he was accustomed to meet Emma, and made him miserable, till three or four weeks afterward, merely by accident, he found himself seated opposite to her at a concert. Was it fancy, or did she look sad and thoughtful; and why did her eye roam over the crowd, as if seeking some one it found not. So he thought to himself, till suddenly, in their gazing, his eyes met hers. Instantly she turned away, and then in a moment after, gave him an earnest, inquiring glance, full of troubled thought. At that look the demon which tormented him vanished, and a flood of inexpressible love filled his soul. He could not go to her, hemmed in as he was by the audience; but he did not cease looking at her through the evening. In vain; she gave no second look or sign of consciousness of his presence.

"She is offended with me," he soliloquized, as he went homeward; "and no wonder. How like a fool I have acted. I will go to her to-morrow and tell her all."

In the morning he called, but others had been before him, and the drawing-room was well supplied with loungers. He staid as long as decency would permit; but Miss Leslie was not at all cordial in her manner toward him, and the "dear five hundred friends" kept coming and going, so that no opportunity offered for the explanation. "I will go again this evening," said he to himself; and so he did. Emma stood at the window, beside a stand of magnificent plants, whose blossoms filled the room with fragrance. The lamps had not been lighted, and the moonlight fell like a halo of glory around her, as she stood in sad reverie that cast a pensive shade over her face, usually so brilliant in its beauty. So absorbed was she, that she did not hear the door open, and was unconscious of Saville's presence till he was at her side.

"You received me coldly, fair lady, this morning,

so that I came back to see if you are offended with me," said he, as she turned to receive him.

"And I, in my turn, ask you the same question, or else why have you absented yourself so long?"

"I was not offended—ah, no!" said Saville, dropping the tone of forced gayety in which he had at first spoken, "but can you not understand why I have thus exiled myself? Did you not know it was that I feared you might despise me—you from whom more than from any one else I desired esteem, admiration—*love*." The last word was spoken in a lower tone, and he looked at her appealingly, as if to ask forgiveness for having uttered it. For one instant he met the gaze of Emma's dark blue eyes, and he must have read something there he did not expect to find, for the expression of his own changed into one so hopeful and earnest that Emma's sunk beneath its light. And when he drew Emma into a seat be-

side him, and in a few rapid words told her fact she knew before, how long and how he had loved her. I do n't know what she said to me, reader, I came away then.

But I do know that one morning, six months after, some carriages went from Mr. Leslie's manse to the church, and came back filled with a party! most auspiciously happy, and that some hours later, as Edward was conducting his Cousin Emma in a traveling carriage, which stood at the door, he said to her, "So you and Saville have changed positions, and are henceforth to obey. What a tyrant I was when I was in his place. Pray does this morning cancel former obligations?"

"The contract is unbroken," said Saville, smiling for his bride, and producing a locket containing a ringlet—"here is the token that renders this perpetual."

A REQUIEM IN THE NORTH.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Speed swifter, Night!—wild Northern Night,
Whose feet the Arctic islands know,
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,
Gird the complaining shores of snow!
Send all thy winds to sweep the world
And howl in mountain-passes far,
And hang thy banners, red and cold,
Against the shield of every star!

For what have I to do with morn,
Or Summer's glory in the vales—
With the blithe ring of forest-horn,
Or beckoning gleam of snowy sails?
Art thou not gone, in whose blue eye
The fleeting Summer dawned to me?—
Gone, like the echo of a sigh
Beside the loud, resounding sea!

Oh, brief that time of song and flowers,
Which blessed, through thee, the Northern Land!
I pine amid its leafless bowers,
And on the black and lonely strand.
The forest walls the starry bloom,
Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor,
But down my spirits aisles of gloom
Thy love shall blossom nevermore!

And nevermore shall battled pines
Their solemn triumph sound for me,
Nor morning fringe the mountain-lines,
Nor sunset flush the hoary sea;
But Night and Winter fill the sky,
And load with frost the shivering air,
Till every gust that hurries by
Chimes wilder with my own despair.

The leaden twilight, cold and long,
Is slowly settling o'er the wave;
No wandering blast awakes a song
In naked boughs above thy grave.
The frozen air is still and dark;
The numb earth lies in icy rest;
And all is dead, save this one spark
Of burning grief, within my breast.

Life's darkened orb shall wheel no more
To Love's rejoicing summer back:
My spirit walks a wintry shore,
With not a star to light its track.
Speed swifter, Night! thy gloom and frost
Are free to spoil and ravage here;
This last wild requiem for the lost
I pour in thy unheeding ear!

DEATH.

BY GEORGE S. BURLINGH.

Why mourn the perished glories of the past?
Why wrong with murmurs Death's paternal care?
Sire of immortal Beauty, from his vast
Embrace with Infinite Life, spring all things fair
And good and wonderful: Ye are not cast,
Like wailing orphans, on the desert bare,
To cry and perish. Life comes everywhere

With Mother-love, and strong Death garners fast
His bounty for her board; for all which live
His tireless hands the harvest sow and reap,
He feeds alone those lily breasts which give
New strength to all on Life's white arms that lean
Fear not, sweet babes, in his thick mantle furled
Now lulled asleep, to wake in a new splendor

THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812—15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

(Concluded from page 196.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Raker in a Calm.

A LONG calm, usually so tiresome to sailors, but considered most fortunate by Lieutenant Morris, succeeded the events just narrated. He was constantly in the society of the beautiful Julia Williams, and the impression first made upon him by her surpassing beauty rapidly deepened into a devoted love. Wholly absorbed in his passion, he cared not how long his little brig lay with flapping sails upon the water waiting for the wind. Julia was by no means indifferent to his addresses, so ardent and yet so respectful. She already loved the gallant young sailor, though she hardly even suspected it herself, yet why did she so love the long evening walk with him upon the deck of the brig? Why did her eye grow brighter, and her heart beat faster, whenever he entered the little cabin? Such feelings she had for him as she had never felt before, though one of her beauty could hardly have been without lovers in her native land. She loved to hear him talk of his own home in the far west—of the clear blue skies of America. She even began to think that her country was wrong in the quarrel then existing between the two nations, though the young officer touched but lightly upon the subject, not deeming it matter of interest to a lady's ears. Yes, Lieutenant Morris had a strange influence over Julia, and she wondered why it was, but she could not be in love with him, O, no!

The disastrous events which had so effectually prevented Mr. Williams from prosecuting his voyage to the Indies were matters of deep regret to the worthy merchant, and his brow was continually clouded with care. Julia was not so much engrossed with her passion for the young lieutenant that she did not perceive this, but as she saw no way to console her father, she only strove by her own cheerfulness to impart a greater degree of contentment to him. As for John, he seemed both happy and proud. He was once more in safety, and he bore honorable wounds to show in proof of his valor. His stories of his own achievements when he so gallantly made his escape from the pirate each day grew more and more marvelous. He was especially fond of narrating this exploit to his friend Dick Halyard, to whom he endeavored to convey the impression that he had fought his way overboard from the deck of the pirate, and for want of a boat had boldly set sail upon a plank over the dangerous deep.

"Crikey! Dick, if ever I get back to old Lonnon agin, how the women will love me when I tell 'em how I fought them bloody pirates."

John had never read Shakspeare, or he might have said with Othello, that they would love him,

"For the dangers I have passed."

Dick, who as the reader already knows was somewhat of a wag in his way, was not at all disposed to allow John to retain this self-conceited idea of his own valor, and determined to convince him before the belief got too strongly settled in his mind, that he was as much a coward as ever.

With this praiseworthy intention he waited till the middle watch of the night, when John was comfortably snoozing in his hammock, to which he had become somewhat accustomed. Dick suddenly awoke him.

"John, roll out, the pirates are on us again."

John jumped from his hammock, thoroughly awakened by the dreadful word.

"O lud! Dick, where can I hide myself?"

"Why, we must fight them off, John. You have now a chance to get another wound to show the girls in Lonnon. Come, be lively."

"O! Dick, here 's a box, let me get in here."

"Nonsense, man! take this cutlas, and here's a pair of pistols; come, we shall be too late for them."

"O! Dick, I can't fight."

"Can't fight! What was that yarn you told me this morning, how you killed two pirates on their own deck, and jumped overboard followed by a shower of balls."

"Dick, that was all a lie."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"I never fought in my life; I always run when any body tried to lick me, ever since I was a little boy."

"Well, I thought so, John. You can turn in again, and snooze till daylight."

"What, aint there no pirates on board us?"

"Not a one, ha! ha! ha! I only wanted to see how brave a fellow you were, so turn in."

"Thunder and lightning! Dick," said John, picking up the cutlas and brandishing it heroically, "you do n't think I 'm afraid of pirates do you?"

"O! no, not a bit of it."

"Of course I aint."

"I do n't think you are—I only know you are."

"Well now, you see, Dick, taint our business to

fight 'em if they was here; this ship belongs to the 'Mericans, and we haint got to fight for them, it's their own look out."

"Turn in, John."

"Thunder! if this 'ere was an English ship you 'd a seen me going into 'em."

"John, I say, do n't you tell me any thing more about your fighting the pirates, 'cause if you do, I'll tell the whole crew how I frightened you."

"Say nothing, Dick, and I wont lie to you any more."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Dick left John to his repose, and returned to the deck much pleased with the success of his stratagem.

"Confounded mean, that 'are, in Dick Halyard," thought John, as he tumbled into his hammock again.

"Now I never would a served him so—there aint nothing like true friendship in this world—at any rate there aint none out to sea—but never mind, I can tell the story to the girls in Lonnon, if I ever get there, and there wont be nobody to make a fool of me then—pirates, crikey! who cares, I aint afraid of 'em."

And John went to sleep, dreaming that he was sailing on a plank again, with any quantity of sharks following in his wake.

After several days a fine breeze filled the sails of the Raker; it did not come in consequence of the vast amount of grumbling, and perhaps of swearing, which the uneasy tars had given vent to, but from whatever cause it filled them with joy, and every countenance among them was lighted with pleasure. Captain Greene had so far recovered as to be able to reach the deck of his brig, and as his smart little craft walked off before the wind, he sat on the quarter-deck with a pleasant smile upon his weather-beaten countenance, conversing with Captain Horton and Mr. Williams. Each of the three old gentlemen held a short pipe in his mouth, and all seemed to be decidedly enjoying themselves.

"I say, Captain Greene," exclaimed the commander of the lost merchantman, "nobody would think our two countries here at war to see us now," and the worthy tar blew a long column of smoke from his mouth and laughed merrily.

"Truly not, and it don't seem more than half natural that we should be."

"Why, we English all think that the Americans cherish feelings of hatred toward us."

"Not a bit of it sir—there is, on the contrary, a strong feeling of attachment among us all for our mother country."

"Well, what are you fighting us for now then?"

"Because we think we have been wronged; your naval officers have time and again impressed our free-born American citizens, on board their own craft, though it was clearly shown that they owed no allegiance to the king."

"Well, if that is so, it looks wrong to be sure; I do n't know much about the war, but as an Englishman, I am bound to believe my country is in the right, some way or other, even if it looks otherwise."

"Of course, captain—at any rate, I do n't believe

we shall quarrel about it. Fill up again, captain; see your pipe is out."

"Thank you, I believe I will. Mr. Williams, do n't seem to feel as well as usual, you look a little gloomy."

"My thoughts just then were running upon great disappointment, in being so unfortunately prevented from proceeding to the Indies."

"The fortune of war, Mr. Williams," said Captain Horton, as he lit his pipe from the American commander's. "It's bad, I know, and I've lost a little brig as ever sailed out of London, and I know as I shall ever get another, even if I ever come home to old England again. Speaking of that, Captain Greene, do you hold us prisoners of war, how?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the captain. "If I'd ordered your brig before that pirate fell a-foul of you, why, then, it would have been a different thing; I shiver my timbers, if I ever make war against a ship's crew in distress. No, no—I picked you up at sea, and I do n't consider you at all in the light of enemies. I will set you adrift again the first chance I have."

"Not on a raft, I hope, Captain Greene, ha! ha!"

"No, but I shall lay the Raker alongside of the first craft I see that sports a British flag; and when I have taken it, why I'll put you and your crew aboard and you may make the best of your way back to England."

"Suppose you should run a-foul of one of our frigates."

"Never fear that—the little Raker will take care of herself. She can out sail any thing that floats, and that we have sunk that bloody pirate. I do think that he could sail away from her. I always run to a vessel or run off from her, just as my spy-glass tells me I'd better do. You may depend on me to get old England again before a great while, Captain Horton, or I'm much mistaken."

"I shant be sorry to come within hail of her cliffs again, though I did not expect, two weeks that I should see them for many a long month."

Julia and Florette were seated in the little cabin below; the French girl was weeping bitterly. She had done little else since she had been removed from the privateer. Julia had in vain endeavored to console her; and rightly judging that it would be better to allow her grief to have full vent, she had several days done little but to see to all her wants and whisper an occasional word of cheerfulness and encouragement. She determined, however, on the morning to make another attempt to console the unfortunate girl.

"My dear Florette," said she, "why do you continually mourn; all that has happened cannot be remedied."

"I know it, lady."

"Then do not weep, Florette, you shall once see your native France; and you will be happy again."

"O, never, never! I have lost all that could make me happy!"

"You have been unfortunate, Florette, but you have not been guilty."

"Alas! I have been guilty; it is that which grieves me now more than aught else. No, I should have died rather than have suffered myself to become the pirate's mistress."

"Yet you were compelled, Florette."

"Ah! lady, *you* would not have been compelled; you would have sooner died—would you not?"

The flashing eye of Julia, and the warm flush that covered her cheek and neck, answered the poor girl. She would not trust herself to answer in words.

"I see you would, dear lady—and so should I have done. No, I am guilty. I could have saved my honor in the arms of death; the pirate's dirk lay on the table in my cabin—that would have saved me; the deep, deep sea was all around me—there, too, I might have found an honorable safety."

"My dear Florette, do not think of these things now. You are sorry for the past, whether you have done a great wrong, or a small, it is certainly not one which the good God cannot forgive."

"But the world will not; and, lady, I loved the pirate-captain; harsh as he was to all else, to me he was kind—and now he is dead. O! William, William!"

"Do not weep for him, Florette."

"I will try not to any more; but, lady, I shall never be happy again. I shall never again see the hills of sunny France. I feel that I shall not—but I will weep no more. I never close my eyes but the form of William appears to me. Last night I saw him. Oh! 't was a fearful dream; he seemed to me to rise from the ocean, close beside this brig, and standing on the blue water, he spoke to me, as I gazed from this cabin-window."

"Come, Florette," said he, "come with me to our home in the deep; beautiful are its coral chambers, and its floors are strewn with pearls. Soft is the radiance that lights its gorgeous halls, where the riches of a thousand wrecks are stored; the dolphins sport like living rainbows in the watery sky above it, and the huge leviathans guard its golden portals. Come, Florette, I wait for you, in our home in the deep."

Julia wept as she heard the plaintive tones of the poor girl.

"Florette, it was but a vision, do not think of it."

"Well, lady; yet I shall soon join my William—so my heart tells me. You will think of me when I am gone?"

"Often, very often, Florette; but you will soon be better."

Florette shook her head mournfully, and Julia, who saw she would not be comforted, left her to herself, and ascended to the deck. Lieutenant Morris was in a moment at her side, and in his conversation she soon forgot the unfortunate girl, who as soon as Julia had gone, threw herself upon a couch, and gave way to her cheerless thoughts; her eyes were closed, but ever and anon a large tear burst through the closed lids and rolled down the wasted cheeks, which already

the hectic flush, so fatally significant, had dyed with its lovely hue.

While the trio of old gentlemen kept up their smoking and conversation on one side of the companion-way, Lieutenant Morris and Julia took possession of the other. The young officer had not dared as yet to speak of his love to her, but he had not failed to evince it by every thing but words; and he felt assured that it was known to her, and not treated with indifference.

"Julia," said he, as they gazed out upon the beautiful waters flashing in the clear beams of the morning sun, "do you know that we must soon part?"

"I do not see how we can, Lieutenant Morris, unless you are going to take a cruise in the jolly boat."

"We shall soon, doubtless, fall in with some merchant vessel from your native country, as we are directly in their course, and then you and your father, with all the crew of the Betsy Allen, will be allowed to go on board of it, and return to England."

"Dear England, shall I so soon see it again?"

"And will you have no regret at leaving the Raker?"

"Why, is it not an enemy's vessel?"

"Not your enemy's."

"No, it is not; you have all been kind to us, and we shall feel as if we were parting with friends."

"Dear Julia," said the young officer, taking her hand in his, "you will not forget us? You will not forget *me*?" and he ventured to press the little hand he held in his own. It was not withdrawn. Encouraged in his advances, the young lieutenant was emboldened to proceed, and bending his head until he could gaze into the blushing countenance which was half averted from him, he made his first declaration of love, and his heart beat painfully as he awaited her answer.

"Julia, I love you."

He heard no answer from her lips, but he felt a pressure from the hand he still held in his own, and was happy.

"Will you be mine, Julia?"

Julia had no affectation in her character, and she frankly avowed that she loved the young lieutenant, but could not give him an answer until she had seen her father.

"I will be yours or no ones," said she; and releasing her hand, she glided below into the cabin.

Lieutenant Morris paced the deck in very pleasant companionship with his thoughts. He did not believe that Julia's father would strenuously oppose their marriage, if he saw that his daughter's happiness was concerned, though he might very naturally prefer that she should marry one of her own countrymen.

He was disturbed in his meditations by the cry of "sail ho!" from the foretop-cross-trees. He ordered the man at the helm to bear away for the strange craft. As the two vessels rapidly approached each other, she was soon hull above the water, and Morris perceived through his glass, that the stars and stripes floated at her mast-head. A thrill of pleasure, like that which one feels at meeting an old friend in a

distant land, shot through his veins. Signal-flags were shown and answered from each vessel, and the approaching sail proved to be the *Hornet*, of the American navy. Each of the two vessels were laid in stays as they drew near each other, and a boat from the privateer was soon alongside the *Hornet*, and after a while returned with several of the officers of the latter, who were desirous to pay their respects to the lady on board the privateer. They were all highly accomplished gentlemen, as well as gallant officers; and in after years, when Julia heard of the fate of the *Hornet* and her noble crew, she wept none the less bitterly that words of courtesy had passed between her and the officers of the devoted vessel, on the broad ocean, where such kindly greetings seldom were met or returned.

From the *Hornet* Lieutenant Morris heard that a convoy of merchantmen were not far to windward of him, protected by an English frigate.

"If you keep a bright eye open," said a gay young midshipman, as he stepped into the boat which was to reconvey him to his vessel, "you may cut out one or two of them, for they sail wide apart, and the frigate keeps heaving ahead, and laying-to for the lubberly sailers."

And with a touch of his hat, and a wave of his hand to the fair Julia, on whom his eye lingered as if she had reminded him of another as bright and fair as she, whom he had left behind him, the gallant boy sprang into the boat, and was soon upon his own deck, which he left only for the deep bosom of the ocean, when, not long afterward, the *Hornet* went down with all sail standing, and the stars and stripes at her mast-head, in the midst of a terrible storm, against which she could not stand. There were eyes that long looked anxiously for the return of the loved and lost—hearts that sighed, and spirits that sunk with the sickness of hope deferred; but there was no return for those who slept

"Full many a fathom deep,"
"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried!"

CHAPTER VIII.

FLORETTE.

In consequence of the information obtained from the *Hornet*, the head of the *Raker* was turned more to windward, in order to intercept the convoy of merchantmen; but, owing to miscalculations of their bearings, she lost them entirely, and after keeping her course several days, hauled up again, and bore off on her former track.

Florette had wasted away like a flower in mid-summer. Each succeeding hour seemed to bear off upon its wings some portion of her beauty and bloom, as the winds steal away the fragrance from the rose, and leave it at length withered and dying. Her mind seemed also to waste with her body—her brain was fevered, and the form of the pirate seemed to be always before her gaze.

The night had set in calm and beautiful, though the wind blew strong, and the waves were high, yet the heavens were cloudless, and the bright stars

glided along the upper deep, like bubbles of silver light.

Julia sat by the side of Florette, in the gazing with anxious melancholy upon her beautiful countenance, and striving to dispel wandering thoughts by her own counsel.

"Florette, you seem happier to-night?"

"O, yes! I am happier—do you not see his smiles upon me; his face is not dark to me. He beckons me to follow him!"

And rising, she began to ascend the steps from the cabin.

"Florette, where are you going?"

"With William."

Julia seized her hand and led her gently to her seat.

"Come, you are not well enough to go upon—let us talk of something else. Do you not see France again?"

"France, la belle France?" murmured the peasant.

"Yes, your own France."

"I see the home of my childhood; O, is beautiful! How full the vine-tree hangs with clustering grape, and the village girls are dark the green. I see myself among them—and smiling and happy; but, O! there is William dark he looks as he gazes through the vines up he beckons me away. I will come! I will come!"

Julia wept as she looked sorrowfully upon the wreck of happiness and beauty.

"My dear Florette, I hope you will not dance with your village girls beneath the low vines you seem to see."

"O, never, never! Did I not tell you I never see France again? No, no! I am faithful. William, he is impatient. See! he frowns! again she strove to break from Julia, but she herself to be restrained by the gentle violence of her companion.

"Come, Florette, will you not sleep?"

A gleam of intelligence seemed to pass across her countenance, and her eyes lighted as if with a resolve. She was too weak to escape from and with the cunning which so often characterizes the fevered mind, she determined to attain by dissimulation, what she saw could not be done otherwise.

"Yes, lady, I will sleep."

And with a smile upon her lips she closed her eyes, and wrapping her long scarf about her, lay back upon the couch.

Julia watched her long. In the dim light of the cabin-lamp she did not perceive that once those bright eyes were half opened, and fastened her impatiently.

Satisfied at length that she was asleep, gently left the cabin, and stole upon the deck, Lieutenant Morris anxiously awaited her.

The moment her light form vanished, she rose from her couch, and, with a triumphant gaze, gazed round the vacant cabin.

"There is no one here now, William, but you and I. Now I will go with you to your beautiful home in the sea. Stay a moment, let me arrange

toilette. I do not look as well as I did, William, or this glass deceives me; but it matters not, you look kindly on me still, and I am happy now—happier than I have been for a long time. There, William, I am ready!" and following the shadow of her imagination, she glided with a stealthy step to the deck.

Lieutenant Morris and Julia were slowly pacing the deck, with their heads bent forward, forgetful of every thing but themselves; a light step was heard close behind them, and the low rustling of garments. They turned to look, but too late; Florette sprung past them, her foot rested on the gunwale, and with the cry, "I follow you, William!" the form of the girl disappeared over the side of the brig.

Lieutenant Morris sprung forward, and the cry of "man overboard!" was heard from the look-out; the sails were immediately thrown a-back, and the boat lowered—but the body of Florette was not found. Her long scarf was picked up, stained with blood; the worthy tar shuddered as he gazed upon it.

"Jack, I told you that shark was not following us for nothing; he's been in our wake now these ten days. I knew somebody on board had got to go to Davy Jones's locker."

"Poor girl! but heave ahead, Bill, it's no use after this, you know."

Julia was terribly shocked at the dreadful fate of Florette, and retiring to the cabin, she wept sadly, and long, for the poor girl—this last victim of the scourge of the ocean, murdered no less by him than were the hundreds his bloody hand had struck dead with the sword. Even the rude seamen shed tears for the lost and ill-fated girl; and a silence like that of the death-chamber reigned on board the little brig, as it swept noiselessly over the waters. No class of people are more proverbially light-hearted and thoughtless than seamen. The sad event of the preceding night seemed to have passed from the memories of all on board the Raker with the morning's dawn—from all save Julia. She, indeed, often thought of the unfortunate Florette, and her eyes were red, as if from much weeping, long after the pirate's mistress had been forgotten by all others.

To Lieutenant Morris it was but an event in an eventful life, and if not wholly forgotten by him, yet slumbered in his memory with other deeds he had witnessed, as melancholy and appalling as the death of the poor girl—for his thoughts were too entirely occupied by his love for Julia, and the necessary duties of his station, to find room for other and sadder recollections.

Mr. Williams, who had just finished his morning glass, and with a pipe in his mouth, was reclining in the stern-sheets, a little melancholy, to be sure, but apparently wholly occupied in watching the long curls of smoke, which the wind bore off to leeward, to mingle with the purer air of ocean, was a little surprised when the young officer approaching him, requested a moment's conversation on business of importance.

"Certainly, sir."

"Mr. Williams, I am anxious to know if you approve of my attentions to your daughter?"

The old gentleman, who had been blind to the progress of the attachment between his daughter and Morris, seemed not to comprehend him, which his inquiring gaze evinced.

"Would you be willing to accept of me as a son-in-law, sir?"

The worthy merchant had just drawn in a mouthful of smoke as this question made the matter clear to him; the pipe fell from his lips, and no small quantity of the smoke seemed to have gone down his throat, as, instead of giving any intelligible answer to the proposition, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

The anxious lover folded his arms with a half smile upon his countenance, and waited till his desired information could be obtained.

"Whew! exclaimed the merchant; "excuse me, sir. Confound the smoke! I understand you, sir; but it took me by surprise. Have you said any thing to Julia about this?"

"She has herself referred me to you, if your answer is favorable, I shall have no reason to despair."

"Ah! has it gone so far as this?"

"I trust you do not regret it, sir."

"You are not an Englishman, Lieutenant Morris, I believe."

"Well, sir—that is one objection."

"You are an enemy of England, are you not?"

"I can't deny it, sir."

"Well, there's two objections—and I suppose I might find more; but it seems to me that's enough."

As the old gentleman said this with a very decided air, he picked up his pipe, and began filling it again.

"I do not think those are strong objections, sir; if I am not myself an Englishman, my forefathers were, and of good old English blood; and if I am an enemy of England, I am neither your enemy nor your daughter's."

"Well, that's all true, but it do n't look natural, somehow, that my daughter should marry an American."

"Such things have happened, however."

"I suppose likely; but, young man, I am not rich. What little I had was taken away by the pirate, and I hav'n't seen it since."

"I care nothing for that, sir."

"But I do."

"I mean, Mr. Williams, that my love for your daughter will not be influenced one way or the other by the riches or poverty of her father."

"You seem to be a whole-souled man, anyway, Lieutenant Morris; and if you were only an Englishman, you should have my daughter for that speech, if for nothing else, you should, by St. George! I recollect when I was rich, the young men were round Julia as thick as bees; and when I failed, Lord! how they scattered!"

"My dear sir, I am rich enough for us all; beside a large amount of prize-money, my family estate is not small."

This last remark seemed to produce a deeper effect upon the old gentleman than any thing that had been said.

"Well, well, boy, I will think of it."

Lieutenant Morris was wise enough to say no more at that time; he saw that he had nearly, if not quite, secured the old gentleman's assent; and leaving him, he went forward.

Mr. Williams followed his manly form with his eyes, as he stepped lightly over the deck.

"Pity he's not an Englishman—confounded pity. He's a fine-looking fellow—never saw a better; rich, too. Well, I'll go and talk with Julia. After all, it will be pretty much as she says about it, I suppose."

That same evening Julia told her lover that her father would not oppose their marriage after the war had closed, but that he was strongly opposed to its taking place any sooner."

"But it may last forever, Julia."

"Well, I hope not."

"If it does?"

"Why then I'll make father change his mind, I think."

Morris laughed, and clasped her to his bosom, the broad main-sail hid them from observation, and he impressed upon her lips a kiss, warm as his devoted love—not the first kiss of love, for he had been a poor suitor, indeed, if that had been the first. He then tried to persuade Julia that she and her father should remain with the Raker, and go with him to the States; but he did not expect compliance with this request, and soon desisted from it, devoting the remainder of the evening to such converse as was most delightful to him and Julia, but which, doubtless, would be uninteresting to all others.

He had been afraid each morning that he should hear the cry of "Sail in sight!" for he had lost his ambition in his love; and he knew that the first vessel they captured would be given to the crew of the Betsy Allen, and that with them Julia and her father would depart. It was with a feeling, then, that partook more of sadness than any other emotion, that he heard the long-expected cry.

The sail in sight proved to be an English merchantman, which, as she was a lazy sailer, was speedily overhauled. A gun brought her to. As if determined, however, not to surrender without a shot, she replied with as powerful a broadside as she could command, immediately striking her flag. The only effect of her fire was to frighten poor John, who had rashly remained upon deck. That courageous personage fell upon his face, so suddenly, that his friend, Dick Halyard ran to him, really supposing he was hit; there was, however, no other expression than that of fear in the upturned countenance of John.

"O, lud, Dick! you are safe—how many are killed?"

"You are the only one, I believe, John."

"Me? I aint hit, be I?"

"Pshaw, John, get up," said Mr. Williams, approaching him angrily; "don't you see every body is laughing at you?"

John rose slowly, anxiously eyeing the merchantman, as if ready to dodge the first flash.

"A fortunate escape, Dick."

"Yes, another adventure to tell the girls in London."

"Do n't now, Dick."

The merchantman was richly laden, and the English captain, who doubtless had his own interest in the cargo, actually shed tears as he saw the greater portion of it removed to the privateer. The crew of the latter could not but pity his distress, but they thought, and none could dispute the truth, that an English cruiser would have hardly been moved by the sorrow and complaints of one of their own captains, if he should fall into his hands. It was, moreover, in accordance with the law and usage of nations at war, and the English captain felt that he was kindly dealt with, when informed that he would be allowed to depart with his vessel, on condition of conveying a number of his own countrymen to the native shore. He contented himself, therefore, with cursing the war, and all who caused it. As a peaceful mariner, he neither knew why the two nations were at war, nor could he feel the justice of any laws which involved him in ruin while pursuing his avocation, content to let others do as if the same privilege could be extended to him.

Strong arguments have indeed been urged against the right of the system of privateering! It is a part of our task either to defend or to condemn; yet it would seem evident that, looking at it as a means of crippling an enemy more efficacious than any other that can be devised, thereby hastening return to peace, it cannot in its broadest sense be deemed unjust or cruel. Private individuals must suffer in every war, and fortune had ordered that the poor merchantman should be one of them. It would doubtless have been difficult to have persuaded him that he was suffering for the good of his country. He certainly did not look nor feel remarkably like a patriot, and would have much preferred not to be used as a means to accomplish the end of war and the restoration of peace between the two contending powers.

He received Captain Horton, his crew and passengers, however, with much affability, and when his ship had parted from the Raker, after cursing Yankees awhile in good old Saxon, his countenance was restored in great measure to its wonted expression of good humor.

Julia and Lieutenant Morris had parted sorrowfully, yet full of hope for the future. A heavy loss was also conveyed to the merchantman by order of Lieutenant Morris, who told Mr. Williams that he retained an equivalent for his loss by the privateer; it did indeed contain a sum in gold, which Mr. Williams would never have accepted had he had an opportunity to refuse. It produced on his mind precisely the effect which, without doubt, the young lieutenant intended that it should, awakening a sense of obligation, which would prevent his opposing strenuously the suit of the young American, which there was some reason to fear might be the case after he had been separated from him and returned to his own land.

In a short time the two vessels were out of

of each other. The merchantman reached England in safety, and Mr. Williams determined to remain there, inasmuch as he was heartily sick of adventures on the ocean; and the sum of money left in his hands by Lieut. Morris enabled him to form a good business connection in London. With this arrangement Julia also was pleased, as she felt sure that as soon as the war closed her lover would be at her feet, and that the end of hostilities would be peace and happiness to them, as well as to the contending nations.

CHAPTER IX.

The Arrow and the Raker.

The immense injury done to the English service by American privateers, no less than the splendid victories obtained by our regular navy, had at length awakened in the mind of our adversaries a proper respect for American prowess. They had learned that the stars and stripes shone upon a banner that was seldom conquered, and never disgraced. At this period of the war their attention was more particularly directed to the privateers, who seemed to be covering the sea. Almost every merchantman that sailed from an English port became a prize to the daring and active foe. The commerce of England was severely crippled, and anxious to punish an enemy who had so seriously injured the service, several frigates were fitted out to cruise especially against the American privateers; these were chosen with particular reference to their speed, and one which was the admiration of every sailor in the service, called the Arrow, had spoken the merchantman, just as it was entering the channel, a few days after its capture by the Raker. No definite information as to the present position of the privateer could be obtained from the merchantman, but having learned her bearings at the time she was lost sight of, the Arrow bent her course in the same direction, confident that if he could once come in sight of her he would find little difficulty in overhauling her.

It was a black, murky, windy day, with frequent gusts of rain, and a thick fog circumscribed the horizon, narrowing the view to a few miles in each direction. Toward evening the fog rose like a gathered cloud to westward, leaving that part of the horizon cloudless, and shedding down a bright light upon the waters. Had the look-out on the Arrow been on the alert he might have seen, directly under this clear sky, the topsails of the American privateer, but the honest sailor had just spliced the main-brace, and having deposited a huge quid of tobacco in his cheek, was lying over the cross-trees, in a state as completely *abandon* as a fop upon a couch in his dressing-room.

All on the Raker, however, were on the broad look out, they knew they were nearing the shores of England, and liable at any time to come within sight of an enemy's cruiser as well as merchantman.

Lieut. Morris had for some time been anxiously scanning the horizon with his glass, and had caught sight of the frigate's topsails almost as soon as the

fog lifted. As Captain Greene's wounds still in a great measure disabled him, the lieutenant still kept the command of the privateer. Unable to determine whether he had been seen by the frigate or not, he at once gave orders to bear off before the wind, hoping that even if such were the case, his little brig would prove superior in speed to the frigate.

As his brig wore off, with her white sails glittering in the flood of light, the worthy look-out on the Arrow had just raised his head to eject a quantity of the juice of the weed. His eyes caught sight of the sails as they rose and fell like the glancing wings of a bird; rubbing his eyes, he took another careful look, and then cried "sail in sight." The officer of the deck, as soon as he had got the bearings from the sailor, could plainly see her himself, and after swearing slightly at the look-out for not seeing her sooner, gave orders that all sail should be set in pursuit. As the fog rapidly lifted from the ocean, each vessel was able to determine the character of the other, and when the sun went down, leaving a cloudless sky, it was evident that the Arrow had gained on the privateer. Lieutenant Morris felt that his brig must be overhauled unless the wind should slacken. The breeze was now so powerful that, while it bore the frigate onward at its best speed, it prevented the privateer from making its usual way. Before a light breeze, Lieutenant Morris felt quite confident that he could sail away from any frigate in his majesty's service. He therefore calmly ordered every rag to be set that he thought the little brig would bear, and kept steadily on, trusting the wind would die away to a light breeze after the middle watch. It did indeed die away almost to a calm, and when the day broke, although the Raker had put a considerable distance between herself and the frigate, yet she lay in plain sight of her, the sails of both vessels flapping idly in the still air.

Morris knew that he must prepare for an attack from the frigate's boats, and consequently every gun on board was loaded with grape and canister, and carefully pointed; the captain of each gun receiving orders to be sure his first fire should not be lost, for that is always the most effective, and indeed often wins the battle, as many sea-fights will attest. Every sail was kept set, as this was a conflict in which it would be no disgrace for the privateer to run if favored by the wind.

The frigate had by this time lowered three boats, which were speedily filled by her brave seamen, and impelled by vigorous oarsmen toward the privateer. As it would occupy them nearly two hours to make the passage between the two vessels, the crew of the Raker paid no immediate attention to their progress, but quietly partook of their breakfast, and then girded themselves with their boarding cutlasses, and made ready to defend to the death the little bark they all loved so well.

Lieutenant Morris watched with some anxiety for the moment to give orders to fire. If he could cripple and sink two of the boats, he felt confident that he could beat off all who would then attempt to board, as that would reduce the number of his foe nearly

to his own number. The boats had now approached within half a mile of the privateer, evidently making vigorous efforts each to take the lead. All was silent on board the Raker, not the silence of fear, but of suspense. They looked with a feeling somewhat akin to pity upon the gallant seamen, many of whom were hurrying to death. Lieutenant Morris himself stood by the long gun, holding the match in his hand, and frequently taking aim over its long breech—another moment and the fatal volley would be sped, but even as he was about to apply the match, his quick eye saw the sails filling with the breeze, and with the true magnanimity of a generous heart he stayed his hand.

The light bark fell off gracefully before the wind, and in the hearing of the volley of curses, accompanied by a few musket-shots, from the boats, the graceful brig shot away from them, leaving them far in the wake. It was but a cap-full of wind, however, and again the privateer was motionless upon the calm waters. Alas for many a brave English heart! With a loud cheer from their crews the boats again came sweeping on.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted Morris, "bout ship or I'll blow 'you out of water."

He was answered by a musket-shot, which struck his right arm lifeless to his side, compelling him to drop the match. Another moment and the foremost boat would be inside the range of the gun, but with a cool courage which belongs only to the truly brave, Lieutenant Morris picked up the match with his left hand, and though his wounded arm pained him excessively, without hurry or confusion he waited the dreadful instant when the gun would cover the boat—then the heavy gun sent forth its smoke and deadly missiles—as the dense cloud lifted from around the brig, he saw how terrible had been its effect; the foremost boat was cut in pieces, and of its gallant crew only here and there was one able to struggle with the waves; most had sunk under the deadly volley. A few were picked up by the hindmost boat, the second having pressed on with the valor characteristic of English seamen; they were met, however, by a heavy fire from the starboard guns, which had been depressed so as to cover a particular range, and the second boat like the first was shattered to pieces. The third busied itself in picking up the crew, and then lay on its oars, as if aware of the folly of attempting to board ~~de~~ such a terrible fire. It is seldom indeed that a boat attack is successful against a well armed and expecting vessel, and the attempt on the part of the Arrow may justly be considered rash, and doubtless arose from a hope that fortune would favor the assault, rather than from a confidence in its success.

Lieutenant Morris had no desire to shed more blood, and he therefore, after giving orders to load the long gun, kept his position by it, with his match ready, but forbore to hail the boat, well aware that any thing like a taunt from him would bring the gallant crew forward even to certain death, and confident that a few moments reflection would convince the officer of the boat that, if he should make the

assault, he would more likely be a candidate for immortality than for promotion.

To such a conclusion did that worthy officer arrive, and having picked up all his wounded companions, his boat returned to the Arrow, the slow, heavy strokes of the oars showing how different were the feelings of those that held them, from the excited valor with which they pulled toward the privateer but a short hour before.

For the remainder of the day the two vessels held their relative positions, but the heavy clouds gathering over the western sky portended a storm of wind during the night, and the crew of the Raker felt no little anxiety, as they were well aware that the frigate being much the heaviest, would have every advantage over them in the chase. But there was but one way, and that was to run for it, not yielding till the last moment—for a sailor never yet sailed under the stripes and stars, that would not rather see his flag shot down by an enemy's ball, than strike it with his own hands.

The wind increased by the hour of sunset to so strong a blow, that it seemed impossible that the little privateer should escape the frigate—and it was not to be doubted that the two vessels would be alongside each other before morning; yet the Raker was saved, and by American hands.

On board the Arrow were several native-born American seamen, who had been pressed into the English service, and compelled to serve even against their own country. Three of these sailors were among the middle watch on board the frigate. They had watched the whole conduct of the Raker with a patriotic pride, and were in no slight degree vexed and disappointed when they saw that the frigate must in all probability overtake the little brig.

These three sailors were together in the bow of the frigate, the rest of the watch being on the lookout, or pacing up and down between decks.

"I say, Bill," says one, "is n't it too d—! I had that the little craft has got to be overhauled after all. She's given this cursed frigate a good run for it, anyhow."

"Yes she has; the old man has looked black all day, and sworn a little I guess; here he's kept all ready for a fight for the last two days—arm-chests on deck—cutlass-racks at the capstan and for'ard—decks sanded down—and haint go within a long shot yet. God bless the little brig, and the flag she sails under—the stars and stripes forever!"

"Yes, the stars and stripes—'t is just the handsomest flag that floats."

"By Heaven, and that's the truth! but avast now, Bill, can't we do any thing for the little craft ahead?"

"D—d if I see how, Hal; we can't shorten sail, for we should be seen; and we can't fire bow-chasers, for we should be heard—and those are all the ways I know on to deaden a vessel's speed."

"Bill, I've got my grapples hold on an idear. I recollect once, when I was a fishing in Lake Winnebago, in the old Granite State, where we used to anchor with a heavy stone, made fast to a rope, and

"Sometimes we used to row with the stone hanging over the side, not hauled up."

"Well, Hal, what's all this long yarn about? If you call it an idear, it strikes me it's a d—d simple idee."

"Why the yarn aint much, I think myself; and I should n't tell it on the forecastle in a quiet night, no how; but it's the principle of the thing, Bill—that's what's the idear."

"Well, shove ahead—they allers told me on shore, before I came to sea, that I had n't got no principle—but that's no sign you haint."

"Now, boys, if we can only get some dead weight over the frigate's side, it will lessen her way you see, and the wind may lull enough before morning to give the little craft a chance to haul off."

"That's a fact, Hal; blast my eyes but they spoiled a good lawyer sending you to sea. But what can we make a hold-back of? And there's them cursed Britishers abaft, sitting on all the rope on 'eck."

"That's a poser!—no, I have it. Can't we drop these anchors?—that would do it."

"They'll make a confounded noise running through the hawse-holes; but let's try it, it's hard work for three men. Belay it round that pin, Hal! Better take two turns, 'cause if any body comes toward us, one more will hold it tight. I believe we shall do it."

"Do it—of course we will! aint we working for our country?"

The whistling of the wind through the shrouds, and the rushing of the waters over the deck, aided the seamen much in their noble achievement, and in a short time both anchors were run out to their full length. Fortunately for them, the watch was changed before it became apparent that the frigate was losing ground, and upon the after investigation of the matter, no suspicion fell upon their watch, and the perpetrators of the deed were never detected.

As any seaman knows, so heavy a dead weight on the bow of a vessel would materially lessen its speed; and by the morning's sun the privateer's top-sails were but barely visible in the distance.

The commander of the Arrow was furious in his anger, and threatened to flog the whole of the last watch, as before they took charge of the deck, the frigate had neared the privateer so much as to give assurance of taking her; but, after a rigid examination, no one was punished, and all the captain could do was to keep a close eye on all his crew, trusting to discover the traitors at some future time.

As for the gallant Americans, they had the proud consciousness that though chained to an enemy's service, they had been able to serve their own country, perhaps more effectually than if fighting under her banner.

The wind slackened, and long before night the Raker was out of sight. She was not, however, to be frightened off her cruising ground by a narrow escape, and did not set sail for the States until she had a full cargo; and, being favored by fortune, reached her port in Chesapeake Bay, with wealth aboard for all hands, followed by three English mer-

chantmen—the English ensign at their peaks, with the stars and stripes streaming over them.

The Raker had nearly prepared for another cruise, when she was stayed by rumors of peace being declared between the two nations; the report was soon confirmed, and the gallant crew of the Raker shook hands together over the news. They were glad, for the sake of their country, that the war was over, yet all had acquired a love for their wild and exciting life as privateersmen; and there was much that partook of a mournful nature in their feelings, as they thought that their number must be divided forever. Some of the crew entered the regular American Navy, some entered the merchant service; and a few, having sufficient wealth to purchase farms, made the attempt to be happy ashore, but after a short time declared it a lubberly sort of a life, and returned once more to "do business upon the waters."

Lieutenant Morris purchased the Raker, and made one more cruise in her—not for war, nor for gold, but for his lady-love. She who had risen like a Naiad from the wave to be his bride. A year had passed since he had seen her, and though he doubted not her truth, it was with an anxious heart that he drew near the shores of England. He feared lest some hand might yet dash the cup of happiness from his lips—perhaps the unseen hand of death.

Mr. Williams's name was once more good on 'change; and his fair daughter had once more seen crowds of suitors thronging their doors, among them were the titled and the proud, who gladly laid at her feet their titles and their pride—but still her heart beat true to the young sailor, though her father now and then ventured to hint that she had better accept the hand of Lord Augustus this, or Sir George Frederick that, remarking that likely enough her lover had got killed before the close of the war; and that if she did not be careful, she might never get a husband of any kind. At these remarks, half expostulatory and half petulant, from her worthy father, Julia would smile very quietly, telling him she was sure her young sailor was alive, and would soon be at her feet.

She was right in her prescience. The gallant sailor before another week had passed, after her father's expostulations, had cast anchor in the Thames—and without difficulty found the residence of Mr. Williams. Julia presented him to her visitors with pride, for, in the fashionable dress of the day, his appearance was more brilliant and graceful than any one of her titled suitors. These soon discovered how matters stood between the young American and the fair Julia. Some were wise enough to retreat from the field with good grace; but vigorous attempts were made to drive the lieutenant from the course by two or three others, who could ill bear their disappointment; but the firm and haughty bearing of Morris had its due effect upon them, and one by one they dropped away, until the old merchant, who had not at first received the lieutenant with much satisfaction, acknowledged to his daughter that she had better marry him if she wanted any body, as he was the only one left. To this Julia assented readily, and

their hands were joined as their hearts had long been; and the blessing of the old merchant pronounced upon them, as he saw the happiness which beamed from his daughter's eyes, as she gazed up from the altar that had heard her willing vows.

Long years have since then joined the irrevocable past. Mr. Williams lived several years, to witness the happiness of his child, but could never be persuaded to visit America. He had no doubt, he said, but that it was a very fine country, and he would go and see it, if it was n't for crossing the sea, and that he would n't do for nobody. After he had been gathered to the dead, his children resided entirely on

the family estate of the Morris's, in New Jersey, where, at this day, they still reside, surrounded by children with the lofty port of their father, and the flashing eye of their mother. The tale of the pirate's death, and the fate of poor Florette, is a tale that never wears its fire-side circle, and there, too, are still shed for the dark scourge of the ocean, to his devoted mistress; and very often is an old, gray-headed man, in whom the reader would hardly recognize our old friend, John, asked to recount his perilous achievements on the pirate's deck, and his wonderful escape, obtained by his own right arm.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

THERE are countless fields, the green earth o'er,
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death embrace;
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain
Was piled with heaps of uncounted slain—
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the Battle of Life.
The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and his burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand:—
Friends and comrades around him stand,
The trumpets sound and the war-steeds neigh
To join in the shock of the coming fray;
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow,
And he bears his part in that conflict dire
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.
What though he fall? At the battle's close,
In the flush of the victory won, he goes
With martial music—and waving plume—
From a field of fame—to a laureled tomb!
But the hero that wars in the Battle of Life
Must stand alone in the fearful strife;
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
Hero or coward, to meet the foe:
He may not fly; on that fated field
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.
Warrior—who com'st to this battle now,
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
As if the day were already won—
Pause, and gird all thy armor on!
Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will—
An ardent soul that no fear can chill—
Thy shield of faith hast thou tried and proved—
Canst thou say to the mountain "be thou moved?"—
In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright—
Is thy banner inscribed—"For God and the Right?"—
In the night of prayer dost thou wrestle and plead?
Never had warrior greater need!

Unseen foes in thy pathway hide,
Thou art encompassed on every side.
There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;
Flattery courts with her hollow smiles,
Passion with silvery tone beguiles,
Love and Friendship their charmed spells war:
Trust not too deeply—they may deceive!
Hope with her Dead Sea fruits is there,
Sin is spreading her gilded snare,
Disease with a ruthless hand would smite,
And Care spread o'er thee her withering light.
Hate and Envy, with visage black,
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track;
Falsehood and Guilt, Remorse and Pride,
Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide;
Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
Waits to degrade thee and then destroy;
And Death, the insatiate, is hovering near
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.

In war with these phantoms that gird thee round
No limbs disarmed may strew the ground;
No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,
As the iron enters the riven soul.
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek,
The brow is furrowed, but not with years,
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears,
And streaked with white is the raven hair;
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is ended; the hero goes
Worn and scarred to his last repose.
He has won the day, he conquered doom,
He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb.
For the victor's glory, no voice may plead,
Fame has no echo and earth no mead.
But the guardian angels are hovering near,
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here,
And they bear him now on their wings away,
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the Crown of Life!



THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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lover, all I can say is, he is too discreet to contest the field, witness this note of farewell which was sent to my office this afternoon. He desires his very respectful compliments to you, Mary.' Would you believe it, Susan? I took that note—and read every word of it; yes, and I smiled, too, as I gave it back to him, as if it were the most indifferent thing in the world—though I felt then, as I do now, every line of it chilling my heart like ice.'

"'Dear Mary,' I said, still very quietly, for she grew almost wild with excitement, 'how is this? Why has Randolph gone? have you had any quarrel?'

"'Quarrel! God help you—no!—how should that be? don't I love the very dust he treads on!' she screamed out violently at last, and went into a hysterical fit. The sound of her maniacal voice brought her brother to the door with anxious inquiry, but as I told him Mary was a little over excited, and quiet would soon restore her, at my earnest request he retired. In a short time I was able, with bathing her head in cold water, and constantly soothing her with low murmuring tones of endearment, to see her sobbing herself into a troubled sleep, and as I looked on her beautiful face, pale as marble, and the black hair wetted and matted back from her fine brow, I felt that I saw a double victim to the cruel indifference of others, and the violent emotions of her own untutored nature."

Alice and Louisa Stanwood had gazed steadily into the face of their grandmother, while in the relation of this true story, it lighted up with remembered emotion.

"'Poor, poor girl!' said they; 'but where, then, was Mr. Gardener all this while? Surely he must have relented.'"

"'Truth compels me to say, my romantic girls, that this quiet-loving lover, to all human appearance, was not in the least disturbed. Indeed, as I listened to the painful breathings of Mary, every now and then catching, as if for life, at a breath, and then hushed into all but dead silence, I was distinctly aware of certain audible demonstrations of profound composure on the part of Mr. Gardner. In sooth, he was not a lover for a romance writer at all; but such as he was—and you must remember our agreement was that I should only relate facts, not account for them—such as he was, he rose with the lark and took his usual walk, to promote his appetite and prolong his life.

"'When he returned, as Mary was too unwell to go down stairs, I descended to the breakfast-room where I found Mr. Dunbar uneasily walking the room.

"'How is Mary?' said he, the moment he saw me? 'No better? Tell her to be comforted—be quiet. God forbid I should do any thing to make her unhappy. I will speak to Mr. Gardner about the matter myself, and tell him it can't be.'

"'His earnest manner quite convinced me that however he might seem, his sister was really very near his heart, and 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' I felt my eyes fill with tears, as I turned and ran up to Mary's room to comfort her poor heart. She was comforted and quieted, though she declined leaving

her room till after Mr. Gardner's departure; and left her, at her own request, to silent reflection.

"'And now you will think all the trouble was over. But did ever faint heart win fair ladie? Never. And Mr. Gardner's heart did not sink when he was told the true story of Mary's indifference and aversion. Both brother and lover had deceived themselves, rather they had not thought about it. But now that he did think about it, Mr. Gardner was not inclined to relinquish the pursuit. He knew that women were fickle and strange beings, and oft-times refused the very happiness they were dying to possess. Whether Mary were of this species he knew not, but at all events the prize was worth trying for. So he told Mr. Dunbar he would not trouble Mary more at present, but leave it to time. Time did a great many things. Time might make him acceptable to the very heart that now tossed him as a scorned thing away.

"'Now Alice, my dear child, don't give up my Mary, nor think her a heartless being, when I tell you that in six months from that time she became Mrs. Gardner. A very lovely bride she was, too—pale as a snow-drop, and graceful as the lake-lily. She smiled, too, with a sort of contented smile, not radiant, not heartfelt, not joyous; there were a deeps of her being stirred as she stood calm and passionless by the altar, and promised to love and honor Mr. Gardner, but a very quiet and pensive sort of pleasure. A part of her soul seemed to have been buried with the past, and to have been forcibly crushed down with all its young ardor and bloom forever; but above it was an everyday being, full of determination to do her duty, to make her husband happy, and be as happy herself as she could. So she was married; and so she stepped into a handsome carriage with Mr. Gardner, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen followed in another; and never was there a gayer and merrier cavalcade than at Mary Dunbar's marriage.

CHAPTER II.

"'Now, my dear girls, you must skip over a few years, during which I neither saw nor heard of Mary Dunbar. I returned from a journey which I had been taking, and was glad to feel that Mr. Gardner's house lay in my nearest route home. I longed to see Mary in her new character, now that she had had time to feel and perform her duties, and proposed to be with her for a few days, that I might form my own opinion touching this 'mariage de convenance.'

"'Mr. Gardner's house was one of some pretensions originally; that is to say, it had been built in the style of country gentlemen in New England forty years ago. A row of white-pine pillars surrounded the house from roof to basement, and formed a piazza-walk very convenient in a dull day. Six chimneys crowned the roof, and the whole arrangement was tasteful and imposing. There was a terrace of green turf all round the house, and the offices and out-buildings were at a short distance from the main building. As the stage-coach wound up the avenue,

I noticed in the disposition of the grounds and shrubbery the evident hand of female taste. Fantastic arbors, almost hid behind clematis and honeysuckle; little white arches supporting twining roses of twenty sorts, and trees arranged in picturesque groups, gave a character of beautiful wildness to the scenery.

"I fancied Mary the presiding genius of the place as I last had seen her, white and bright, with a little rose-tint on her cheek, caught from nature and the happy quiet of her life—for I had heard that she rejoiced in an infant, whose beauty and promise I knew must renew all the affectionate sympathies of her woman's heart.

"The stage-coach stopped. A servant opened the door, and to my inquiry for Mrs. Gardner, answered hesitatingly, that 'he believed she did not wish to see company.' How much of apprehension was compressed into that brief moment. What could have happened to her? Much might have happened, and I not know it, for I had been living in great seclusion, and had had no correspondence with Mary. However, I gave my card to the man, and bade him take it to Mrs. Gardner, meanwhile sitting with a throbbing heart in the carriage.

"The man returned in a short time with a message requesting me to stop, and to have my trunks taken off. Not a welcoming voice or face met me—and in silence I followed the servant to the parlor. Mary was sitting there; some fire was in the grate, though it was in July; and she hovered over it as if she sought to warm her heart enough to show proper feeling at the sight of an old friend.

"'Mary Dunbar!' I cried out, with my arms outspread, for the figure before me of hopelessness and gloom gave me a feeling almost heart-breaking.

"The sound of her own maiden name acted like magic on Mary. She sprang to my arms like a frightened bird, and clung to me with such intensity of sad earnestness in her face, that it brought back to me all the old sorrow of that night of suffering at her brother's. Once more I soothed her, smoothed back the dark plumage of her hair, and with soft words and gentle caresses, brought her to quietness.

"'You are ill, my poor Mary,' I said, as I looked at her sunken cheek, and the deep gloom about her eyes. 'Where is Mr. Gardner?'

"'Oh, he is gone most of the time,' said she hastily, and then, for the first time, seeming to recollect her duty as hostess, she added, 'but you are tired and travel-soiled, and hungry, too, I dare say; let me make you comfortable.' She laughed a little as she spoke, but not like her old laugh, it was affected, and died in its birth.

"She rang the bell, gave orders for lunch to be brought in, and a room prepared for me, with something of her old activity, and saying cordially, 'Now you must stay with me; now I have got you here, I cannot spare you again.' She relapsed into thoughtfulness and absence. This strange manner puzzled me not a little.

"I went up stairs. The white dreariness of my room chilled me. Mary did not accompany me as she would once have done, to see that all was com-

fortable for me. The muslin window-curtains hid the view outside, and the stately high-post bedstead, with its gilded tester, looked as if sleep would be afraid to 'come anear' it. My trunks were brought up, and then a silence like death was in the house. No child was in the house, that was clear—and nobody else it would seem. Well, I must wait. I should know all in good time. I dressed and went down to the parlor. Mary still hovered over the fire, looking, in her white wrapper and whiter face, more like a ghost than any living thing. I had intended to be calmly cheerful, to talk to Mary about old times, and by degrees to lead her to speak of so much of her present life as would give me an insight into the mysterious sorrow that reigned like a presence over the dwelling.

"But as poor Ophelia says, 'we know what we are, but not what we shall be.' So no more did I know how to look at that crouching figure and be cheerful and calm. I lost all presence of mind, and could only sit down and cry heartily. Mary rose at the sound of my weeping and came to me.

"'Do you know I cannot weep, Susan? These fountains are drained dry. See, there are no tears in my eyes, though God knows my heart is drowned all day and night. It is dreadful to have such a burning head as mine, and no tears to wet it withal.'

"I wiped my eyes and grew calmer when I saw the wild brightness of her eye; and dreading another nervous attack, I did my best to quiet both her and myself. The day passed on without further reference to any present griefs; she showed me her little conservatory, with a few rare flowers in it, which she had reared with much care, and led me over the pleasantest paths in the grounds and groves attached to the house. In one of these groves, at some distance from the house itself, was a little cleared space, and in the centre of that a small, a very small mound.

"I knew at once what it was. There slept the child I had heard of. So had been broken the dearest tie Mary had felt binding her to life. She stood with me a moment, looking at the mound with a steadfast look, and then putting back her hair from her forehead, as if she tried to remember something, she smiled sadly, and said in a broken voice,

"'You see I cannot shed one tear, even on my child's grave.' I led her gently away among the old trees and quiet paths, and we sat in the warm July shadows till the sun went down.

"You may guess how thankful I was to see at last, as we turned homeward, the tears slowly falling over her face and dropping on her dress, as she walked on, evidently unconscious of the blessed relief. 'Like music on my heart' sunk these tears, for I knew that with them would come the coolness, 'like a welcoming' over her burning pulse, and I carefully abstained from saying a word that would interrupt the feelings rather than thoughts which now agitated her. We returned to the house; tea was served silently, for even the domestics hardly spoke above a whisper; and then we sat in the soft moonlight and looked on the sleeping scene before us. The summer sounds of rural life had long died away, and nothing

but the untiring chirp of the tree-toad was to be heard. The melancholy monotony of the scene hushed Mary's spirit to a quiet she had not for a long time known, and at last she became conscious of having wept freely.

"I have wept, thank God! that shows I am human. Now ask me all about what you want to know. I think I can talk about it. Mr. Gardner? Oh, he is gone—he is gone a great deal, you know; his business leads him continually away from home, and that leaves me, of course, very dull—very. Should n't you think it ought to, Susan dear?"

"Thus incoherently she began; but the first step taken, and secure of sympathy in her hearer, she went on, and you will believe me when I tell you we talked till midnight, and that then Mary sunk, like a weary child, into my arms in a sound sleep.

"I cannot give you her precise words, but the import of her relation I shall never forget. A few words will suffice to tell you what it took her hours of emotion and tears to reveal.

"You remember I told you she looked determined to do her duty, and be as happy a wife as she could. Did ever a wife succeed in being happy with duty for the material? Perhaps if Mr. Gardner had been an ardent lover, somewhat impulsive, and eager to commend himself to her grateful affection, he would have succeeded in doing so; indeed, I am sure of it, in time it must have been so; but, alas! Mr. Gardner was a calm, gentlemanly, sensible, phlegmatic person, who thought his wife's impulsive and hasty nature should be occasionally checked, and who had no toleration for, nor sympathy with, her excitable spirit. Consequently, she soon learned to have a calm exterior when he was at home, which his frequent absences made it easy to assume. They had been married something like three years, and Mary was the delighted mother of a healthy and lovely daughter. Her heart, which had almost closed in the chilly atmosphere of her husband's manners, expanded and flowered luxuriantly in the warmth of maternity. In her happiness she reflected a part of its exuberance on her husband, and smiled with much of her old gaiety. 'I felt my young days coming back to me,' she said.

"One day the post brought a letter for her, which she opened, and then left the room to read. The letter was from young Randolph. The writer apologized for his year's silence to her, by an account of a long illness, &c. He knew of her happiness, of her child; in short, he seemed to be informed of every thing about her. He asked to be permitted to correspond with her. The letter expressed the strongest and deepest interest, but couched in such respectful and friendly terms as were difficult to resist. Mary struggled long with her sense of what was due to herself and her husband; but right at last conquered, and she re-entered the room with the letter in her hand. Tremblingly she gave it to her husband, who read a part of it, and then said, with much kindness of manner,

"Correspond with any of your friends, male or female, my dear. I have not the slightest objection."

"Mary's good spirit was still at her ear, and she said with some difficulty,

"Mr. Gardner, the writer of this letter was once much interested in me."

"And you in him, eh? Well, my love, those things are all gone by; I can fully trust you. So again, I say, correspond with any body you like provided you don't ask me to read the letters."

The generous confidence of her husband deeply affected Mary; but, unhappily, it did not induce her to the safe course of declining the correspondence with this fascinating and dangerous friend. The correspondence went on for years, nay, it was continued up to the time of my visit. And now, my dear, I must stop the current of my story for a minute, to utter my protest against this most dangerous and wretched of all theories—*Platonic friendships between a married woman and her male friends.*

But for the false notions of safety in such a friendship, Mary Dunbar might now be a loved and loving woman. This you will not believe could have been with Mr. Gardner; but remember, Mary was going to love Mr. Gardner a good deal, and habit and duty and maternal happiness would have done much; so that in a sort, she would have been both loved and loving. The letters from Randolph, which she showed me, were very interesting, and full of the sensible remarks on education, all so interspersed with gentle and deep interest for herself, that we saw she was never out of his mind and heart for a instant. Just such letters as a happy married woman would never read, and what any woman's instinct protects her from if she listens to it.

"Things had gone on in this way for two years, or thereabouts, when the child, who had been the subject of so many theories, and in whom were gathered all the *conscious* hopes of Mary, was taken suddenly ill. Her anxiety induced her immediately to summon medical assistance; and she could hardly believe her physician when he said there were no grounds for apprehension. The child had a sore throat; there was a considerable degree of inflammation about the system, and when he left, he directed Mary to have some leeches applied to the neck of the little girl, at the same time pointing to the spot where he wished them to take the blood.

Mary was particular to place them there, but to her great alarm, the blood issued from the punctures in such a quantity as to drench the bed-linen almost immediately. In vain she tried to stop it—it flowed in torrents, and before the horror-struck servants could summon the physician, the life had ebbed from the child—nothing but a blood-stained form remained. The physician said the jugular vein had been pierced, and that it was something like half an inch nearer the ear than he ever saw it before. I believe he was not to blame—far less was the wretched instrument, whose agony I will not attempt to describe.

"But from that hour the nervous spasms and depression of spirits supervened, which I found had become the habit of her mind. I should have premised that through all the distressing circumstances of the child's death Mr. Gardner was absent. Un-

doubtedly, could he have been at home, his fortitude and calmness would have been of the greatest service to her; but he did not return until long after her maternal agonies had sunk into a sort of stupor of wretchedness, which looked like a resigned grief outwardly. Far enough was her spirit from the enforced composure of her manner. By degrees she came to look upon herself as born only to make others unhappy. That she had caused the death of her own child was too horrible a thought to dwell on voluntarily, yet it obtruded itself always—and she shuddered at the grave of the being dearest to her heart.

"I remained with Mary until her husband's return, and then left her, promising to visit her again in the course of a few weeks. I was pleased to see the manly kindness of Mr. Gardner's manner to his wife. He evidently did not understand her, but he was gentle and quiet in his words to her, and so far as was in his nature to do, sympathized with her. He was frequently called away from home for weeks together, and had no idea of the effect solitude was having on the mind of his wife.

"As soon as I could so arrange my affairs at home as to leave them, I went to my sick-souled friend. I found her in her chamber and lying on her bed. She looked paler than ever, and her eyes were dry and tearless as when I first saw her before. All over the bed, and pressed in her hands, were letters strewn, half open, and which she had evidently been reading. She looked up at me when I entered, but immediately began gathering up the letters with a strange carefulness, placing them one above the other according to their dates, taking no further notice of me. I saw something agitating had occurred, and seated myself without speaking till she should be more composed. I knew they were Randolph's letters; I had seen them before.

"Presently she spoke in a low voice and seemingly exhausted manner.

"Susan!" I was by her instantly. She gave me a folded manuscript. "Between you and me there is no need of words. Take this and read it. It is the last death I shall cause. Leave me now, dear Susan; perhaps I may sleep, who knows!"

"She put her hands over her eyes—they were burning as coals—and tried to smile, but the lips refused the mockery. I begged her to lie down and try to sleep, closed the curtains, and left the room, not a little anxious to see the contents of the manuscript which I hoped would explain this new grief.

"The first letter was from a clergyman at the South, containing the intelligence of Randolph's death, after a long illness, and transmitting, at his request, the sealed packet to Mrs. Gardner.

"And saddening enough was the recital of the young man's sorrows. He began with saying that he had scrupulously abstained from ever mentioning his attachment to Mary while he had lived, but he could not refrain from asking her pity for him when he could never more disturb or injure her. He inclosed to her his journal, kept from the first day he saw her, when he loved her with all the fervor of his southern nature, and all the confidence of youth.

Then followed the shock of hearing from Mr. Dunbar's own lips of his sister's engagement and approaching marriage. Then the farewell note of wounded affection that assumed indifference. Then a long delirious fever; then the news of Mary's marriage; and then the vain attempt to conquer his ill-fated love. His delight in his correspondence with her; it had been the life of his life, all that soothed the downward passage to the grave. To that grave he had gladly come, feeling that happiness was forever denied him, and only begged her to believe in his never-varying love from the moment he met her to this dying hour, when he signed his name to the last words he should address to mortal.

"All that she had lost—all she might have been, and might have enjoyed in a union with this young man, so brilliant, so amiable, so devoted, rushed on my heart, and contrasting with the reality a few paces off, made me weep bitterly. Oh! had they never loved so kindly!

"I sat long with the manuscript, looking at the writing, some of it years old, and written with a firm, flowing hand, then varying through all the vicissitudes of health and feeling, till it trembled and died away in its last farewell. The peculiar tenderness with which we look on the handwriting of the dead, however personally unknown, affected me. This young man I had seen, though seldom; and I easily connected the memoir before me with the memory of his dark, curling hair, his olive complexion, and the graceful dignity of his manner. I saw his bright eye dim, the dew of suffering on his brow, his cheek pale with anguish of heart and body, and the last flicker of his glorious light going out in darkness.

"From these thoughts I was roused by a sudden and deep groan; it seemed near me, and I sprang to my feet. Bells rang; there was a rush on the staircase—a shriek—another rush—the opening of doors wildly; all this was in a moment—in the moment I ran out of my room toward Mary's where an undefined and terrible fear taught me to look.

"You will guess what met my appalled gaze. Mr. Gardner, who had returned from a journey while I was reading in my own room, hastened up stairs to see Mary. At the moment he entered, she had completed the act which terminated her life. He received in his arms the lifeless body. The suffering soul still hovered unconsciously. We believe that God who made us, alone can try us, and He who knew all the way that 'wrought like madness in her brain,' can both pity and forgive."

A deep silence followed Madame Stanwood's relation. Alice and Louise were thinking how little such an experience could have been guessed from Mr. Gardner's exterior.

"I wonder," said Louisa at last, "if he ever knew the cause of Mary's death—did you give him the manuscript, grandmother?"

"Well—what *should* I have done?"

"Oh! I would have given it to him! I would have rejoiced to see him one hour feeling all the agony which poor Mary had felt so long!"

"That is very natural, my child, for you to say;

and, I confess, when I saw him first—his clothes covered with his wife's life-blood, and her marble face on his shoulder; when I saw *his* calmness, his complete self-possession, the directions he gave for the physician, all the time keeping his hand so pressed on the wound, that no more blood should flow; when I saw him hold her till the surgeon closed the wound, and then place his hand on the heart, and watch its beating, if hap, *ily* life might yet linger there; when I saw this, I longed to say, 'thou cold-hearted being! she is beyond the chill of thine icy love—care not for her! the grave is softer and warmer than thou art!'

"But life had gone out. Not, however, till the loss of blood had so relieved the agonizing pressure on the brain, that reason had evidently returned—for she opened her eyes, with a sweet, sad smile, looked at us all—saw every thing—knew every thing that had passed. She raised her hand to her neck, and then pointed upward, and breathing more and

more softly, like the dead child who had gone before her, in its baptism of blood, she slept in peace.

"I thought of all that had passed in the hearts of the two young persons for whom life had so early closed. They had suffered much, but I did not see how any good could occur to the dead or the living by further communication. If Mary had desired it, there had been opportunity enough. She might have left the letters for her husband to read. On the contrary, she had burned them immediately after I had left the room. Her woman had brought her a lamp, and she saw her setting fire to letters—and, in fact, the relics of them were still in the chimney.

"I therefore said no more to Mr. Gardner. He had been much shocked with the events of the day, and for some time was depressed. But he recovered the tone of his mind, and to this day, I suppose, has very little comprehension of what was about him and around him for years—of the broken-heart that was so long breaking."

THE PROPHET'S REBUKE.

BY MRS. JULIET E. L. CAMPBELL.

In a cedar-ceiled palace, the proud arches rolled,
O'erlaid with vermillion, and blazoned with gold,
While their graceful supporters in colonnade stood,
Like the children of giants, a grand brotherhood:
Around them the lily and pomegranate wreath,
In delicate tracery, while far beneath
The siren-voiced fountains beguile the long day,
And the tessellate pavement is gemmed with their spray.

The East from her treasury joyeth to bring
Her magnificent gifts to a world-renowned king;
Her birds, like to meteors, as brilliant and fleet,
And her rainbow-hued flowers are laid at his feet,
While he, in regality's power and pride,
Sits enthroned with the symbol of pomp by his side.
The beauty is glorious that beams in his face,
His mien is majestic, his movement is grace!
Before him a prophet, with hair long and white
Falling down o'er a mantle as sable as night,
With a glance of stern loftiness, cheek cold and pale,
And a gesture of earnestness, thus told his tale.

"Two men in this city there dwelleth, my lord—
One is blessed in the battle, and blessed by the board:
He hath numberless flocks in the field and the fold,
And the wealth of his coffers remaineth untold.
The other hath naught save one lamb, which he fed
Like a child of his household; it ate of his bread,
It partook of his portion of food and of rest,
It followed his footsteps, it lay on his breast,
It lightened his sorrows with innocent art,
And e'en, as a daughter, was dear to his heart.
A traveler came to the rich man's abode,
And he welcomed the guest in the name of his God;
Bade him tarry awhile, 'mid the fierce noontide heat,
'Neath the vine-tree's broad shadow, to rest him and eat.

Then straightway he hasted, with tenderest care,
To spread forth the board and the banquet prepare,
While he spared of his own to take youngling or dam
But dressed for the stranger his neighbor's ewe lamb.

As a breath from the meadow, on wings of the wind,
To the sense that had breathed but the perfume of lily,
Seemed this tale of simplicity, told to the heart
That had dwelt 'mid the spells of magnificent art.
Spake the king, while fierce anger flashed hot from his eye,
"Now, as the Lord liveth! this robber shall die!
To the victim of wrong let his cattle be sold,
Till full restitution be rendered fourfold,
And *cursed* be forever, with sword and with brand,
The wretch who hath done such foul wrong in our land!"

Then with stern condemnation the prophet replied
To the monarch, who sat in his purple-clad pride,
And his bold voice resounded throughout the broad span
Of the arches above them, "*Thou, thou art the man!*
Saith the Lord, I have raised thee from humble estate,
To rule o'er a nation most favored and great—
I have given thee Judah thy portion to be,
And the honor of Israel centres in thee!
Thy children, like olive boughs, circle thy board,
And the wives of thy master await at thy word,
But insatiate still, thou hast entered the dome
Of thy neighbor, and stolen the wife from her home;
Thou hast slaughtered the husband with treacherous wit,
And the vengeance of Heaven rewardeth thy guilt!
The child of thy love from thy arms shall be torn—
And in sackcloth and ashes thy proud head shall mourn—
The wives of thy household thy rivals shall be—
As thou didst unto others, so be it to thee!
And the sword thou hast taken, with murderous art,
From thy heaven-doomed lineage *ne'er* shall depart."

A SCENE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

HARRISBURG.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

THE incidents of life around us—of common life—of everyday events, and the common scenes which Nature has prepared on every side, are full of interest, full of means of gratifying a taste formed or cultivated to rational enjoyment. The Hymmalayen mountains may overtop the Andes, and the Amazon bear more water to the sea than the Susquehanna, but it follows not thence that the combination of scenery—points of beauty to be associated with the eye—are less attractive in the latter than in the former; and though thousands may tread, may ride, or may murder on the unfrequented path of the elder world, and give tragic effect to narrative, yet on all sides of us, in our home experience, and our limited wandering, events are every day occurring of as much interest to the participators as are those which constitute the theme of the foreign tourist; and scenes are presenting themselves almost daily within our own observation, that need only the pen of a Radcliffe to describe, or the pencil of a Claude to depict, to fix them on the imperishable canvas of the artist or the immortal page of the gifted poet.

How often have we been struck with the clustering beauties of a seashore by Birch, or some landscape by Russell Smith, and while we gazed in admiration at the production so rich in artistic skill, and felt astonishment at the fidelity of the representation, have shrunk away from the picture, ashamed that objects so constantly before our eyes should have remained unadmired till the pencil of the artist had transferred them to canvas—had selected the moment when sunshine had brought out the clustering beauties of some gentle promontory, or shade had deepened the darkness of the dell, and all which to our eyes had been daily spread out in constantly changing hues, had been fixed in beauty to challenge our admiration and create new love for the original.

Events which strike us with astonishment in their record, whether they are real or imaginary, acquire much of their importance from our knowledge of the antecedent circumstances and present condition of the actors. We connect the present with the past, and our sympathies becoming enlisted with the joys or sorrows of others, all that relates to them acquires the exaggerated importance to us which it has with those who are really connected with the occurrences. Every group of immigrants we meet, every wedding party we attend, every funeral train we join, contains in itself a story of deep and thrilling interest; the power of genius only is necessary to collect and combine the incidents, to bring in the feelings and

hopes of the parties, and to present to the reader what the unobtrusive actor does, feels, hopes, fears and suffers.

Ungifted to catch the beauties of the landscape and transfer them to canvas, unpracticed in the simplest movement of the artist's duties, I can only stand and admire what Providence has spread around with a profusion of bounty, and as colors deepen or fade, and beauties augment or diminish, I bow with admiration at the object, and increased love to Him whose hand garnished the heavens, and whose goodness is as manifest "in these his lower works" as in the constellated glories of the firmament, whose systems combine to enrich with heatless light worlds of space—and the infinite seems exhausted to gem with starry lustre earth's evening canopy.

Equally unsupplied am I with that genius which seizes on passing incidents, and moulds them to important events, building the interesting and the sublime on the simple and the ordinary. I have not these gifts, but I have the love for the gifts, the sense of their existence in others, and a sort of conception of the time and the place in which they should be employed; and often, as I pass along, I select groups and note incidents that with the child of genius would be seed for a golden harvest. And scenes, too, that escape the general eye, or only excite the exclamation "how beautiful," press upon me till I wish that I had the genius and skill to fix the picture which Nature has drawn, and show that our own land and own vicinity are full of those beauties which true taste admires, which, transferred to canvas, become in turn the stimulant to taste. Yet the scenes which I see, and the occurrences which I note, may be of use to those who know better how to combine and present the materials; and what I saw and heard, others may present in an attractive form.

During the close of August and the first of September last I was, in obedience to an imperative call, engaged in some business in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The little borough was crowded with delegates to two conventions then being held, for the purpose of nominating candidates by the opposing parties for the office of Governor of the Commonwealth; a part of the machinery to which our institutions give rise, and those who affect to sneer at these preliminary movements, do not understand the true theory and practice of republicanism, where action, to be effective, must begin in the *will* of the people, and to be beneficially operative it must continue in concurrence with that will. Notwithstanding the presence of two antagonistic parties there

were peace and much social intercourse between the delegates of opposite creeds; nor was this marvelous, the contest had not yet been delivered to the parties; the rivalry and antagonism were between the members of the same party, who should be the candidate—that settled on each side, then the divided fronts of the main divisions would unite, and the hostility be transferred from sections of the same party to the parties themselves. The general field of contest was of course not taken there, so that the elements of political warfare were held in abeyance, and the thronged streets wore a holiday appearance of pleasure and hope.

Standing early one morning at the door of the hotel, before the customary hour of rising, I was struck with a little procession from the canal toward the centre of the place. A stern woman led the company, in which were four men, two of whom, and the youngest, each carried a child; and in the rear was a very tall man, bearing also a younger child, wrapped about with parts of a ragged female dress. The man by his height and measured tread drew attention particularly to himself. The appearance of the whole was that of poor immigrants; Germans probably; though the stateliness of the march of its principal man was that of some one who had a spirit of independence, and felt that whatever might be his appearance, he was, for a time at least, above the influence of outward circumstances. The company passed me, and for some time I lost sight of them, and indeed nothing but the peculiar look of the woman and the remarkable tread of the man would have kept them in my memory. It was not long, however, before I saw a gathering in front of a public building, and loving to hear the remarks of those who speak out unrestrainedly, I joined the little company. Its centre was the band of immigrants. It was evident that some movements toward effective sympathy had been suggested. What they were or by what suggested I could not tell. The strangers could speak little or no English, and for a time their appearance only appealed to the kindly feelings of the multitude. I had pressed in close to the strong man, who was still bearing the little child in the same position in which it rested when he passed me at the door of the hotel. The same fixed look of independence was in his face and his position. There was much of sternness on the face of the woman, but it was marked by pain, referable perhaps to her situation, and to the marks of recent grief. Something was to be done, but what I could not yet determine. As I pressed nearer to the man the company crowded closer.

"You need help," said I to the strange man.

He intimated plainly that he could not understand me.

"You want bread," said I.

"*Das brod,*," exclaimed he, shaking his head. "*Nein—das grab!*"

And he threw the clothes from the face of the child on his arm, and the pale, quiet features of the little one were cold in death.

One low, agonizing cry went up from the depth

of the woman's heart. One proud look around was given by the father, but that look was exchanged for one of anguish as he turned his eye downward toward the burthen which his arm sustained.

The company had come up, not to solicit charity, that they might eat and drink before they should die—but that they might obtain a burying-place for the little one of their flock, whom death had released from its parents' troubles.

It was a pretty child; the blue eyes were visible beneath the half divided lids, and the long lashes hung over them like gentle palls, defending them from the rudeness of earth's winds. The fine light hair lay smoothly over the marble forehead, and a few white teeth shone out from between the lips that were shrinking away from each other in the coldness of death.

It was a *grave* the parents needed.

The contributions were liberal, and a grave was provided. It would seem that in the wilderness of unreclaimed lands which lie along the public works of Pennsylvania, there might be found a resting-place for an infant stranger, without the eleemosynary aid which had been sought—but, alas! we does not desire when they "bury their dead out of their sight," that it may be in a place which memory may cherish.

We cannot comprehend the unconsciousness of the grave. We hedge it about, we make the *house* as if comforts were to be enjoyed therein, and we love to place our dead side by side with others, as if there were fellowship with the mouldering clay. It is of no use to argue against this—it is better perhaps to encourage the feelings, and assist in their gratification. They refine the mind, they elevate views, they meliorate passions and keep alive affections. Let the resting-place of the dead be sanctified to all, it is the home of the temple of God. It is the Moriah of the Christian dispensation.

I cannot leave Harrisburg at any season of the year, but especially in the early part of Autumn, without seeking the shore of the Susquehanna at sunset. All day long the river is beautiful, the quiet stream as it goes shining down to the ocean is full of loveliness, and all upon it or near it, partakes of its character. But it is exquisitely rich and attractive near the close of the day. I went alone to enjoy the scene. And placing myself upon the bold bank between the town and the river I looked westward for the sight that had so often been enjoyed. It was there; no change comes over such beauties; they are immortal, they are without mutation. In the bosom of the broad river—glowing with the golden beams of the retiring sun—sat the islands that break the unity of the stream and augment its beauties. So rich, so full was the sunlight upon the river, that these islands seemed to be floating in the gorgeous light. Some shot out prominent angles into the water, and presented salient points to break the uniformity, while others sat swan-like down, their rounded edge touching the stream, as if they had been dressed by art to present the perfection of symmetry; the dark green of the shrubbery that sprung up in the *mouldure* of the

islands was mingled with the golden hues of the sun, and here and there the gentle current, by passing over some obstructing object, broke into a ripple, that danced like liquid gold in the sunlight.

It was a rich and lovely sight, one to which frequency of enjoyment can bring no satiety, and he who sits down to such a scene finds the impressions of unfriendly association passing away—the resolutions of revenge, which unprovoked rudeness excited, melting into the better determinations of the heart—and all of bitterness and animosity which unchastened pride encourages, are neutralized and lost in the deep emotions of love which such a view of God's works and such a sense of man's enjoyment necessarily promote.

I sat absorbed in the scene until the sun began to drop below the hills, and the warmth of the coloring upon the water was yielding to the neutral and colder tints of evening, but upward along the sides of the hills the gorgeousness of the sunlight was in its fullness. Casting my eyes away to the right, I noticed a gathering on the upland: and on looking closer I could discover the forms of those who had composed the morning procession. They had made a grave for the little one of their flock, and had gathered around it to do the last offices to the inanimate form.

They all bowed together, as if taking a last look, and when they raised their heads, I thought I caught a little of the wild cry of the anguished mother—but I must have been deceived, the distance was too great, but the signs of grief were *visible*, and I saw the father sustaining with his arm the afflicted wife, and the other members of the group cast their eyes toward their afflicted female companion. The air was full of dust, the consequence of a long drought, and as the floating particles reflected the sunbeams, the funeral gathering seemed for a moment, bathed in the glorious light of the setting sun, transfigured on their mount of sorrow—transfigured from the poor mendicant wanderers they had appeared in the morning, to children of light.

That glorious sunset on the islands and waters of the Susquehanna cannot soon fade from my memory—nor shall I easily forget the blaze of glory shed around the infant's grave. Strange that the richness of sunlight should spring from the impure particles by which it is reflected—but in this world of ours what but errors and impurities of the human kind make visible and beautiful the grace of Him in whose light and heat "we live and move and have our being?"

PEDRO AND INEZ.

BY ELIZABETH F. KAMES.

[It is a well known fact that the hapless Inez de Castro, the young and beautiful bride of Pedro of Portugal, was murdered, while he was absent on a hunting excursion.]

Softly broke the light of morning, through a pictured window's gloom,
Blandly strayed the zephyr's winglet 'mid rich plants of Eastern bloom,
Shedding a strong spicy fragrance round that gorgeous room,
Lightly on her couch of purple slumbered Pedro's new-made bride,
In her young unshadowed beauty, with no other thought beside
That which his deep love had poured o'er her spirit's tide.
Softly had Prince Pedro risen from his nuptial couch that morn,
Lightly donned his hunting vesture, at the call of hound and horn:
Yet he bends enamored o'er that face of Beauty born.
One more love-glance, yet another, on the sleeping face he cast;
Soft he stoops to meet that red lip—one light kiss—the last!
"God and our Lady bless thee, love!"—and so Prince Pedro passed.
Softly faded into twilight gorgeous gleams of gold and red,
Valley, stream, and purple mountain lay in mellow glory spread.
And the lemon's snowy blossom dewy odors shed.
Homeward through eve's tender shadows speeds Prince Pedro with his band,

While with love almost paternal his fond eye drinks in the land,
Over which he soon may govern with a kingly hand.
Now the mellow horn he soundeth through the leafy olive groves,
Far and wide the clear notes echo, but they bring not her he loves—
"Inez? is it thou, sweet Inez, where yon shadow moves?"
Never more shall Inez answer to that fond familiar call—
Of the lovely bride left sleeping, bleeding clay is all—
Of a fiendish hate the victim lies she, wrapt in gory pall.
Never more from that dread hour was Prince Pedro seen to smile!
Never more did chase or revel his still agony beguile—
But he walked in the shadow of dark thoughts the while!
With her martyred form forever graven on his memory,
He became a scourge and terror from whom all men sought to flee,
Tortured were his victims, but he smiled in mockery!
Such the change, and such the monarch whose reft hand made discord ring
Like a clarion through the country that had gladly hailed him king.
Darkly, like the tempest, rode he on the avenger's wing!
And when midnight drew her curtain round the land, that hour
In her blood-stained chamber did he stand with fearful power,
And renew the fatal vow to avenge his martyred flower!

A LEGEND OF CLARE.

THE TRICKS UPON TRICKS, AND THE TWISTS UPON TWISTS;

OR KHUR ENEIN KHUR, AGUS KHAOUN ENEIN KHAOUN.

BY J. GERAHY M'TEAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUBBAUN SEARE.

ONE of my own dear countrymen, casting his eye on the above title, may possibly recognize something in it familiar to him, especially should he ever have resided on the classic shores of Galway or of Clare, our own "Far West;" but to others who may chance to honor our legend with a perusal, some few words of introduction are necessary to transport them, "in their mind's eye," from the city of "brotherly love," to the far distant and far different land of the O'Malleys, the Macnamaras,* and the Blakes.

An Irishman is, in my humble opinion, rather unlike a prophet, for this reason, he is in one sense only, to be honored in his own country—transplant him; and though he may be unimpaired, perhaps, in vigor of body; though he may make an excellent fabricator of rail-roads and canals, yet it has always appeared to me he loses his native *raciness*, except under very peculiar circumstances; he grows *different*; in a word, he gradually becomes—*like the rest of the world!*

Is it the absence of the unique fragrantcy of his native turf smoke, which at home he so freely inhaled, or is it the substitution of beef and pudding for his former scanty meals of the never-failing root of plenty? Let us leave these *vexata questiones* to those whom they may concern, but on one point let us give our decided opinion. Our readers may say, "O, now you all are changed! since your Father Mathew has made five millions of you *teetotallers*, your country is not worth the living in! No more doth the invigorating, all-inspiring, thrice concentrated juice of the 'barley grain' push you forward to glorious deeds of heroic daring—of skull-breaking, dancing, or of story-telling; so that for all intents and purposes you have nothing left worth chronicling—you are getting like the rest of the world!" "Aisy a bit," say I, "the fiddle and the bagpipes have just the same charms to 'put the capers in our heels' as in whisky's balmiest days; and as for story-telling, *that* we can do equally well over a good cup of fine hot coffee. No, no; while the same fresh and free breezes shall continue to be wafted across the Atlantic to us; while we have our own green fields and wild, lofty mountains to behold, Irishmen we shall be in all our better qualities; and though Father Mathew may have been influential enough in cooling our heads, (we admit,) yet our *hearts* are as warm as ever!

Irish cabins, which you all have heard of, would not be such bad concerns after all, and we should get

* Let me assure my readers that this word is pronounced Macnamahra.

on very well indeed, if we were only a *little* better treated. On all hands it is admitted that we are pretty nearly able (and take my word for it we are willing enough) to eat and to drink all that a bounteous Providence causes to be brought forth from the most fruitful of soils; in truth, a superficial observer might even be tempted to utter an exclamation of surprise on being told that with a territory one thousand square miles less than that of the state of Maine, and six thousand less than that of Pennsylvania, ten millions of human beings should be supported; but then consider, kind reader, when our beef, and our butter, and our eggs, and even the little cabbage from our gardens, must fly on the wings of steam to pay the rent, and that rent flies away again, you know, to pay *whom*; (a slight glance at a certain map will tell you that;) consider, I say, that we cannot always be light-hearted, that a little sadness will sometimes creep over us. Think how our poor countrymen must sometimes suffer, and let ever of warmest sympathies be exerted when we hear of their distresses.

But, "stop!" you say, "these are twists you're getting into, indeed. What has this to do with your legend?" Well, then, reader, jump over with me into a snug cabin, which is not so very unlike a log-cabin, only built of stone or mud, (excuse me,) and sit down with me and a collection of choice spirits, round a blazing turf fire, keeping it warm, as we say, with the pipe and the "daria' tibacky" taking their accustomed rounds. I may as well introduce Jimmy Carmody to you—my "Micky Free"—Tom Dillon, and a few others. So, now we are all settled.

"What's this you're all discussing so learnedly, boys?"

"O, nothing very partic'lar, your honor, only we're just saying what mighty quare owid ruin them is—their round towers. Did your honor never see any of them? Sure there's one on Scattery Island, in the Shannon, and one at Kilmacduagh, I believe, in this county."

"O, yes, Tom, I've seen those you mention, and a great many more, too; and if any of you have ever been to Dublin by the canal, I'm sure you must have seen the one at Clondalkin. There's one, too, you know, in the county Wicklow, at the lake that Tommy Moore made the beautiful song about:

'By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er.'"

"Why, now, yer honor's perfectly right!" said Jimmy, who just then remembered some incidents in his former travels to Dublin about his "little spot of a pratee garden, that was near being sowid at the Four Courts for *non payment*. Quite right your honor

is. Sure I wint down to see where the blessed Saint Kevin done all his miracles—where he turned the loaves into stones, and where he med the owld king's goose, that he was so fond of, young again, and all that; but sure your honor knows all about it; but after a while, the man that was there showed me a little hole up over the lake in the *clift* above, and 'look!' says he, 'that's St. Kevin's bed,' says he. 'Why, then, now!' says I, 'up in *that* little pigeon-hole!' says I. 'O! and did his blessed reverince go up *there* to bed?' says I. 'No! you fool!' says he, 'but to avoid the darlin' young lady,' says he. 'And it's *there* he threw her down into the deep, cowld, dark lake,' says he. 'Would you like to go up and lie down in his bed?' says he. 'Is it *me*,' says I, 'to do it? Why my brain is like a spider's web wid lookin' at it,' says I. But a young man that was used to crawling in them unchristian places—their mines—went up; and I thought I could jump through a key-hole, I felt so, to see him do it; and says I, when he came down, 'Young man, I pray, when you settle in life, you may have a handier way of gettin' into bed than that, particularly if you're—'

Here a burst of laughter, which it is not hard to elicit from such an auditory, interrupted Jimmy, who is requested to tell "whether he ever heard who built these round towers, or why they were built at all?"

"Why," remarks Jimmy, "*why* they were built, no one can tell—they don't look like any thing Christian; but the man that undoubtedly built some of them was the Gubbaun Seare."

"Who was he, Jimmy?" asked all.

"Why, then, your honor, myself does n't know much about the Gubbaun Seare, only as the owld people tell us."

"Well, Jimmy, that don't make what the old people tell us of no account; for with all our new improvements, (I had been explaining a rail-road to them the evening before,) we are obliged to retain nearly all their inventions also; so you may as well tell us what you know about the Gubbaun Seare, for you may depend there must be some truth and value in it."

"Why, then, that's true for your honor," said another; a sentence, by the bye, which always greets you when you utter an opinion, correct or incorrect.

"Well, then," said Jimmy, "in them owld times, I believe, when the round towers was building, there was a mason—and if there was, he was as fine a mason as ever lived, or ever will again—and, indeed, your honor, you know the round towers would prove that, if he built them—for where is the mason-work that's equal to what's on them? That one at Glendalough is a fine one, to be sure—and there's many finer than that. Well, he lived in a fine cottage, somewhere in Munster, and I don't know exactly where.

"He had been married, and had an only son—and proud was he of him, you may depend. Well, it was given up to the Gubbaun, that he was not only the best mason in all the world, but along with that, sir, he was the cutest man known, and the greatest

hand at all kinds of plans and contrivances. He was able for every one, and any one; and nobody ever had to boast that they had gained the least advantage over *him*."

"I suppose, Tom," that with all this wisdom of the father, the son must have been as wise as he was himself, or may be wiser?"

"Why, to be sure, so one would imagine; but it was far from him to be as *good* a boy as the father—and that the father knew right well, for he was always trying to make him sensible of the scaming; but the son was always too honest, and that vexed the father.

"However, he said nothing until the son grew up a dashin' fine young man; and if he was n't the best av scammers, he was nearly as good a mason as the father himself, and was quiet and *honest*, only a terrible simpleton, and what the English gentleman that used to come to see your honor called *spooney*; though what a man had to do with a spoon, myself does n't see. But the father racked his brains constantly to find out some way to make him knowin'; and at last he came to be determined in his mind that nothing would do the son so much good, or put sence so well into his head as a fine, clever, smart young woman av a wife, if he could meet one to his mind; and, your honor, though I never tried it myself, I have no doubt an excellent plan it is. Well, sir, after he once hit on a plan, sorra long he was in puttin' it into execution. One morning he got up very early, and called his son into the field. 'Now, Boofun,' (that was the young man's name,) 'now, Boofun,' says he, 'run an' catch t he sheep beyant there—that big white one, with the fine fleece, and bring her to me quick!' So Boofun did; an' if he did, the Gubbaun pulled out his big knife, and kill'd her; an' by the same token the summer was comin' on, and the fleece was fine, and long, and silky."

"What did he do that for, Jimmy?"

"Wait a bit, your honor. When the Gubbaun had her skinned, he embraced his son, (that's *hugged* him, boys, d' ye mind,) an' epoke to him as this:

"'Now, Boofun, avick, (my son,) and it's you *was* ever the good boy of a son to me, only I never could make you understand the coorse of the world's doin's as well as I could wish; but never heed! you'll improve yet—so take courage and do as I desire you; but mind, if you do n't, never call the Gubbaun Seare your father more, the longest day you have to live! Do you see that skin?' 'I do, father—I see it,' says he, innocent as a child. 'Well, Boofun, you must take to the road now at once, and you must walk on, and never stop till you get some one that will buy this skin, and pay you for it, and then give you your skin back again into the bargain.'

"'O! O! father!' says the other, 'I'm a fool myself, I know, and yet I'm sure I would n't do sich a simple thing as *that*,' says he, 'and I think, indeed, father, you must be a fool *yourself* to think so,' says he. 'Howld your tongue, an' be off, you natral!' says the father; 'what do *you* know about it! Be off at wanst; and here, take this! here's coot enough for the road,' says he, 'and be sure an' remember what I towld you,' says he.

"So poor Boofun, sir, wint off; and sorrowful he was to lave his father, and his business, and his comfortable home, and to go away on what he thought sich a wild-goose chase. It happened that it was market-day at the next town, an' many a one overtook him, an' he cryin'.

" 'Well, Boofun,' they'd say, for they knew him, 'are you going to sell that fine sheep's skin?' 'I am,' he'd say; 'but I know *you* wont buy it, for by the way I'm selling it, it would be a dear article for you.' 'Why so, man? I'm in want of wool, an' very little would make me buy the same *skin*, for it's fine *wool*.' 'Yes, but,' Boofun would say, 'you must pay me for it, and then give it me back if you buy it!' So he would be always laughed at, an' he was nearly dying av dishpair.

"However, on he traveled and walked; and many miles from home he came to a beautiful lake, all surrounded with trees, very like that lake where your honor and the captain, and the ladies used to go and fish, and make peckthers, (pictures,) Inchiquin lake, sir; an' if he did, there was as darlin' a young lady as could be seen, an' she standing on the shore of the lake, and after finishing washin' some of the finest fleeces of iligant wool. 'O!' said he to himself, 'if I could only get this darlin' to buy *my* fleeces! But no one will ever do so foolish a thing as that, an' I shall never sell it, nor get back again!'

"However, Boofun took courage, and wint up to her. 'God bless your work, alanna! 'tis yourself's not idle this morning! And what beautiful wool! I've a fleece here myself, an' I thought it good, but yours bates it intirely! I would sell mine, too, but neither you nor any one else will ever buy it! A voh! voh!'

" 'Why, that *must* be a curious fleece, if no one'll buy it. Sir,' says she, 'what may be the price?'

" 'O, for that,' says he, 'it's for little or nothing I'd sell it; but what good would that do you, agra, when I'm never to enter my father's house again, nor call myself his son, until I bring him back the skin and the price of it as well! However, it's no use talking to you, at any rate, for *you* 'll have nothing to do with me.'

" 'Why, how can you say so till I tell you?' says she.

" 'O, my thousand blessings for that word,' says he, 'it makes my heart rise like a cork to hear you!'

" 'Well, what will you take for the skin?'

" 'O, very little, then—only so much, (mentioning a small sum.)

" 'Very good,' says she, 'I'll give you that much, and welcome;' and whisper, 'are you the son of the Gubbaun Seare?'

" 'I am; but how could you guess that?'

" 'Because,' says she, 'no one could think of such a plan but his own four bones, and I think I see the *meanin*' of it, too,' says she. 'Hand me the skin.' So Boofun did, sir; and she fell to work, and in a very short time she had the wool stripped off. 'And here, now,' says she, 'here is your *skin* back for you, and *here* is the price of it,' says she, handing him the money; and tell the Gubbaun a very good *buraun* the skin 'll make,' says she.

" 'O, my million thanks to you,' says he; 'though I never should have thought of this in thousands of years, yet you've settled it with one word!'

" 'So, sir, after much more talk, away he ran; and never stopped till he came home; and the Gubbaun had just returned from his work, and findin' the home so lonesome, was almost repentin' he'd ever set Boofun away. Glad he was, though, when Boofun came in, and gave him a great account of all he had done; but what was his joy when Boofun drew forth the sheep's skin, and counted out the money. Well, after some of the joy was over, the Gubbaun put on a very long, sarious face, 'And now, Boofun,' says he, 'do n't as you love me,' says he, 'deny any thing I ask,' says he, 'but tell me the truth. I know, you needn't tell me, it was a woman that thought of the plan of skinning the fleeces, for no *man* in Ireland would think of it but myself.'

" 'Faix, then, so she said herself,' says Boofun.

" 'Hah! well, I knew it was a *she*; but was she young or owld? for, by my trowel and hammer,' says he, 'the owld ones are *sometimes* as cut as any!'

" 'O, then, she was young, and handsome, too, and rich beside,' says he.

" 'O, never mind the riches,' says the Gubbaun, 'for half a grain of sinse is worth a ton of it; be you're my darlin' son at last, and be off at the first light of morning,' says he, 'and take the best horse I have, and put on the best clothes you have, and bring her home—and I'll engage she comes.'

"Long before the Gubbaun was up, Boofun started; and not many hours was he on the road, when he met the very same young lady, an' she goin' to market all by herself. Well, sir, they had a great salutation, an' he coaxed her to take a sate on the horse. She wanted to get off at the market, but he would n't do, sir; and he came to his father's house airily in the evening.

"Well, you'd think, sir, the Gubbaun knew it all. Some said surely that he could foretell. There was the house, all beautiful and nate, and a most splendid intertainment on the table; there was a large party of the Gubbaun's friends, and plenty of all that was good.

"And the Gubbaun was the boy that *could* intertain them all. And, sir, when all were in high good-humor, and herself laughing and jokin' with Boofun, then he brought forward the *statak*. To be sure, she was very shy, and ashamed, the cranyther, (all by herself, you may say,) but you know, sir, even now, as we see every day, a match is n't long comin' round, when the parties are willin' an' the *spynkers* are good. So it was now; she agreed to lave all for Boofun—and she did well. To make my long story short, in a few days they were married; and in the meantime they had got *her* friends' consent. And a great weddin' they had."

"Well, Tum, now we've got them well married, jump up for some turf! do n't you see the fire's a'most out?"

"O, then, that your honor may never want for a good fire, I pray."

"Yes, Jimmy, nor a *good warrant*, like yourself, to tell a good story."

"To be sure, sir, it shortens the night, as we say, an' if Jimmy wont be offended, for taking the story out av his mouth, I'll tell your honor some more of the Gubbaun's doin's."

CHAPTER II.

"That 's a good boy, Tom," said Jimmy, myself does n't remember any more about him."

"Well, then, sir, they were not very many weeks married, when the Gubbaun wished to *try* the wife still more, to see whether she was knowin' enough for him, in order that she might be depended on completely, if any thing should happen. So one day he towld the son to get ready, and to come with him, for that he had heard of a fine job of work. So they started; and when they had got about three miles on the road, the Gubbaun turned sharp round, and asked Boofun the distance to the next place.

"Twenty miles, no less," says Boofun.

"Well," says the Gubbaun, 'every inch of the road we have to go,' says he, 'but it 's too long by ten miles.'

"Sure I can't help that," says Boofun.

"You *can*, sir!" says the Gubbaun, 'you can make it *ten* miles, if you like; and if you can't, go back, sir, and stay at home with your wife, for you're not fit to travel with me,' says he.

"Boofun said 'he could n't do it;' so he had to go back. And when he came home, his wife ran out.

"Well, what 's brought you back? Any thing the matter?"

"Every thing!" says poor Boofun. 'We had n't got three miles before the Gubbaun towld me to shorten the road one half; and sure, you know, *all I could say* would n't shorten it!'

"I don't know that," says she, 'may be not; but take my advice, run back, and begin to tell him some story,' says she, 'no matter whether it is true or not, but amuse him as well as you can; and if he is n't satisfied, cut my head off when you come back,' says she. So, sir, he never stopped until he overtook the Gubbaun; and the very minute he began the story, he had confidence in Boofun's wife.

"Now, Tom, tell us—what reason could he have had for that? Could n't they and she both have taken care of themselves?"

"Howld on a while, and maybe you 'll see, sir."

"They traveled on and on, a hundred miles, or maybe more, and at last they came to a most splendid, iligant, noble palace, that the King of Munster was building. Thousands of masons, and carpenters, and all kinds of workmen, were in full operation at it—and the finest of work they were doing. It was just dinner-time, as it happened, when the Gubbaun and Boofun came, but they made no delay, but asked the steward of the works, sir, for employment, an' they did n't let an they were *any thing in particklar*, only just masons.

"O!" says the steward, says he, 'there 's plenty av employment for men in your line,' says he, 'but wait till after dinner, and then I'll talk to you,' says he.

"Why, for that matter," says the Gubbaun, 'it 's a while ago we eat our dinner,' says he, 'and if it 's all the same to you, we'll be glad if you 'll set us some piece of work that we can be at till you come back.' And just then, sir, the dinner-bell began to ring. 'Well, gentleman,' says the steward, laughin' out loud, an' turnin' up his nose, an' winkin' round to the rest of the men, since you are so impatient, an' sich wonderful men, just sit down here, and take that block of marble,' says he, 'and have a cat an' two two tails made out of it when I come back,' says he, runnin' into dinner.

"Well, sir, it was a fine block of stone, sure enough, and likely, rale Kilkenny marble; but it was any thing like a Kilkenny cat they med, for they never stopped until they had a splendid cat, wid two noble tails carved out, and all this before the lazy steward and his men came back from their dinner; and what was the most astonishin' to all, the surprisin' fierce pair of whiskers that the Gubbaun was puttin' out from the cat's nose when the steward came out! But who should be along with him but the King of Munster himself; and when he saw the cat, and the two tails, and the warlike pair of whiskers, he was all but ready to split with the laughin', and when he got words at last, he never stopped praisin' the Gubbaun.

"But," says the King of Munster, turning round to the unfortunate steward, (that had n't one word to say,) 'you scoundrel! your intention was to make game of this honest man, and now he has done in one hour, what you wouldn't do if you were to live as long as that cat would last; and it 's *he*, and not *you*, that has the best right to be steward here,' says he. So the Gubbaun was appointed steward over all the palace; and it was he that made all the ornaments, and all the images and statues that was in the place intirely, he and Boofun; and the King of Munster grew fonder and fonder of him every day.

"But, sir, in the course of time the king got curious notions into his head, and the worst was, that at last he determined that his palace should not only be the finest and grandest in all Ireland, but what was worse for the Gubbaun, he resolved that as soon as all was finished, he would put an end to the poor fellow's life, and particularly because he had lately found out that the King of Leinster had heard of his beautiful palace, and that he intended to send for the Gubbaun and construct one still finer.

"But, sir, though the King of Munster was certainly determined to kill the Gubbaun Seare, he found it very difficult to lay a plan to do it—for he well knew who he had to deal with, and how hard it would be to catch him. However, the king incrayed his wages, and made him very well off, so that he might n't suspect any thing; but, for fear he should, he sent for the man who owned the house where the Gubbaun and Boofun lived, privately, and made him great presents to keep the saycret, and to lay hands on the Gubbaun if he suspected that he was about to start away in any hurry. But, sir, as luck would have it, this very man's daughter, who loved the Gubbaun and Boofun dearly, happened to be behind

the door, or in a closet, while the king was giving these horrible directions to her father, and determined at once to let them know the danger they were in."

"I wonder, Tom, the Gubbaun didn't suspect something?"

"O, then, most likely he did, and was well prepared, I dare say, (for we all know, sir, how hard it is to trust these kings and great people,) still the girl found it very hard to make the Gubbaun sensible of his danger; and she knew there was always a strict guard over him, and spies out, for fear he'd make his escape; though, the palace not being finished yet, the king did not like to do the action for a while.

"One day the Gubbaun and Boofun had been hard at work at some grand temple, and they came back at night, mighty hungry. This very girl was the cook, and she had a very fine lookin' pot of pratees on the fire for dinner."

"Potatoes, Tom! No! Why they came from America, a thousand or more years after this!"

"Why, then, now, did they, your honor? Well, I suppose it was something as good; any how, we'll call them pratees."

"'Good evenin'!" says the Gubbaun; 'is supper ready?"

"'O, quite ready,' says she; 'but it's a poor one we have to-day, only pratees and eggs,' says she; for you know, your honor, they did n't live *then* as we do *now*—they knew better than that.

"'Well, them same's good,' says he. 'Did you never hear the old saying, When all *fruits* fail, welkim *haws*!' for he'd always a pleasant joke or saying in his mouth. 'But what's this?' says he; 'Why, how came so many raw ones among them?"

"'O,' says she, looking hard at him, 'if you *will* stop *here*, you must take things as they come, agreeable and disagreeable, for that's the way they're going!"

"'By my trowel and hammer!' says the Gubbaun, to himself, 'if that's the case, its full time to be goin' ourselves likewise;' and when they were going to work, he told Boofun every word, for *he* never suspected. 'But never fear,' says he, 'we'll get out of this scrape, if they did their worst and their best, and if they were seventeen times wiser than they are, and if they had all the guards in his kingdom to watch me; but howld *your* tongue, and do n't let on a word of what I've said.'

"Next morning, when the king was up, and in his room, where he transacted all his affairs, the Gubbaun came and sint up word that he would be glad to see his majesty about something that was wanted for the palace. Now the Gubbaun, sir, was always welcome; and it was only because the king had *too good* an opinion of him, that he was going to kill him. When he was admitted, 'Well,' says the king, (mighty grand,) 'is my palace finished, or what do you want with *me*?' says he.

"'Why, plaze your majesty's reverence,' says the Gubbaun, (for he was a fine spoken man,) 'your majesty's palace is *not* quite completely turned out

of my hands yet,' says he, 'nor I can't exactly call it finished, nor let the people that's to come after me speak of the name of the Gubbaun Seare along with it, unless one thing is done, that *should* be done, if your majesty raylly wishes it to be *perfect*.'

"'Well, spake your wishes, *and then*, if I plaze, they shall be attended to,' says the king.

"'Well, then, plaze your majesty, there is an instrument, and without it, your statues, and your images and pillars can't be polished nor completed unless I get it, and that instrument is at home with me,' says he.

"'What may be the name of it?' says the king.

"'Why, we call it,' said the Gubbaun, (of course they spoke in Irish,) '*Khur eneín khur, agus khaoun eneín khaoun*!' (and that, your honor, means, the tricks upon tricks, and the twists upon twists;) 'as one in Ireland owns such an instrument but myself, or at any rate not half such a good one; and if your majesty plazes, I'll go home and get it.'

"'No,' says the king, '*you must never laive me*; when I've this palace built, I'll build another, and I'll want you; if I let you go now, may be you'd meet something better, though *that* you could hardly do, I believe; but may be you'd die on the road, and I'd never see you again. *No*,' says he, '*you must never laive me*!'

"'Do you think so?' says the Gubbaun to himself.

"By my trowel and hammer, though, I think you're considerably wrong! Why, indeed, your majesty answered the Gubbaun, 'tis yourself that was ever and always the good friend to me and my son; and indeed, so happy am I here, long life and good luck to your majesty!' says he, 'and may you increaye, and long reign,' says he, 'that I would certainly never wish to part from you, and I'd be satisfied to build palaces for you all my life; may be, then, in that case, your majesty would be graciously plazed to allow my son, Boofun, to set out and get the *khur eneín khur, agus khaoun eneín khaoun*?'

"'No!' says the king, says he, 'I'm nearly as fond and as proud of Boofun as yourself; and it's my orders to double his wages, and to double your own from this minute.'

"'Well, very well, your majesty, let it be so, then. I would tell no common fellow here where it is, he'd just break it on the road; and if I'm not, nor Boofun, to go for this instrument, things must stop as they are, and the palace will remain unfinished to the end of the world.'

"The king considered for some time; at last, 'Gubbaun Seare,' says he, 'I *must* have my palace finished, and yet I *must* have your instrument; now my son, the prince, has nothing on earth to do—and will you be satisfied if I send him? I will be your security that he takes the greatest care of it.'

"'Well, your majesty, your will must be law. O! O! my poor instrument, if any thing should happen you!"

"So, sir, the prince was ordered up, and the Gubbaun gave him all kinds of directions how to carry it, and towld him where he'd get it, 'in the big chest, over the chimney-piece.'

"The next day the prince set out, and took but one companion with him; and who should that be but his younger brother, a young lad that wished for some diversion—and the two only thought it a pleasant ride.

"In a few days they reached the Gubbaun's cottage, and when Boofun's wife saw them coming, she was sure something was wrong. Some of her people were in the house, but she bundled them out; 'Be ready, though,' says she, 'for fear I'd want you, but leave those lads to me.' So they came in, and the prince saluted her most kindly, towld her who he was, and begged lave to put up his horse. Then she asked him 'how her husband and the Gubbaun were?' But he gave her a full account of all I've told you, as far as he knew. 'But, ma'am,' says the prince, very gracious intirely, 'there is an instrument that the Gubbaun can't do without, that he wants to polish the stones,' says he, 'and my father's so fond of them both,' says he, 'that he would n't let him or Boofun home,' says he, 'and the Gubbaun would n't let any common fellow come, for fear he'd break it, and so I'm sent to a-k you for it.'

"And plaze your highness,' says she, 'what may be the name of this instrument? for he left so many affter him here, in that terrible big chest over the chimney-piece, that raylly I don't know which it could be.'

"Ah! sure enough,' he said, 'it was in the big chest,' says the prince, 'and the name of it is—let me see, I dare say you know it ma'am—the khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun.'

"O, yes, your highness!' says she, 'I know the twists upon twists, and tricks upon tricks very well, and a very fine, useful kind of instrument it is, as you'll soon see. I do n't know whether I'll be able to get it out av the chist or not, but if I'm not able, you can do it aisy, for you're a fine, tall young man, and may you live long!' says she. So she got up on a chair and tried, and all she could reach was the lid av the chest. Then she put another chair on that one, and tried again, but she could only get her hand a little way in, and, says she, 'O, the lid's mighty heavy! but do you try, and I'm sure you'll bring it, for I can just reach it; I can almost feel it.' So the prince fell to laughin', and mounted on the chairs in no time, and opened the big lid av the chest, and looked in, while she gave the sly wink to one of her brothers.

"O!' says the prince, 'but it's very deep! I can't see the bottom av it yet, it's so dark,' says he; 'get a candle.'

"O, no!' says she, 'creep down, your highness; the instrument is quite at the bottom, I'm sure,' says she. 'Now,' says she to her brother, 'when I say *you're very near it*, catch a howlt av his legs, and bundle him into the chest.' Now the prince's brother all this time was ayten some bread and milk, and never suspected a ha'porth.

"O, ma'am,' says the prince, 'I can't reach it,' says he, bendin' over, and balancin' his body on the edge av the chist, 'is it here at all?' says he.

"O, you're very near it now!' says she. And, sir, in a minute they had him doubled up an' pitched

into the chest, and caught a howlt of the young brother and tied him neck and heels.

"Ha! ha! what your highness asked for, you got,' says she. 'In all your life now, did you ever see a finer trick or a nicer twist? Faix! I think it was a rale trick upon trick, and a twist upon twist! Your brother may go back now, as quick as he likes, and tell his father that as soon as the Gubbaun is done polishin' the statues, we'll be very glad to see him back, and Boofun too, and we'll take iligant care of yourself until he comes; it was a good messenger he found to go for the khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun. That's a fine fellow,' says she, (to the young chap,) 'pelt away home, and when we see the Gubbaun and Boofun in view of this house, we'll release your brother; but mind me! if they are not in this house within one week from this day, your father will never see the prince again!'

"So he rode home, tearin' over the roads like mad, and as soon as he was gone, sir, she had the prince taken out av the chest, (for he was a'most smothered,) and took him up the mountains in hide, and fed him well, and took care av him.

"But O! your honor, how can I tell you how mad the king was, when he saw the *hare* that the Gubbaun had made av him, and how he would n't spake a word all day, but cursin'. However, next mornin' he considered that after all it was useless to fret, and that no time must be lost, or he'd lose the prince.

"So he put a good face on the business, and called the Gubbaun and Boofun to him, but took great care to explain to the Gubbaun how he did n't mean to harm him, and all that, and they say that kings and sich like people were always tolerable good hands at the *blarney*. And he paid them all their full amount of wages, and made them presents, and sent to the stables, and had two of the most splendid hunters that could be found saddled and bridled, and gave them to them.

"Well! they set out, and weren't long tll they got home, and glad and thankful they were for their great escape; and to be sure Boofun's wife was proud indeed to see them, and she went and had the prince brought down, and the Gubbaun invited all his friends, and a great intertainment was prepared in honor of his return, and in honor of the prince.

"In the evening, or rather the morning of the next day, the prince asked leave to take his departure, but the Gubbaun would n't let him go till he had written a letter to the king, and I think this was the letter:—

"*May it plaze your majesty*—I returned here quite safe, but I can't let his highness the prince off without returnin' you many thousand thanks for all you have done for me. You have made a family comfortable and happy for life, and, by my trowel and hammer, I will forever pray for your majesty's reverence! However, plaze your majesty, *the instrument I have safe here*, which the prince was n't able to *make out*; and in all my expayrience I never yet met with one that answered my purpose better than the Khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun.

THE GUBBAUN SEARS."

EDITH MAURICE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

How many beautiful, lovely-minded women do we meet in society, who are united, by marriage contract, with men whose tastes, habits and characters, cannot but be in every way uncongenial. And on the other hand, how often do we see the finest specimens of men unequally joined to women who seem to have no true appreciation of what is really excellent in morals or social life. The reason for such inequality is very apparent to all who observe with any intelligence. The affinities which govern among those who enter life's dazzling arena, are, in most cases, external instead of internal. Accomplishment, personal appearance, and family connections, are more considered than qualities of the heart. Beauty, wit, station and wealth, are the standards of value, while real merit is not thought of or fondly believed to exist as a natural internal correspondent of the external attractions so pleasant to behold. In this false and superficial mode of estimating character lies the bane of domestic happiness. Deceived by the merest externals, young persons come together and enter into the holiest relation of life, to discover, alas! in a few years, that there exists no congeniality of taste, no mutual appreciation of what is excellent and desirable in life, and, worse than all, no mutual affection, based upon clearly seen qualities of the mind. Unhappiness always follows this sad discovery, and were it not for the love of children, which has come in to save them, hundreds and thousands, who, in the eyes of the world, appear to live happily together, would be driven angrily asunder.

Aunt Esther, whose own experience in life, confirmed by much observation, made the evil here indicated as clear as noonday to her perceptions, saw the error of her beautiful niece, Edith, in courting rather than shunning observation while in society.

"You wrong yourself, dear," she would often say, "by this over carefulness about external appearance. You attract those who see but little below the surface, while the really excellent and truly intelligent avoid instead of seeking your society."

"Would you have me careless about my appearance, aunt?" Edith would sometimes say, in reply to these suggestions.

"By no means," Aunt Esther would reply. "A just regard to what is appropriate in externals marks the woman of true taste and right feelings. But you go beyond this."

"Then I violate the principles of taste in dressing."

"I will not say that you do very broadly. Most persons would affirm that you display a fine taste, and in using the word display would express my ob-

jection. I think a woman infringes good taste when she so arrays herself as to attract attention to her dress."

"As I do?"

"Yes, Edith, as you do. If you disguise from yourself the fact that you both love and seek admiration for personal appearance, you do not do so from others—at least not from me."

Aunt Esther did not wrong her niece by this judgment. It was Edith's weakness to love admiring; and what we love we naturally seek. What actually infringing the laws of taste and harmony, she yet managed to dress in a style that always attracted the eye, and set off her really superior in the most imposing manner. The consequence was that she had many admirers, some of whom were elegant and attractive young men. But none of these were drawn to the side of Edith from a love of her moral beauty. It was the beauty of her person, the fascination of her manners, and the sparkle of her wit, that made her an object of admiration.

Edith had a friend whom she dearly loved; a sweet, gentle, true-hearted girl, named Mary Graham. Those who were dazzled by an imposing appearance, passed Mary with indifference; but the few who could perceive the violet's odor by the roadside, as they moved along through life, sought her company, and found, in the heart of a loving woman, more of beauty and delight than she ever gives to a creature of show and admiration.

Different as they were, in many respects, Edith and Mary were alike in the possession of deep affections. Both loved what was pure and good; but while one had an instinctive power of looking beneath the glittering surface, the other was easily deceived by appearances. While one shrank from observation, the other courted attentions. The consequence was, that Edith had hosts of admirers, while only the discriminating few lingered near the retiring Mary. The one was admired for what she appeared to be, the other was loved for what she was.

Two young men, entirely dissimilar in character, yet thrown together as friends, by circumstances, met one evening, when one of them, whose name was Ashton, said to the other,

"Erskine! I met a glorious creature last night—a perfect Hebe!"

"Ah! Who is she?"

"Her name is Edith Maurice."

"She's a showy girl, certainly."

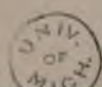


W. Harrison del.

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EDITH MAURICE

Engraved by Harrison for Thomas Agnew & Sons



"Showy! She's a magnificent woman, Erskine. And so you've met her?"

"A few times."

"Were you not enchanted?"

"No. Your glorious creatures never turn my brain."

"You're an anchorite."

"Far from it. I delight in all things lovely; and, above all, in the presence of a lovely woman."

"A lovelier woman than Edith Maurice I have not seen for a twelvemonth."

"Though I have."

"You have, indeed!"

"I think so. She has a friend, named Mary Graham, whom I think far more interesting."

"Pray introduce me."

"I will, when opportunity offers."

Not long afterward an introduction took place, and Ashton spent a short time in the company of Mary Graham.

"That's your lovely woman," said the young man to his friend, in a tone of contempt, when they next met.

"To me she is exceedingly interesting," returned Erskine.

"Interesting! A duller piece of human ware it has not been my fortune to meet for these dozen years. I should say she has no soul."

"There you are mistaken. She is all soul."

"All soul! If you want to see a woman all soul, look at Edith Maurice."

"All body, you mean," replied Erskine, smiling.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Ashton.

"All external. It is rather the beauty of person than the beauty of soul that you see in Edith; but, in Mary, every tone and motion but expresses some modification of the true beauty that lies within. Edith bursts upon you like a meteor; but Mary comes forth as Hesperus, scarcely seen at first, but shining with a purer and brighter light the more intently you gaze upon her."

"Not a meteor, my dear fellow," replied Ashton.

"I repudiate that comparison. Edith is another Sirius, flashing on the eyes with an ever-varying, yet strong and beautiful light. As for your evening stars, with their unimpassioned way of shining—their steady, planet-like, orderly fashion of sending forth their rays—I never had any fancy for them."

"Every one to his taste," said Erskine. "As for me, I like true beauty—the beauty of the mind and heart."

"Oh, as for that," returned Ashton, lightly, "let people go in for hearts who understand such matters. I don't profess to know much about them. But I can appreciate, ay, and love a magnificent woman like Edith Maurice. You can have Mary Graham, and welcome; I will never cross your path."

From this time Ashton became the undisguised admirer of Edith. The young man was handsome, well educated, and had a winning address; yet, for all this, there was something about him from which the pure-minded girl at first shrunk. Erskine she sometimes met; and whenever she happened to be

thrown into his company, she was charmed with his manners, and interested in his conversation. Unobtrusive as he was, she admired him more than any man she had yet seen. But the showy exterior of Edith hid from the eyes of Erskine her real worth. He looked upon her as vain, fond of admiration, and of course, as possessing little heart—and turned from her to find a congenial spirit in her friend Mary. Had Erskine sought to win the favor of Edith, a man like Ashton would have proved no rival. But Erskine evinced no disposition to show her any thing more than ordinary polite attentions, and with an inward sigh, she suffered the heart which shrunk at first with instinctive repugnance, to turn with its affections toward Ashton.

Vain with the thought of having so imposing and beautiful a woman as Edith for a wife, Ashton did not stop to inquire whether there was a relative fitness for mutual happiness, but pressed his suit with ardor, and won her consent before the half-bewildered girl had time for reflection. Friends, who understood the character of the young man, interposed their influence to save Edith from a connection that promised little for the future; but their interposition came too late. She was betrothed, and neither could nor would listen to a word against the man with whom she had chosen to cast her lot in life.

A brilliant and beautiful girl, Edith was led to the altar by one, who, as a man, was her equal in external attractions; but he was far from possessing her pure, true, loving heart. It did not take many months to lift the veil that had fallen before the eyes of Edith. Gradually the quality of her husband's mind began to manifest itself—and sad, indeed, was her spirit, at times, when these manifestations were more distinct than usual.

The experience of a single year was painful in the extreme. The young wife not only found herself neglected, but treated with what she felt to be direct unkindness. She had discovered that her husband was selfish; and though, to the world, he showed a polished exterior, she had found him wanting in the finer feelings she had fondly believed him to possess. Moreover, he was a mere sensualist, than which nothing is more revolting to a pure-minded woman. External attractions had brought them together, but these had failed to unite them as one.

No wonder that, in such a marriage, a few years robbed the cheeks of Edith of their roundness and bloom, and her eyes of their beautiful light. Those who met her, no longer remarked upon her loveliness, but rather spoke of the great change so short a period had wrought. A certain respect for himself caused Ashton to assume the appearance of kindness toward his wife, when any one was present; but at other times he manifested the utmost indifference. They had three children, and love for these held them in a state of mutual toleration and forbearance.

Ill health was the understood reason for the change in Edith's manner and appearance. Few, if any,

knew the real cause. Few imagined that the fountain of her affections had become sealed, or only poured forth its waters to sink in an arid soil. In society she made an effort to be companionable and cheerful for the sake of others; and at home, with her children, she strove to be the same. But, oh! what a weary, hopeless life she led; and but for the love of her little ones, she would have died.

Mary Graham was united to Mr. Erskine, shortly after the union of Edith with Mr. Ashton—and it was a true marriage. A just appreciation of internal qualities had drawn them together, and these proved, as they ever do, permanent bonds.

Mary and Edith had retained a tender regard for each other, and met frequently. But in all their intercourse, with true womanly delicacy, Edith avoided all allusion to her own unhappy state, although there were times when her heart longed to unburden itself to one so truly a sympathizing friend.

One evening—it was ten years from the time of Edith's marriage—her husband came home in his usual cold and indifferent way; and while they sat at the tea-table, something that she said excited his anger, and he replied in most harsh and cutting words. This was no unusual thing. But it so happened that Edith's feelings were less under her control than usual, and she answered the unkindness with a gush of tears. This only tended to irritate her unfeeling husband, who said, in a sneering tone,

"A woman's tears do n't lie very deep. But it's lost time to use them on me. I'll go where I can meet cheerful faces."

And then rising from the table, he put on his hat and left the house to spend his evening, as usual, in more congenial society.

Edith dried her tears as best she could, and going to her chamber, sought, by an effort of reason, to calm her agitated feelings. But such an effort for a woman, under such circumstances, must, as in this case, ever be fruitless. Calmness of spirit only comes after a more passionate overflow of grief. When this had subsided, Edith remembered that she had promised Mrs. Erskine, who lived only two or

three doors away, to come in and spend the evening. Had she consulted her feelings now, she would have remained at home, but as she would be expected, she rallied her spirits as much as was in her power and then went in to join her friend.

How different was the home of Mary to that of Edith. Mutual love reigned there. The very atmosphere was redolent of domestic bliss. Mr. Erskine was away when Edith joined Mary, and they sat talked together for an hour before he returned. A short time before Edith intended going home came in, with his ever cheerful face, and after greeting her cordially, turned to his wife, and spoke in a voice so full of tenderness and affection, that Edith felt her heart flutter and the tears steal unbidden to her eyes. It was so different from the way her husband spoke. The contrast caused her to feel, more deeply, if possible, than ever, her own sad, broken heart.

Rising suddenly, for she felt that she was losing the control of her feelings, Edith excused herself, hastily retired. Mary saw that something had affected her friend, and, with a look, made her husband comprehend the fact also. He remained in the drawing-room, while Mary passed with Edith into the chamber where they paused for a moment, looking into each other's faces. Neither said a word, but Edith pressed her face down upon the bosom of her friend, and sobbed passionately.

"What is it that pains you, Edith?" Mary asked in a low, tender voice, as soon as her friend wept herself into calmness.

Edith raised her face, now pale and compressed, and pushing back with her hand a stray ringlet that had fallen over her cheek, said, with a forced, sad smile,

"Forgive my weakness, dear—I could not help it. A full heart will at times run over. But, good-night—good-night!"

And Edith hurried away.

A few years more and the history of a hopelessly weary life was closed. Is the moral of this history hard to read? No; all may comprehend it.

STANZAS.

VAIN our hopes with pleasure glowing,
False the light ambition burns,
Swift the tide of time is flowing,
And the dial quickly turns.

Mark the flowers how they wither,
As the north winds pass them by,
And the sparrow passing thither
At the falcon's luring cry:

So our movements straight are bearing
Courses to the silent grave,
All alike its terrors sharing,
E'en the monarch and the slave.

From its verge there's no retreating,
Wayward, helpless masses throng;
Nature's wheels are still repeating
Revolutions swift and strong.

Onward with the current rushing
Atoms and their kindred blend;
Worlds to dust in fragments crushing,
As they approximate the end.

Thus all things, in perfect keeping,
Point direct to that dread day
When the trump shall wake the sleeping,
And this orb shall fade away:

When the planets wildly rolling,
As by Heaven's fierce lightnings hurled,
Thunders deep, like curfew's tolling
Requiem of the dying world:

Then shall join, in quick succession,
Stars, celestial bodies, all,
Form the trembling, vast procession
At their Maker's final call. a. a. mason

A DAY OR TWO IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[It is related of Justin Martyr that, while a young man, walking upon a certain occasion on the seashore near Alexandria, and meditating doubtfully on the immortality of the soul, he met a stranger of venerable appearance, who accosted him, and discovering the subject of his thoughts, revealed to him the doctrines of the Gospel on that subject. Justin shortly after embraced Christianity—became one of the brightest ornaments of the church—and suffered martyrdom at Rome, at a very advanced age. From this text the following sketch was produced, which may be considered rather as a fanciful outline of what might have befallen any Christian in the days of Rome's fierce domination, than as faithfully following the history of any real personage.]

CHAPTER I.

The sun was setting over the wide waste of sand which surrounded the ancient city of the great Alexander. The sultry heat of a summer day was beginning to give place to a refreshing coolness. All was calm and still—the bustle of the mighty city, faintly heard in the distance, seemed to enhance the quiet of the solitary shore upon which walked one alone and in deep thought. He was a man in his youthful prime, but clad in the grave robes of one devoted to the study of philosophy, and his face was marked with the lines of much thought and study. Sometimes he moved slowly on, his eyes fixed on the sand which the retiring tide had left a firm and even footing. Anon he paused to look at the play of the little waves, as they came murmuring in, and curled their light foam over the last traces of his footsteps. Far as the eye could reach, the blue waters of the Mediterranean spread themselves, scarcely agitated by the faint breeze, and reflecting, in a long line of undulating light, the glory of the setting sun. As the bright luminary sunk, the eye of the wanderer rested on it, and a shade of deep melancholy gathered over his face.

"Another day thou hast fulfilled thy task, O sun! and done thy Maker's bidding—again thou hidest thyself in the ocean's bosom, to arise to-morrow with renewed splendor. Thou art no enigma, to give the lie to all the conclusions of philosophy. Clear as thy light is the purpose for which thou wast hung on high; steady as thy Maker's will is thy bright obedience. Thou fulfillst thy destiny—but man, man—I and such as I—alas! we but resemble these useless waves which foam out their little moment and vanish on the barren sand. Alas! shall it never be that we shall find a solution of the mystery of our being? How aimless, how useless, appears our existence. Confined to this narrow stage, how vain are our mighty energies, our inexhaustible wishes, our infinite hopes. Where now," he exclaimed, as turning to retrace his steps, his eye was caught by the towers and temples of the distant city, lit by the sun with transitory splendor, "where now is the mighty hero who founded yonder city? He is gone forever from the stage of being, as little regarded or remembered as the dust which the hurrying crowd tramples in its streets. O for some certainty, some assurance that this life is not *all*; that hereafter permitted to awake from the sleep of death, man shall yet fill a

part worthy of his mighty spirit, shall yet find in infinite perfection an object on which to expend those treasures of thought and feeling which corrode hidden here in his heart, or are wasted on idols as vain as yonder vapor which rises from the sea."

Absorbed in meditation, he had not perceived until now that another was approaching, walking at a slow pace along the margin of the sea. As the stranger came nearer, the young philosopher could not avoid observing him with interest. He was apparently very aged. Long locks of white hair streamed on his shoulders and mingled with the hair of a beard equally as white. His robe was arranged with careful soberness, and in his hand he carried a staff, though his erect and firm figure did not seem to need its support. In his clear, bright eye, his ruddy cheek and benign expression, appeared intelligence, health and goodness, all the beauty of a green old age, all the charm of the fully ripened autumn of life. As they drew nearer each other, the stranger looked earnestly on the young philosopher, who regarded him with increasing interest.

"Dost thou know me, my son," said the old man, at length, "that thou lookest on me so earnestly?"

The young man bowed reverently as he answered.

"No, father; but I wondered to see one like thee here at such an hour."

"I am here," replied the stranger, "to meet one who promised to be with me at this place. But what, my son, brings thee to this lonely spot, when yonder busy city is thronged with whatsoever can minister to pleasure or the thirst of knowledge?"

"It is therefore I am here; for it is when alone with the great Author of Nature, among his works, that we can best seek that highest wisdom which is learned only by meditating on His nature and the end of our being. The fountains of divine philosophy may be found even here in the cold sea-sand."

"Alas! my son, and if they be, of what avail shalt thou find them? The sand upon which the showers descend vainly for centuries, is not more barren nor more unstable than that philosophy of which thou makest thy boast."

"I boast not—I am but a seeker after Truth."

"Ay, so say all you philosophers; but what profit shalt thou have of that truth which cannot be practiced in life, nor console thee at death?"

"My father, it was but now that I lamented to myself my own useless and aimless existence, and

the vanity of those speculations wherewith we strive in vain to pierce the mystery of our being. There are moments when that foundation of reason on which I build my hopes of eternal life seems to shift beneath my feet, as unstable as this sand; when life and its purposes, death and its consequences, seem to me a mystery more unfathomable than yonder sea. What assurance have I that my existence will not terminate like that of the beasts which perish? What certainty that, with my mortal frame, this spirit which I feel within me shall not also die and disappear forever? It is true, there are many probabilities that the soul is immortal, nature and reason seem alike to teach that it is so, but still I have no assurance, still that mighty hope at times seems vain, often it is eclipsed entirely, and my soul is shrouded in darkness."

"My son, what wouldst thou give to one who could give thee an assurance, a positive certainty, that thy hopes of immortality are not vain?"

"Did there exist one able to give me that assurance I would deem the devotion of my whole life a poor return for so vast a blessing. But thou mockest me with so vain a hope. No created being is able to give me such assurance, or is worthy of belief did he promise it. No—the great Maker of my spirit alone can reveal to me if it be immortal; but where shall I seek him to ask for that revelation? He is to be found only in his own works, and I can but go back to that school, and strive by meditation on Him to strengthen my spirit in the only faith which gives any value to life."

The stranger regarded the young man with a long and wistful gaze.

"Wouldst thou believe me, my son, were I to tell thee that I possess that assurance? that I am as firmly convinced of my existence after death, as I am that I am now a living, breathing man? that I feel an absolute certainty that you and I will meet, immortal spirits, before the throne of God, who is the Judge of all men?"

The young philosopher smiled mournfully, regarding the aged man with a look of affectionate pity.

"Thou thinkest now that this is delusion, but it is a truth, a hope full of immortality. Listen, my son; has God left himself without a witness of his own existence? Is it not written on the heavens and on the earth in characters as clear as the light that he is, and that his hand hath made all these things? Behold the sun which performs his daily task so perfectly, the stars which write all over the heavens the story of God's glory. Go forth into the field and behold his work. See him preparing the bright cloud, which the winds gently upheave, from whose bosom drops the softening shower—how richly the grass springs in the valley—how the golden grain steals splendor from the sunbeam which has smiled on it so long—how his hand is ever at work providing for the wants of his creatures, and ever reminding men by this silent ministry that he is the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift. If God hath so clearly revealed the great truth of his own existence, is it not reasonable to suppose that he hath in

like manner revealed to man that truth concerning his own destiny which it is most important for him to know?"

"That it is, indeed," replied the young philosopher, "on which we build our hopes. It is reasonable, and it may be hoped that God will yet make such a revelation—but, alas! it is only a hope."

"My son, my son, it is no longer a faint, uncertain hope, it is a matter of perfect certainty, and if thou wilt abide by my words thou wilt find it so, and I shall give thee, after a season, a peace past all understanding. If thou wilt but submit thyself to God's teaching thou shalt no longer grope as the blind noonday, but a light above the brightness of the heavens shall shine into thy soul."

The young man bowed his head, and crossed his arms upon his breast, as he sadly replied, "God's teaching—but where, O, my father, may it be found, save where I have vainly sought—among his works!"

The old man, without reply, drew a manuscript from his bosom, and laying his hand on the arm of the other they walked forward together over the smooth sand, while he read aloud high and burning words, which the ear of his companion drank eagerly in. Upon that silent shore, in the still evening air, arose that clear voice, uttering to the astonished sense of the young heathen philosopher the arguments of Paul the Apostle, in which he persuades the Corinthians of the resurrection of the dead. He read and the other listened as one in a dream, and the sun had gone down over the wide sea and outspread sands where they walked alone, and one silver star came forth in the west, the lovely Vesper, and looked at its image in the quiet wave, as the old man read, with tears which would not be restrained, the mighty conclusion, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

CHAPTER II.

Behold another scene in the shifting panorama of life. In a poor and humble chamber, on a mean couch, lay one dying. It is evening, and he is alone. Fearfully sounds the gasping breath and the low moan, terrible is the look cast upward in anguish. The hurrying tread of the busy multitude is heard without, the sound of music and merry voices, and trampling of steeds and rattling of wheels, and still he lies there alone. He is aged and poor, and his kindred have forsaken him, for the heathen creed taught nothing better than the leaving such as he to struggle alone with the last enemy. The light of evening waxes fainter and fainter, and now a step is heard on the threshold, and a form enters, dimly seen in the fading twilight. It is the same we beheld on the seashore hearkening to the words of eternal life. The seed there sown germinated soon under the culture of that faithful teacher. In that hour it found a good soil, and it sprung up, and bore fruit manifold of faith and temperance and heavenly wisdom. That divine word taught him to seek his suffering fellow mortals and minister to their necessities. This was not his first visit to this poor dying man,

and he was welcomed even now with joy and gratitude. How gently did he smooth the pillow, how tenderly support the sinking frame, how kindly bathe the brow and wet the parched lips. Philosophy had not taught him this. O, no! occupied in high meditation, she swept past the couch of suffering humanity; "commencing with the skies," she forgot that man's mission is to his fellow man, and that his life's business is to do, not altogether to think. Christ had taught this young disciple a new, a different and a better lesson; and he sat there now, patient and humble beside the dying man, regarding him, not as an atom, soon to be swept from an aimless existence, but as an immortal spirit shaking off encumbering clay and preparing for a new and glorious state of being. With his own hands the young Christian lighted the little rude lamp which hung from the ceiling, and sat down on a low stool by the bed-side, and drawing a manuscript from the folds of his robe, read aloud the same hallowed words he had first heard on the sea-shore in the still twilight of a summer evening long past away. Sometimes he paused to add a word of comment or explanation, and when he had finished reading, he knelt down to pray. He was famed even then in the schools of philosophy. He had been the envy of his fellow-disciples in the academic grove for his profound wisdom and various learning. But had one of those fellow-students stood there and beheld him, he would have scorned him. He knelt on the stone-floor. The dim light of the lamp fell on his bowed head and long, dark robe, and lit faintly the couch of the dying beggar. The only sounds to be heard were the voice of earnest, heartfelt prayer, and the quick breathing which told that life was ebbing fast with him for whom that prayer was offered with trembling accents and tears fast falling. But, ah! there was a presence there better than philosophy, greater than Plato, holier than Socrates, "higher than the kings of the earth," even of Him "that sitteth on the circle of the heavens," and saith "To this man will I look—even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

The whole night through the young Christian was a patient watcher by the bed of death. Once he had wasted the midnight oil in the study of vain wisdom and false philosophy, utterly forgetful that thousands lay all about him perishing in ignorance and misery. Now how rich was his reward when the glazing eye opened with a gleam of intelligence, and the pale lips murmured the sweet hope of pardon, or strove to frame the language of some remembered promise from the word of God. The noise of the great city had long ago subsided. Solemn, indeed, was the stillness; and the spirit of that faithful watcher almost quailed when the King of Terrors laid hold of his victim with the last, inexorable grasp. Long did he struggle in that savage hold with agony not to be described. At last it was over, and he lay calm and scarcely breathing. The beams of the cold, pale dawn stole in and dimmed "the ineffectual fire," of the lamp, as the young man bent over that form to ascertain if life yet lingered in it. As he did so the

dying eyes opened. How full of consolation was that look! He pressed the hand that still held his; a faint, sweet smile stole over his face, and he whispered in a tone so low that the eager ear of the listener could scarcely catch it. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord!" They were the last words. As the golden sun rose once more to light the towers and temples of the city, he sent one rich beam into that humble chamber. The Christian was alone with the dead now. He had composed the body in decent order with his own hands, and reverently covered it over. The face was still visible, but no distortion was there; the lips were gently closed, and the eyes, as if in slumber; the white locks fell quietly down over the hollow temples and wasted cheeks, and over all was written the fulfillment of the promise, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." Awful is the presence of Death always; and when he has set his seal on the aged servant of God, there is a holiness there which every human spirit must bow down before. No matter how rude the form, how coarse the features—with his plastic hand he moulds them into lines of superhuman grandeur. He robs the face of the hues of life, and it becomes as pure as marble. He touches the white hair, and it falls into beautiful repose. He breathes on the distorted brow and smoothes every wrinkle. We know that the messenger who has wrought this wondrous change is none other than the servant of God, that he is the last commissioned of the ministering spirits to the earthly tabernacle, that he hath no more that he can do, and he compels us to look on his handiwork and stand in awe.

Long did the young Christian gaze on the face of the dead with solemn thoughts and unuttered prayers—not, indeed, for the departed spirit, for he knew that with that his business was accomplished and over for ever—but for himself, that his latter end might be such. His thoughts, not unnaturally, went forward into the distant future, and speculated on his own dying hour, and he wondered what might be its accompaniments. He prayed that it might be as peaceful as this he had just witnessed, that he might descend into the grave as a shock of corn fully ripe; that he might lie down with the sweet consciousness that his work was done, and his reward sure. With no unhallowed curiosity did he strive to pierce the future, but had some evil genius been permitted at that moment to lift the veil which hid his own death-scene, how would he have shrunk and shuddered, and his yet young faith fainted in the contemplation.

CHAPTER III.

It was a bright, busy day in Imperial Rome. Never had her resplendent sun shone more brightly on her marble palaces, her gorgeous temples, her lovely groves and gardens. The scented air stole in through open windows, where sat secluded lovely damsels and noble matrons; and it wantoned, too, over humbler homes, where little children played and sung and shouted joyously. It fanned the cheek of the

pale student, as he paced the lonely grove in silent meditation, and lightly touched the troubled brow of the orator as he took his way to the forum. It wooed the captive, in his cell, to dream of freedom and long-remembered home. In the streets were heard quick footsteps, and loud, merry voices. Traffic went on in the crowded mart, and pleasure was pursued in the luxurious halls of the noble. Here, flower-crowned guests reclined at the banquet, listening to sweet music, while yonder the squalid miser counted his gold, and there a fair young mother smiled upon her children. Just the same passions crowded into human hearts that day; just the same delusions were followed, the same pleasures felt, and the same griefs deplored on that bright day in Imperial Rome, as now agitate, or delight, or torture us who have beheld that great city a living tomb.

While all this went on in the fresh air and sunshine of a summer-day, far down, beneath the earth which upheld the city, were other and sadder sights. In those terrible caverns, which run in veins of darkness under its foundations, which travelers now fearfully explore by torch-light, human beings, guilty of no crime but that of bearing the name of Christians, were shut up, expecting, hoping no release until summoned to a frightful death. In a solitary cell, small, damp and noisome, lighted by a dim lamp, an aged man sat alone. It is easy to picture to ourselves the hideous gloom, the walls sweating unwholesome vapors, the oppressive thickness of the air, never stirred by a fresh breath from heaven, the jar of water and mouldy crust, the miserable garments, the pallid face and emaciated form of a prisoner in such a place. It is less easy to guess what might be the thoughts of one sitting there in expectation of an instant summons to execution. More than seventy years had laid their weight upon him. His hair was quite white, but his eye was bright and beaming, his whole countenance informed with a noble, thoughtful expression, and beautified, despite of man's cruelty, with benevolence. It was plainly to be seen that only the outer tabernacle of the spirit was suffering and declining, while that within was burning brighter and higher as the mortal part drew toward extinction. He knows that his days are numbered, but he meditates peacefully on the change which awaits him. He knows that his death will be painful and ignominious, but he knows not yet the exact manner of it—at least, it will be the end of his long course, and then remain only the reward and rest. He has now nearly arrived at a long-desired period, and he finds all the sweetness of that immortal hope which first dawned upon his soul on the sea-shore beside far-distant Alexandria. It seems as if that glorious faith could only be known in its perfection of consolation in such a dungeon, and awaiting such a doom; and promise after promise from the word of God comes upon his memory, making that living grave "all glorious within." Yea, it will be a blessed change. To-day he will be done forever with sin and sorrow, and to-morrow he will be "where the wicked cease from troubling." To-day he will take farewell of a world lying in wickedness, and to-morrow will be-

hold him a companion of "just men made perfect." To-day he will quit his dungeon and miserable garments, and wear to-morrow a crown of glory and robes of righteousness.

As these promises and hopes crowded upon his mind, his meditation was disturbed by a long, low sullen roar, which seemed to shake the ground he rested on. He started up with anguish and terror on his face. He listened. Again it came, distincter than before, with a sharper, deeper cadence. He shuddered visibly, and his face grew paler in the light, and large drops of sweat broke out upon his forehead. The third time it was repeated, and he all was silent. He listened long, with strained ear and eye, which seemed to pierce his dungeon walls, but he heard no more. He sunk back, and covering his face prayed in an agony. Now, too well he knew what was to be his doom. He had heard the roar of his executioner. It was the desert lion roaring for his prey. Now he remembered that in the caverns were confined the Christians reserved for martyrdom, and, in still lower cells, the wild beasts to which they were to be surrendered in the bloody amphitheatre. It is no wonder that mortal man, for a season, took possession of the soul of that Christian. He shrank with unutterable horror as he thought of the savage beast, rendered fiercer by protracted hunger; of the crowded amphitheatre, with its gazing eyes, the exulting shouts, the un pitying man hearts. It was long before he could bring himself to look beyond these and upward to Him who sat enthroned on high and watched the falling sparrow. He was a Christian, but he was also a man. His sensitive human frame, his natural human will shuddered and revolted at the execution of this frightful doom, as it was not until hours had passed, and he had wasted mightily in prayer, that he learned to contemplate calmly. Then great consolations were vouchsafed him; his crown glittered bright before him; the passage to death was shown him as short, though terrible hereafter, long, long and glorious, even glory forever and ever. Above all he was shown the cross, and, O, how inexpressibly dear was the Lord who hung there; and how sweet was that most beautiful of all the promises, "God himself shall wipe away all tears."

It needs not to tell how his furious jailers burst upon his solitude. How they dragged him to the arena. How, when the blindness from the intolerable sunlight had passed, he beheld the crowded rank on rank of eager spectators, and heard the shout which greeted a fresh victim. He looked upward to the clear, blue sky, where soft, low clouds floated here and there, and he inhaled the sweet, elastic air. There was the usual offer of a bribe, pardon, life, at the cost of a single act of idolatry. There was heard at the same instant, the savage roar of the hungry lion, now kept now waiting for his prey. There was the shout of triumph when that last offer was refused, calmly, contemptuously. Then he quickly found himself alone in the vast arena. Other victims had been there before

him. He saw the blood, hastily and slightly covered—he looked round once more; alas! there was no human eye to pity, and no hand to spare. With a bound the mighty beast was in the arena, and close upon him.

It was soon over. This was the conclusion of the day's spectacle, and plebeian and patrician Romans were on their way homeward, talking of this and that, merrily, carelessly; and the so lately crowded

Amphitheatre was solitary and deserted. But the sun, with his mighty eye, looked down upon the guilty spot, and his hot beam drank up a portion of the fresh blood, and the winds of heaven sighed round it, and the clouds came and cast their shadows over it; and centuries have passed since then, and still the sun and winds and clouds have gone about it, day after day, and still the eye of God beholds, and its dumb walls and crumbling arches cry aloud for vengeance.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. X.

THE RAIL. (*Rallus*. LINNÆUS.)

TAKEN altogether, the generic characters of the several kinds of Rail may be stated to be as follows: the bill longer than the head, straight or slightly curved, compressed at the base, and cylindrical toward the tips, the upper mandible channeled, the nostrils opening longitudinally at the base of the bill in the grooves, open through and through, but in part closed with membrane; legs very stout, bare of feathers to some distance above the tarsal joints, with three long toes to the front and one to the rear, articulated on the tarsus, the front toes free or divided to their bases; the wings of mean length and rounded, the first quill being shorter than the second, and the third and fourth the longest in the wing.

The Clapper Rail, or Mud Hen, is one of the most remarkable, and like its relative, the Corncrake of England, makes its note heard all the night long. It is fourteen inches in length and eighteen in the stretch of the wings; the bill is two inches and a quarter long, slightly bent, and of a reddish-brown color; the upper part is black, and streaked with dull brown; the chin and streak over the eye are brownish-white; the fore neck and breast are reddish-brown; the flanks and vent black, with white tips to the feathers; the coverts of the wings are dark chestnut-brown, and the tail-feathers and quills dusky, without any margins; the legs are dull brown, and the irides dark red. This species is very common, during the summer, through all the latitudes of the United States, keeping near the sea-coast, as it prefers the salt marshes to the waters of the interior. It is a very noisy bird, especially during the night and before rain, which are, of course, the times when the *molusca crustacea*, and other small animals, upon which it feeds in the marshes, are in the greatest activity, and most easy to be obtained.

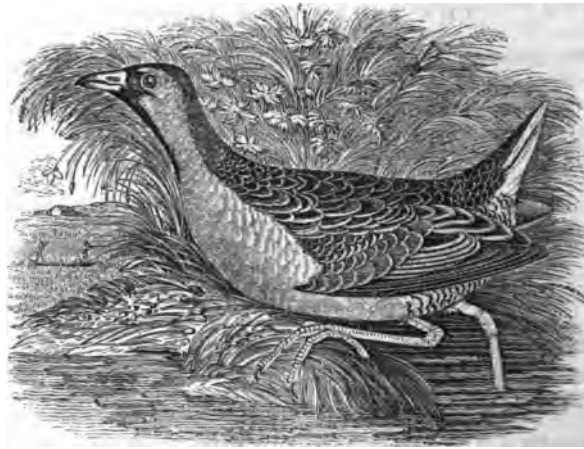
Wilson's account of the casualties to which it is exposed in the breeding season, is so graphic, that we shall in part quote it. "About the twentieth of May," he says, "they usually begin building and laying at the same time; the first egg being usually dropped in a slight cavity lined with a little dry grass pressed for the purpose, which, as the eggs increase to their usual complement, is gradually added to till it rises to the height of twelve inches or more, doubtless to secure it from the rising of the tides. Over this the long, salt grass is artfully arched, to conceal it from

the view above; but this very circumstance enables the experienced egg-hunter to distinguish the spot at the distance of thirty or forty yards, though imperceptible to a common eye. The eggs are of a pale clay color, sprinkled with small spots of dark red, and measure somewhat more than an inch and a half in length by an inch in breadth, being rather obtuse at the small end. These eggs are delicious eating, far surpassing those of the domestic hen. The height of laying is about the first of June, when the people of the neighborhood go to the marshes *an eggging*, as it is so called. So abundant are the nests of this species, and so dexterous some persons at finding them, that one hundred dozen of eggs have been collected by one man in a day. At this time the crows, the minx, and the foxes, come in for their share, but, not content with the eggs, these last often seize and devour the parents also. The bones, feathers, wings, &c., of the poor mud hen lie in heaps by the hole of the minx, by which circumstance, however, he himself is often detected and destroyed." It seems as if the very elements were in conspiracy against these birds; they "are subject to another calamity of a more extensive kind; after the greater part of the eggs are laid there sometimes happen violent north-east tempests that drive a great sea into the bay, covering the whole marshes; so that at such times the Rail may be seen in hundreds floating over the marsh in great distress; many escape to the main land, and vast numbers perish. On an occasion of this kind I have seen, at one view, thousands in a single meadow, walking about exposed and bewildered, while the dead bodies of the females, who perished on or near their nests, were strewn along the shore. The last circumstance shows how strong the tie of maternal affection is in these birds, for, of the great number which I picked up and opened, not one male was to be found among them, all were females; such as had not yet begun to sit probably escaped. These disasters do not prevent the survivors from recommencing the work of laying and building anew; and instances have occurred in which their eggs have been twice destroyed by the sea, and yet in two weeks the nests and eggs seemed as numerous as ever. If all is well, the young are soon able to run about, which they do with great swiftness, and tread the grass and other marsh plants

with wonderful dexterity. They can swim in smooth water, though they are, of course, ill able to contend with an inbreak of the sea. Swimming is a much more severe action in them, however, than in birds which have the feet webbed or lobed; though they strike powerfully, their stroke tells but little upon the water; and the rapidity of their stroke proves their distrust of that element—their feet are for the land, not for the water, and on the level ground and the leaves of floating plants, they run with astonishing rapidity.”

The Virginian or Lesser Clapper Rail is scarcely distinguishable from the true Clapper, except by its

reduced size; and in every part of America it appears to be a somewhat rare species. It confines itself to fresh-water marshes, and thereby escapes many mishaps which befall its relative. This circumstance also has caused the people of New Jersey to bestow upon it the name of the Fresh Water Mud Hen, renders it not unknown on the bogs and swamps near the Ohio and Mississippi. Their instinctive size renders them little sought after as game. The Soree or Common Rail of America, than which, perhaps, none affords a more delicious repast, more agreeable amusement, is now before us.



CAROLINA RAIL. (*Crex carolinus*. BONAPARTE.)

The natural history of the Rail, or Soree, or Coot, as it is called in the Carolinas, is involved in much mystery, the process of incubation being still more unknown than the exact places where it is effected. The general character of the Sorees is the same as that of the two other species of Rail already mentioned. They run swiftly, fly slowly, and usually with the legs hanging down, become extremely fat, prefer running to flying, and are extremely fond of concealment. In Virginia, along the shores of the James River, the inhabitants take advantage of the effect produced upon the Rail by fright much in the following fashion. A mast is erected in a light canoe, surmounted by a grate, in which is a quantity of fire. The person who manages the canoe is provided with a light paddle, and at night, about an hour before high tide, proceeds through and among the reeds. The birds stare with astonishment at the light, and as they appear, are knocked on the head with the paddle and thrown into the boat. Three negroes have been known to kill from twenty to eighty dozen in the space of three hours. The reeds attain their full growth along the shores of the Delaware in August, when the Rail resort to them in great numbers to feed upon the seeds, of which they, as well as the Rice Birds, are excessively fond. The eloquent Wilson, than whom no one could more enjoy the pleasures of Rail-shooting, thus speaks of the

sport: “As you walk along the bank of the river at this period, you hear them squeaking in a direction like young puppies. If a stone be thrown among the reeds, there is a general outcry and reiterated kuk, kuk, kuk, something like that of a Guinea-fowl. Any sudden noise, or the discharge of a gun, produces the same effect. In the mean time none are to be seen, unless it be at or near high water; for, when the tide is low, they universally secrete themselves among the interstices of the reeds, and you may walk past, and even over them, without seeing a single individual. On their first arrival they are generally lean, unfit for the table, but as the reeds ripen they rapidly fatten, and from the twentieth of September to the middle of October, are excellent, and eagerly sought after. The usual method of shooting them in this quarter of the country is as follows: The sportsman furnishes himself with a light batteau, and a small experienced boatman, with a pole of twelve or fifteen feet long, thickened at the lower end to prevent it from sinking too deep into the mud. A few hours or so before high-water they enter the reeds, and each takes his post, the sportsman sitting in the bow ready for action, the boatman at the stern-seat pushing her steadily through the reeds. The Rail generally spring singly, as the boat advances, and at a short distance ahead, are instantly

shot down, while the boatman, keeping his eye on the spot where the bird fell, directs the boat forward and picks it up as the gunner is loading. It is also the boatman's business to keep a sharp look-out, and give the word 'Mark !' when a Rail springs on either side without being observed by the sportsman, and to note the exact spot where it falls until he has picked it up; for this, once lost sight of, owing to the sameness in the appearance of the reeds, is seldom found again. In this manner the boat moves steadily through and over the reeds, the birds flushing and falling, the gunner loading and firing, while the boatman is pushing and picking up. The sport continues till an hour or two after high-water, when the shallowness of the water, and the strength and weight of the floating reeds, and also the backwardness of the game to spring as the tide decreases, oblige them to return. Several boats are sometimes within a short distance of each other, and perpetual cracking of musketry prevails along the whole reedy shores of the river. In these excursions it is not uncommon for an active and expert marksman to kill ten or twelve dozen in a tide. They are usually shot singly, though I have known five killed at one discharge of a double-barreled piece. These instances

are rare. The flight of these birds among the reeds is usually low; and shelter being abundant, is rarely extended to more than fifty or one hundred yards. When winged and uninjured in their legs, they swim and dive with great rapidity, and are seldom seen to rise again. I have several times on such occasions discovered them clinging with their feet to the reeds under the water; and at other times skulking under the floating reeds with their bill just above the surface. Sometimes, when wounded, they dive, and rising under the gunwale of the boat, secrete themselves there, moving round as the boat moves until they have an opportunity of escaping unnoticed. They are feeble and delicate in every thing but the legs, which seem to possess great vigor and energy, and their bodies being so remarkably thin or compressed as to be less than an inch and a quarter through transversely, they are enabled to pass between the reeds like rats. Yet though their flight among the reeds seems feeble and fluttering, every sportsman who is acquainted with them here must have seen them occasionally rising to a considerable height, stretching out their legs behind them, and flying rapidly across the river where it is more than a mile in width."



PURPLE GALLINULE. (*Gallinula Porphyrio*. WILSON.)

Before concluding this article, we would say a few words in behalf of the Gallinule, called, from its resemblance to the domestic fowl, the Water Hen. In respect to manners, it is, according to Latham, a very docile bird, being easily tamed and feeding with the common poultry, scratching the ground with the foot like the latter. It will feed on many things, such as roots of plants, fruits, and grain, but will eat fish with avidity, dipping them in the water before it swallows them; will frequently stand on one leg and lift the food to its mouth with the other, like a

parrot. Its flesh is exquisite in taste. This bird was famous among the ancients under the name Porphyryon, indicating the red or purple tint of its bill and feet—a far more appropriate appellation than that now vulgarly applied to it. It is known to breed in Georgia, whose thick swamps favor the concealment to which it is partial. It is extremely vigilant and shy, and cannot be shot without great difficulty. They move with grace upon the water, and run with equal facility on the ground or on the leaves of water plants.

MY LOVE.

BY J. IVES PHASE.

I LOVE! and ah, 't is bliss to feel
My breast no longer lone and cold;
To know, though Time all else should steal,
The heart can never all grow old!
I love! and now I live again!
The world looks brighter to my eyes;
There is a gladness on the plain—
A newer glory in the skies.

I love! Her smile is o'er my path
Like sunlight in sweet April hours:
Her voice steals o'er me like the breath
Of morning to half-withered flowers.
I love! Ah she may never know
How wild my love! I have no sigh—
I have no word—not look to show
How much I'm blessed when she is nigh.

And it is well!—my hapless love
May never dare to ask return—
Enough that her glad smiles may move
My heart—I ask not hers to burn!
Ah no. 'T is better thus to meet
With equal pulse and tranquil brow—
Drink, through her eyes, delirium sweet.
Can madness from such fountains flow?

I know not! Dearest, still, oh still,
"Look love upon me," sweet and kind!—
Let thy glad thought, in music, thrill
Bright witchcraft through my longing mind
I clasp thee to my breast—in dreams!
Thy lips rain kisses warm and fast—
And I half hate the morning beams
That scare thee to thy home at last.

Thy "home!"—ah, would it ne'er had been—
Thy home and mine are wide apart—
The world's grim shadow glooms between—
And my life lives but where thou art.
Ah, dearest, we're not happy! Life
Yields not the bliss 't was meant to do:
Discord *might* come of wrong and strife—
Should sorrow spring from duty, too?

Thou art not happy, dearest, thou!—
A shade has fallen on thy young years;
Thou art not happy: even now
Thine eyes are full of unshed tears.
And this our fate? My Life!—my "world!"
Too late beloved—too rarely seen—
And we, as o'er Time's tide we're hurled,
Can only say "WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

LIFE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

In every life there is a stream
Whose waters flow,
Dark as the current of a dream,
And seem to throw
On cup and hall and summer beam
A sign of woe!

In every life there is a ray
That shineth still,
From noon to night and night to day,
Through every ill;
And serves to light our solemn way
Go where we will.

Oh, traveler! of that stream beware
Which cannot glow;
It floweth only where a snare
Is lying low,
To deal upon thee unaware
A fatal blow.

Oh, traveler! seek that gentle ray
Which constant gleams,
So beautiful that none can say

Like what it seems;
The star predestined on thy way
To throw its beams.

For in that stream of lifeless shade
A fiend is hid;
And on thy fall his heart is laid,
Thy fall amid
The sinner's shriek and shroud and spade
And coffin-lid.

And in that ray so pure and bright
A buoyant form,
Will bear thee through the darkest night
Away from harm;
Swift as the rainbow's graceful flight
Out of the storm.

Let fate be stern—let fortune fly—
Their chastening rod
Strikes not the soul whose strength is high
Above its clod;
Thy heart may bleed to breaking nigh—
But trust in God!

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY MISS ELLEN PICKERING.

"AN humble appreciation of your powers might save you pain; but I doubt if your humility exceeds your knowledge. Fascinated by harmony of tone and grace of manner, you perceive not a deficiency in energy—a want of moral courage. You close your eyes against every token of an over-sensitiveness to ridicule, veiled beneath the more graceful cloak of fastidious taste. You will not understand that pride and weakness fashion a character which, however seemingly amiable in many other points, is not such as to repay the devotion of a woman's love. A strong mind will make itself known; and where all is perfect harmony, no unmodulated tone, no sudden and impulsive movement, no springing into action, there is art, and that may not be trusted—or there is over-refinement, wasted powers, a trivial mind, without a noble aim—or there is weakness, which fears ridicule—a moral cowardice: or there is mediocrity, that cannot rise above the common herd—that dares not dare—that may pass unnoted in prosperity, but whose powers rise not in adversity. Such should not be throned in woman's heart! He is not worthy woman's tender, self-denying love, whom a sneer will change—a laugh will part—he will be found wanting—he will stand aloof when the faint heart turns to him for consolation. Wo to you! wo to you, especially if you trust such. You cannot always tread on flowers; choose one who can and will smooth down a rugged path. The gilded vessel, the child's plaything, rides gayly on a glassy sea—but life is not a glassy sea; the storm must come. If you would reach the peaceful port, embark not in a summer yacht; select a ship that can abide the storm—a mind that can maintain its course—that struggles—and will conquer. Look there," he continued, for she made no reply, taking up a highly finished drawing from the table, the performance showing more pains than genius, and contrasting it with a bold, free sketch which lay beside it, "there they are exactly, the one all harmony, or insipidity as I should call it; a model of weakness—highly finished—not a stroke wanting—complete as a whole—but how poor a whole! Without the possibility of amendment, too: deficient in energy—not a bold line: and were such put in it would be out of place—it would spoil the keeping. Now look on this! A bold and vigorous outline—the work of mind, seizing the attention: soul, not manner; thought, not mechanism; it may be filled up ill, but it may also be filled up well: there is the capability of greatness: there may be faults in the petty details, but the whole will compel admiration, and not weary in the survey. This other makes me yawn. Better choose the bold, the frank, the generous, with all his faults; he may be rash, unthinking, wasting the powers whose force he knows not; but the capabilities of amendment are within him. What say you to my exordium?"

It is great injustice to assert that delicacy of feeling is confined to the higher ranks, and is the offspring of refinement and education; these may nourish and increase, but they cannot give it. It is innate; the child of the untutored heart; the very essence of the beautiful: chained to no climate, bounded to no rank.

We have seen the wealthy, those who thought themselves the great ones of the earth, take leave of those of fallen fortunes with undimmed eye and steady voice, as

though they knew not that there was cause for sorrow, guessed not that the heart was well nigh broken, and only stayed the expression of its grief that the cold gaze might not mock it. We have seen the lowly ones of earth, lowly in station, but how high in worth! part from the same; and the lip could not speak for the heart's feeling; and the tears of the mourner, repressed before lest the cold should mock, mingled with theirs. The first passed on with stately step, and a cold offer of future service; the last plucked the only rose from the favorite tree, and placed it by the traveler's cloak with a trembling hand and quivering lip. They thought that the traveler would prize it as a memorial of a once happy home. That single rose, and its kind and delicate giver, can they ever be forgotten? If all the memories of misfortune were like that who would not be unfortunate? What feeling so endearing, so ennobling as gratitude? Even love, though it may have more of beauty and brightness, is not so generous and so pure.

What a glorious day! Not a heavy cloud in all the sky, only a few fleecy forms floating across the rich blue vault, and the sun shining out in all its summer splendor, as though it had never shone before, looking down for the first time on the gladsome earth, instead of having run its course unnumbered years—undimmed in lustre—unimpaired in power.

Where are the works of man? his labors of the past? The eye looks on ruin; or time hath swept away even that poor trace; and a fable or tradition alone remains. But time hath no power over the Eternal or the works of His hands—itsself His slave.

Out! out! treading the green turf—lying on some flowery bank—dreaming beneath the leafy shade. Who would be pent up within four stone walls on such a day, when he could forth with the blue above and the green below, and a thousand gleesome things around? What though the walls are gilded, and the lofty ceiling fretted; the Persian carpet soft as the woodland moss; whilst the luxuries of art, the beauties of genius, lend their splendors with a gorgeous profusion? Still it is only a magnificent prison. We see but little of the blue heaven; scarcely more of the varied tints of earth. The air we breathe is close; and the heart flutters to be free, as the imprisoned butterfly on the first day of spring. Who would not rather go forth into the fresh, free air, than be a prisoner even in a gilded cage? And Nature, is she not more beautiful than Art? Doth not that beauty make the step more buoyant, and the heart more light?

How one loves a summer day with all its gentle glories its murmured music—its delicious fragrance—its warmth, gladdening, not oppressing, its soft and soothing air—its dreamy feel, its shadows and its lights—its brilliant visions and its stirring thoughts—and more, far more, its loving memories!

SONG.

My dwelling is no lordly hall,
I rule no wide domain;
No bending servants wait my call,
No flatterers swell my train;
But roses twine around my home,
Bright smiles my presence greet;
The woodland wild is mine to roam,
Mine Summer's odors sweet.

No costly diamonds deck my hair,
 No cloth of gold have I;
 But gorgeous robes and jewels rare
 Stay not the sad heart's sigh.
 Those gems might blind an aching brow,
 There is no pain in mine;
 Red gold might win a faithless vow,
 And I be left to pine.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

It may seem perhaps a paradox to say that expectation is enjoyment. Nevertheless it is so on this earth. Fruition is for heaven. With the accomplishment of every desire there is so much of disappointment mingled that it cannot be really called enjoyment, for fancy always exercises itself upon the future; and when we obtain the hard reality for which we wished, the charms with which imagination decorated it are gone. Did we but state the case to ourselves as it truly is, whenever we conceive any of the manifold desires which lead us on from step to step through life, the proposition would be totally different from that which man forever puts before his own mind, and we should take one step toward undeceiving ourselves. We continually say, "if I could attain such an object, I should be quite contented." But what man ought to say to himself is, "I believe this or that acquisition would give me happiness." He would soon find that it did not do so; and the never-ceasing recurrence of the lesson might, in the end, teach him to ask what was the source of his disappointment? Was it that other circumstances in his own fate were so altered, even while he pursued the path of endeavor, as to render attainment no longer satisfactory?—was it that the object sought was intrinsically different when attained, from that which he had reasonably believed it to be while pursuing it?—or was it that his fancy had gilded it with charms not its own, and that he had voluntarily and blindly persuaded himself that it was brighter and more excellent than it was? Perhaps the answer, yes, might be returned to all these questions; but yet I fear the chief burden of deceit would rest with imagination, and that man would ever find he had judged of the future without sufficient grounds, and had suffered desire to stimulate hope, and hope to cheat expectation. Yet, perhaps, if he would but turn back and look behind, when disappointment and success had been obtained together, he would find that the pleasures tasted in the pursuit, especially at the time when fruition was drawing nearer and nearer, would, in the sum, make up the amount of enjoyment which he had anticipated in possession.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
 The south-west breezes play;
 And through its haze the winter noon
 Seems warm as summer day.
 The snow-plumed angel of the north
 Has dropped his icy spear;
 Again the mossy earth looks forth,
 Again the streams gush clear.
 The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
 The muskrat leaves his nook,
 The blue-bird in the meadow brakes
 Is singing with the brook.
 "Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
 Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
 "Our winter voices prophecy
 Of summer days to thee!"

So in the winters of the soul,
 By bitter blasts and drear,
 O'er-swept, from memory's frozen pole,
 Will sunny days appear,
 Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
 The soul its living powers,
 And low beneath the winter's snow
 Lie gems of summer flowers.

The night is mother of the day,
 The winter of the spring,
 And ever upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling;
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;
 For God, who loveth all his works,
 Has left his Hope with all.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANTLEY MANOE"

SILENCE.

What a strange power there is in *silence*! How resolutions are formed—how many sublime consequences effected during that pause, when the lips are closed, the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon it! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silent, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the Spirit of Evil, or their Guardian Angel, very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, and the item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of earth, the mighty for good or for evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to those who give time to their own souls, to wax strong against temptation; or to the powers of wrath, to stand upon them their withering passage.

BY CURRER BELL.

TIME.

Life, believe, is not a dream
 So dark as sages say;
 Oft a little morning rain
 Foretells a pleasant day.
 Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
 But these are transient all;
 If the shower will make the roses bloom,
 O why lament its fall?
 Rapidly, merrily,
 Life's sunny hours flit by,
 Gratefully, cheerily,
 Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in,
 And calls our best away?
 What though sorrow seems to win,
 O'er hope, a heavy sway?
 Yet hope again elastic springs,
 Unconquered, though she fall;
 Still buoyant are her golden wings,
 Still strong to bear us well.
 Manfully, fearlessly,
 The day of trial bear,
 For gloriously, victoriously,
 Can courage quell despair!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is one of the most striking novels of the season. It bears little resemblance in tone, spirit and object, to the other popular romances of the day. The author follows in the track of Fielding rather than Bulwer, and aims at representing the world as it is. Though his mind is not creative, it is eminently delineative, and he has succeeded in cramming into one volume a large variety of characters, each expressing one of the different forms of worldliness, and all belonging strictly to the world we live in. Though the novel thus relates exclusively to the world, and indicates a most remarkable knowledge of the selfish element in human nature, in the multitudinous modifications which that element receives from individual peculiarities, the general tone of the author himself is so far from being worldly, that it is distinguished by singular manliness, cheerfulness and generosity. There is nothing morbid, nothing of the hater or the sentimentalist in his representations. He trusts himself resolutely to the genuine emotions of the heart, but he guards himself against all superfine feelings and manufactured sentiment. His characters are so true that at first we are inclined to consider them commonplace. In their development, however, we soon find that the author is a master in his art, that without pretension and without exaggeration, he touches profound springs of thought and sentiment, and represents with a graceful decision, and in clear light, those evanescent and unconscious transpirations of character, in which a novelist's capacity is most truly exhibited.

The animating spirit of the novel is that master-piece of address and cunning, little Becky Sharp. Tact and talent never had a worthier representative than this character. She indicates the extreme point of worldly success to which these qualities will carry a person, and also the impossibility of their providing against all contingencies in life. Becky steadily rises in the world, reaches a certain height, makes one inevitable mistake, and then as steadily falls, while many of her simple companions, whom she despises as weaklings, succeed from the very simplicity with which they follow the instinctive sagacity of pure and honest feeling. Colonel Rawdon Crawley, a brainless sensualist, whom Becky marries, and in some degree reforms, but who, by having an occasional twinkle of genuine sentiment in his heart, always was her superior, is drawn both with a breadth and a nicety of touch which is rare in such delineations. The exact amount of humanity which coexists with his rascality and stupidity, is given with perfect accuracy. Sir Pitt Crawley, coarse, uneducated, sordid, quarrelsome, his small, sharp mind an epitome of vulgar shrewdness, is a personation to force laughter from the lungs of a misanthrope. Old Mr. Sedley is a most truthful representation of a broken-down merchant, conceived in the spirit of that humane humor which blends the ludicrous and the pathetic in one. Joe Sedley, the East Indian, slightly suggests Major Bagstock. He has the major's physical circumference, apoplectic turn and swell of manner, with the addition of Cockney vulgarity and cowardice. His retreat from Brussels, just before the battle of Waterloo, is described with the art of a comic Xenophon.

In the characters of George Osborne, Dobbin and Amelia, the author has succeeded admirably. They are wonderfully true to nature, and indicate even a finer power of characterization than is exhibited in the more strongly marked personages of the work.

The test of the excellence of a novel is the clearness with which its events and characters are remembered after it has been read. We think that *Vanity Fair* will bear this criterion. All its characters are recognized in memory as living beings, and we would refer to and quote them with as much confidence as to any of the acquaintances we hold in remembrance.

Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by Richard Moncton Milnes. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This book, the long promised, has at last appeared, and we must confess that, from the time expended in its preparation, we expected a more satisfactory result. The biography, though written in a style of elaborate elegance, and pleasing enough as regards cadence of period and felicity of phrase, tells little about Keats which is new, and leaves many obscure passages of his life in the same darkness in which it found them. Nothing to the purpose is told of the lady who was the object of Keats's passionate love, and who shares with consumption in being the dismal cause of his early death. Mr. Milnes points triumphantly to the new facts and private letters he has included in the volume, in proof that the common impression that Keats lacked manliness of character, is an error; but instead of proving that Keats was a strong man, he has very nearly proved that he himself is a sentimentalist. The characteristic of Keats is sensitiveness to external impressions, the characteristic of Milnes is sensitiveness to self; the page of one throngs with delicious sensations, but leaves no strong impression of character; that of the other is pervaded by a thoughtful ennui, and leaves an impression of egotistic weakness of character. Of course, Keats is the stronger man of the two, and a stronger man even than Milnes's musical sentences indicate, but still not a strong man in the strict meaning of the phrase.

The letters of Keats are exceedingly interesting, and some of them fine specimens of brilliant epistolary composition, but we think there is a general tone of languid jauntiness observable in them, which shows a certain feebleness at the heart of his being. He seems a man whom every one would desire to see placed in happy circumstances, but not one who would bear bravely up under bad circumstances. The state of his finances occupies a good portion of his letters, and it is often very pleasantly stated. As early as 1817, he speaks of receiving a note for £20, and avows his intention of destroying with it "some of the minor heads of that hydra, the dun;" to conquer which he says, the knight need have no sword or shield, but only the "Bank-note of Faith and Cash of Salvation, and set out against the monster invoking the aid of no Archimago or Urganda, but finger me the paper, light as the Sybil's leaves in Virgil, whereat the fiend skulks off with his tail between his legs. . . . I think," he adds, "I could make a nice little allegorical poem, called 'The Dun,' where we would have the Castle of Carelessness, the Drawbridge of Credit, Sir Novelty Fashion's expedition against the City of Tailors, &c., &c." There is a good deal of this coquetry with indigence in the volume.

There is one curious letter to Reynolds, referring to Wordsworth's calling the exquisite Hymn to Pan, in "Endymion," "a pretty piece of Paganism." Keats took the words in a contemptuous sense, and wrote a letter from the feelings it excited, reminding us in its style of an essay by Emerson. We extract it as almost the best thing in the book.

Hampstead, February 3, 1818.

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,—I thank you for your dish of filberts. Would I could get a basket of them by way of dessert every day for the sum of two pence, (two sonnets on Robin Hood, sent by the two penny post.) Would we were a sort of athermal pigs, and turned loose to feed upon spiritual mast and acorns! which would be merely a squirrel and feeding upon filberts; for what is a squirrel but an airy pig, or a filbert but a sort of archangelical acorn? About the nuts being worth cracking, all I can say is, that where there are a throng of delightful images ready drawn, simplicity is the only thing. It may be said that we ought to read our contemporaries, that Wordsworth, &c., should have their due from us. But, for the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist? Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself. Many a man can travel to the very bourne of Heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half-seeing. Sancho will invent a journey heavenward as well as any body. We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us, and, if we do not agree, seems to put its hand into its breeches pocket. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive; a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject. How beautiful are the retired flowers! How would they lose their beauty, were they to throng into the highway, crying out "Admire me, I am a violet! Dote upon me, I am a primrose!" Modern poets differ from the Elizabethans in this; each of the moderns, like an Elector of Hanover, governs his petty state, and knows how many straws are swept daily from the causeways in all his dominions, and has a continual itching that all the housewives should have their coppers well scoured. The ancients were emperors of vast provinces; they had only heard of the remote ones, and scarcely cared to visit them. I will cut all this. I will have no more of Wordsworth or Hunt in particular. Why should we be of the tribe of Manassah, when we can wander with Esau? Why should we kick against the pricks when we can walk on roses? Why should we be owls when we can be eagles? Why be teased with "nice-eyed wagtails," when we have in sight "the cherub Contemplation?" Why, with Wordsworth's "Matthew with a bough of wilding in his hand," when we can have Jacques "under an oak," &c.? The secret of the "bough of wilding" will run through your head faster than I can write it. Old Matthew spoke to him some years ago on some nothing, and because he happens in an evening walk to imagine the figure of the old man, he must stamp it down in black and white, and it is henceforth sacred. I don't mean to deny Wordsworth's grandeur and Hunt's merit, but I mean to say we need not be teased with grandeur and merit when we can have them uncontaminated and unobtrusive. Let us have the old Poets and Robin Hood. Your letter and its sonnets gave me more pleasure than will the Fourth Book of "Childe Harold," and the whole of any body's life and opinions.

In return for your dish of filberts, I have gathered a few catkins.* I hope they'll look pretty.

"No, those days are gone away," &c.

I hope you will like them—they are at least written in the spirit of outlawry. Here are the Mermaid lines:—

"Souls of Poets dead and gone," &c.

In the hope that these scribblings will be some amusement for you this evening, I remain, copying on the hill,

Your sincere friend and co-scribbler,

JOHN KEATS.

* Mr. Reynolds had enclosed Keats some Sonnets on Robin Hood, to which these fine lines are an answer.

The reader rises from the biography of Keats with the impression that it tells one of the most melancholy stories in the history of literature. The account of his last days is beyond measure painful. The poems now published for the first time, though good enough to make a reputation, will hardly add to the fame of Keats.

The Women of the Revolution. By Elizabeth F. Ellis. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

We are under obligations to Mrs. Ellet for the two volumes now before us. They are the first fruits of a large harvest. And we doubt not that the authoress will pursue the subject, and give "continuations," until something like justice shall be done to the women, the mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of the great and good men of our Revolution. We wish that some just appreciation of what all society owes woman could be had. We wish that every one would sit down and show how all great efforts have their origin in woman's devotion to her duty, and all great men owe their position to their mother's faithful service, and how society owes the advantages which it may possess to the plastic mind of women. In this spirit Mrs. Ellet has prepared the two volumes before us, and has by her labors added one other name to the long list that claims the gratitude of Americans. Of course when statistics of one hundred and twenty-four women are crowded into two duodecimo volumes, no great extent can be allowed to the biography of any one. Yet by a judicious disposition of material, and selection of prominent parts for really prominent persons, Mrs. Ellet has given enough to make her readers comprehend the character, services and position of all her heroines. It happens to us to have known something of the private life of several mentioned in the volumes, and while we recollect much that is not recorded, we are bound to confess that the character of each so far as we know is well brought out, and additional materials might serve only to sustain the opinion formed by what is offered. We regard Mrs. Ellet's work only as a prelude—a rich, delightful, prelude—but it must be followed by other performances. The work is enriched with the likenesses of several ladies whose biographies are given—one or two of these we know are correct. The others resemble what we recollect to have heard denominated good likenesses.

Orators of the American Revolution. By E. L. Magoon. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Magoon is a writer of great fluency and sensibility, who "wreaks" his thoughts upon expression. He has given us a very exciting volume, glowing with revolutionary fervor, and eloquent of revolutionary heroes. The great difficulty is that each of his orators is described in terms which a cool person might hesitate in applying to Demosthenes and Cicero. Mr. Magoon writes too much on the high-pressure principle. As we move down the Mississippi stream of his rhetoric, we are pleased with the rapidity of the motion, and the chivalrous feeling of the captain of the boat, but we look occasionally at the boiler and the engine with some fear of an explosion.

Seriously, the volume will doubtless serve its purpose of impressing a great idea of our revolutionary orators on the popular mind—to reach which mind a certain extravagance of statement and description is now considered necessary. The glowing mode of writing history and biography is, doubtless, better than the dry and dead mode, but a medium between the two, combining life and movement with accuracy and discrimination, is better still. However, we know of no book on the subject so good as the present. It can be read at one sitting, and it leaves a strong impression

on the mind of the power of our great orators. Every production which forcibly conveys an idea of our historical men as living souls, as well as living names, deserves to succeed.

Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. By Richard Mangnall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This has been one of the most successful educational books ever published. The present edition is from the eighty-fourth London edition. The sale in England has reached a hundred thousand copies. A mere glance at the book will explain its popularity. It embraces the elements of Mythology, Astronomy, Architecture, Heraldry, as well as Ancient and Modern History, and gives exactly that kind of information which every body needs. The first principles and foundations of knowledge are often imperfectly understood by persons moderately learned. Few have any system in reading or study, but cram their minds with miscellaneous matter of various kinds, without regard to arrangement, and with no clear perception of the principles of any thing. Such a book as the present is needed not only by youth, but by many men and women who

would be offended at the charge of ignorance. No person can read it without some addition to his knowledge. It is got up with remarkable skill, and covers a very wide extent of erudition.

Thrilling Incidents of the Wars of the United States: Comprising the most Striking and Remarkable Events of the Revolution, the French War, the Second War with Great Britain, and the Mexican War. With Three Hundred Engravings. By the Author of the Army and Navy of the United States. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 8vo.

This is a large octavo volume, filled with deeply interesting historical anecdotes, illustrated with engravings—a volume which will create a taste for the whole series of American history, while it gratifies in part a useful appetite. The work is beautifully printed and admirably got out.

Amelia. This is one of Miss Leslie's novels, and it is worthy of that lady's fame, founded on liberal efforts to improve the heart, and make men and women better, by setting before them instances of folly and examples of virtue.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—In the month of September—the night of the 12th and 13th—there was a total eclipse of the moon. Those who would know all about it—exactly what was done when the adumbration commenced, when and how long total obscuration was observable, and when exactly the satellite passed out of the shadow of her principal planet—have nothing to do but read in the almanacs the predictions and calculations of the event—for exactly to a second the whole was performed as set down by the astronomers. It was a beautiful sight for those who love to watch the phenomena of the heavens, and there was not a cloud, not a passing scud, to prevent a complete view of the whole movement, from the first stain upon the eastern limb of the moon until the whole passed off from her western side.

This eclipse of the moon is caused by that planet's passing through the shadow of the earth, projected far into space; and in proportion to the proximity of the moon is the duration of the eclipse—so that we who occupied the side of the earth to which the eclipse was visible, really saw the moon darkened by the intervention of our own shadow. How like life is this! How many thousands are daily condemned for some apparent fault, which they have indeed acquired from those who condemn. How many live and suffer in the shadow of those who sneer—and persecute while they impart the cause. How many parents, by their errors, keep the sunlight of Truth and Religion from their children, and yet condemn them for the shadow which rests upon their mind, and makes them objects of undesirable notoriety—profitless members of the social circle.

Go and inquire of that heart-broken, condemned female, why she ceased to be the light of the circle in which she was placed—and she will answer that the very beings whom she was to bless, and from whom she was to derive blessings, darkened her pathway by the interference of injudicious kindness or ill-timed severity, and she became totally eclipsed. Ask the youth who has just made shipwreck of his wealth and his fame, and he will tell you that in passing through the shadow which relatives and associates had thrown across his path, his eclipse was so long

that society had no patience to await his return to light—no mercy for the obscuration which their ill-timed lenity to others had made him suffer.

But the moon on the morning of the 13th September passed out of the obscuration, and went on her course diffusing light to all, and maintaining her supremacy, in apparent size and real lustre, above all the stellar orbs. And thus it is with man. The shadow of misfortune or error, of indiscretion, is always projected across his path—he is liable with every change to suffer some obscuration, some diminution of his brightness, some eclipse of that portion bestowed on man. Let society wait—let him toil onward—let there be a little faith, a little confidence, a little hope, and he will recover all he has lost, he will emerge from the shadow that is upon him and be bright and profitable as before. In the deepest obscuration of the full, or the earthward face of the moon, when all but its bare existence seemed blotted out, the upper, heavenward surface was undimmed, and reflected all the stellar glories of the higher planets. And thus is it with man. Sorrows, disappointments, errors, wrongs, darken his way, and all that is visible to those around him seems sullied and obscure, and he is left to toil onward through the deep shadow of misery and shame—the earthward side of his heart in a total eclipse—but the heavenward portion, the cherished and the blessed, though beyond the gaze, and often beyond the comprehension of the worldly—is bathed in the holy light of heavenly influences—it knows no diminution of brightness, no darkness from earthly shadows, no dimness from worldly cares or worldly sorrow, but, turned away from the observation and uses of mankind, its phase is one of unalterable quiet, of undimmed and shadowless lustre. Earth is not permitted to project one shadow upon its plane, while heaven and heavenly light lie beautiful and beautifying upon its surface.

THE WOMEN OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Our booksellers are making judicious preparations for the approaching holidays, and it may be anticipated that the next "Christmas times" will afford a most varied and elegant assortment of gift

books for the choice of purchasers. Among those that we have been favored with a sight of, one of the most beautiful, both in design and execution, is a volume entitled "*The Women of the Scriptures*," which Messrs. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON have gotten up to correspond with those favorite works "*Scenes in the Life of the Saviour*" and "*Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles*," heretofore issued by them. The new publication has been edited by the Rev. H. HASTINGS WELD, who has been well sustained by the artists, printers and binders in their several departments. The purchaser will find in this volume articles from many of the most able and popular writers in the country, and we are sure that it cannot fail to commend itself, in an eminent degree, to the favor of the public.

Messrs. Carey & Hart are about to publish an edition of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry, to be illustrated by some of the best productions of the American burin, samples of which we have seen and admired. It is fitting that the writings of Mrs. Sigourney should be thus set out.

The same publishers have caused to be prepared for the festive season a handsome volume, of the *Souvenir* family, called the *Ruby*. A portion, indeed most of its pictorial embellishments are of the first class of engraving, and the letter-press contains poetry and prose worthy of perusal. The work is a beautiful addition to the centre-table, and will of course find favor.

"IT IS NOT ALWAYS NIGHT."—The heart chilled by adversity or languishing in sorrow, may find consolation and peace in the thought which forms the caption of this article, and which we find so beautifully woven into the harmony of numbers by our contemporary, WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, Esq. Editor of the "*Southern Literary Gazette*."

It is not always night! Though darkness reign
In gloomy silence o'er the slumbering earth,
The hastening dawn will bring the light again,
And call the glories of the day to birth!
The sun withdraws awhile his blessed light,
To shine again—it is not always night!

The voices of the storm may fill the sky,
And Tempest sweep the earth with angry wing;
But the fierce winds in gentle murmurings die,
And freshened beauty to the world they bring:
The after-calm is sweeter and more bright;
Though storms arise, it is not always night!

The night of Nature, and the night of Storm,
Are emblems both of shadows on the heart;
Which full and chill its currents quick and warm,
And bid the light of peace and joy depart:
A thousand shapes hush Sorrow to affright
The soul of man, and shroud his hopes in night.

Yet, when the darkest, saddest hour is come,
And grim Despair would seize his shrinking heart,
The dawn of Hope breaks on the heavy gloom,
And one by one the shadows will depart:
As storm and darkness yields to calm and light,
So with the heart—it is not always night!

THE FUTURE.—By the time another number of the "*Magazine*" is laid before its numerous readers, the bustle and din of the presidential election will have subsided, and the people will set themselves to thinking seriously of the selection of useful and entertaining publications, to render perfect the enjoyment of the long, calm, quiet winter evenings at home. Of course, none who take "*Graham's Magazine*" now, will consent to deprive themselves of it for the future, especially as the new volume, commencing in January, will be rendered as attractive as means, energy, industry and application can make it. We shall soon lay before our hundred thousand readers our new Prospectus, in which will be given a bird's-eye view of the plan of our prospective operations. Nothing will be promised that we will not fully and faithfully perform; and, unrivaled as this "*Magazine*" has heretofore been, we intend so to

improve upon it, that the new volume shall bear away the palm, and command the universal admission that it is more excellent than ever!

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.—In these days of cheap publications, the means of gratifying a love for reading are within the reach of all. There is an abundant supply to feed the mental appetite, and our neighbor, T. B. PETERSON, caters for the public taste with great energy and success. To the lovers of light literature it may not be amiss for us to say that Mr. P. has published uniform editions of the works of those popular and approved writers, Mrs. GREY and Mrs. PICKERING—ladies whose writings are always well reading, and always convey a good moral. A late publication, "*The Orphan Niece*," by Miss Pickering, appeared now, for the first time in this country, and is as excellent and interesting as those from the same pen with which the public are more familiar.

Were we inclined to copy one-half of the very handsome compliments bestowed upon our *Magazine* by our friends of the press, we could not find room to do so. We feel, however, rejoiced at and grateful for these evidences of their favor, and will strive to render ourselves yet more worthy of their commendations. The motto of "*Graham's Magazine*" is EXCELLENCE; and as it has stood immeasurably above all competitors in the past estimation, so shall it maintain its enviable position and merit the success it has enjoyed.

Our engraver, WM. E. TUCKER, Esq., has in hand and will have ready for the next volume, some brilliant specimens of his art. We promise our patrons—and we do so without a single fear that our promise will not be fully redeemed—more magnificent embellishments than any literary work in the country has ever presented. This, of course, will involve an immense expenditure of money; but we never place cost in competition with the duty we owe our patrons, and our desire to merit their favor.

We expect to give, in our next number, a life-size portrait of our late correspondent and now co-editor, BAYARD TAYLOR. He is a modest gentleman, and may not be pleased with the idea of so public an introduction to the readers of this *Magazine*, but we know that he is a favorite with them, and the admirers of his articles will be gratified to see "what manner of man he is."

WINTER FASHIONS.—Our friend *Oakford* knows how to cap the climax of human perfection, if we may judge from the various styles and fashions of Hats, Caps, &c., presented in his card on the cover of our "*Magazine*." His establishment is a favorite place of resort for all who desire to be well fitted; and they must, indeed, be hard to please, who cannot find something there to suit their fancy.

If we were inclined to be boastful, we think we might raise a high note of exultation upon the character of the present number of the "*American Monthly Magazine*." But, as "good wine needs no bush," we lay our offering before the public, confident that its manifest excellence will be discovered without the necessity of a word from us to point out its varied beauties. While, however, we believe, and feel assured that the public will concur in the belief, that this number is one of surpassing beauty and merit, it may not be improper to hint that the arrangements we have consummated for the future, will enable us to improve even upon our present high standard of excellence, and keep us, as ever, far, very far in advance of the most labored efforts of all contemporaries. Our course is onward, and he must bestir himself actively who would excel us.





A. D. Ross

THE DEWY.

Engraved expressly for Godey's Magazine

Maryet Ward



extreme, and mingled with it a bitterness which, in a short time, displayed itself toward his unoffending wife, and in an irritability which, ere the end of a twelvemonth, caused his employer to dismiss him from his service. From that time the life of poor Helen was most wretched, bitterly reaping in tears and poverty the fruits of disobedience. From place to place she followed her husband wherever he could obtain employ, but of which his idle, dissolute habits soon deprived him. A constitution naturally feeble sunk under the inroads of dissipation. Ere three years a wife Helen became a widow. Her situation was now truly deplorable. Without money, without friends, and thrown upon the cold charity of the world ere yet she had reached her twentieth year. For the sake of her innocent babe she resolved to make one more appeal to the mercy of her father.

Over mountain ridges, through deep valleys—crossing dense forests and treacherous rivulets—sometimes on foot, sometimes indebted to the kindness of some chance traveler for a few miles ride, Helen at length drew near the home of her childhood, and stole, unannounced, into the presence of her father. The moment was propitious. Mr. Dundass had already learned the death of his son-in-law, and the probable destitution of his daughter. In those three years alienation from his only child he had suffered much, and untimely old age had silvered his temples and worn deep furrows o'er his brow. Not all his wealth, not all the goadings of disappointed ambition, nor even the sting her ingratitude had left, could drive her image from his heart, or check the still small voice of conscience, which whispered that not even her errors could excuse the harshness with which she had been repulsed. The death of Ward seemed to unite Helen once more to him. Over her misfortunes he shed bitter tears; and although pride still rebelled against the yearnings of his heart, and made him resolve he would never more admit her to his presence, yet even at the moment when she fell fainting and exhausted at his feet, he was meditating some measures by which he could place her and her little one above want. Ah! pride, anger, enduring obstinacy, where are ye now? There was a well of love in that old man's heart whose depths ye had not yet probed. One look at the sad, care-worn face of Helen; one glance at the innocent babe pillowed upon her breast, and that fount of love was unsealed. The father took them to his breast and blessed them.

CHAPTER II.

A few years and Helen, more beautiful than ever, again made her appearance in society, and again Mr. Dundass cherished his darling dream of her forming some high connection. Little Mildred, in the meanwhile, having been sent to England under the charge of a faithful nurse, to receive her education.

A second time, however, was Mr. Dundass doomed to disappointment. The charming and attractive young widow gave her hand to Mr. Donaldson, a Scotch gentleman, whose only recommendation in

the eyes of Mr. Dundass was a showy exterior and a superb set of teeth. He had known him for many years, and had always regarded him as more shrewd than honest, and one who, where his own interests were concerned, would let no scruples of conscience stand in the way of his advancement. He thought him rich, but he had much rather he had been poor if able to boast a titled descent. The idea, therefore, of this second marriage of his daughter gave him a reality as little satisfaction as the first. His reluctant consent was, however, at length obtained, and Helen borne off a second time a bride from her father's house.

The plantation of Mr. Donaldson was delightfully located in a most lovely region of hill and dale, sparkling with delicious rivulets, and sprinkled with charming groves of the deep-tinted pimento, the graceful palm, and magnificent cotton-trees, and the air rife with the fragrance of the orange and citrus blossoms, through which, like winged jewels, glided birds of the most brilliant plumage. Whatever may have been the errors which Mr. Dundass detected in the moral character of Mr. Donaldson, he was a most tender and devoted husband; and in this paradise to which he had brought her, the happiness of Helen seemed perfect. The Cascade, as Mr. Donaldson had named his station, from the numerous little rivers and waterfalls in the neighborhood, was distant five miles from Mount Dundass, yet the intercourse between father and daughter continued uninterrupted until the infirmities of age pressing upon Mr. Dundass, rendered his visits to the Cascade less frequent, and the cares of a growing family confining Mr. Donaldson more closely at home.

Helen was now the mother of several children, charming, bright little girls, yet it was strange that Mr. Dundass never seemed to regard them in the same tender light he did Mildred Ward. Mr. Donaldson had never seen Mildred, but already in his heart he hated her. The partiality of the grandfather rankled his inmost soul, for he saw plainly it would interfere with the prospects of his own children. Indeed, Mr. Dundass had already settled fifty thousand dollars upon his granddaughter Mildred, settling also that at his death that sum should be doubled. Mr. Donaldson possessed great influence over his wife—his words to her were oracles—his wife's laws. By degrees, therefore, he instilled into her mind a jealousy against her absent child, mingled with feelings of resentment toward her father, that, to the exclusion of her little Grace and Anna, he should have made her the object of his love and munificence. This feeling once engendered Mr. Donaldson took good care to keep alive. The poison worked slowly but so secretly, that no doubt Helen herself would have been shocked could she have read her own heart and found that, instigated by jealousy, a mother's tenderness for her first-born was fast turning to bitterness.

In the meantime seventeen rosy summers had flitted as some fairy dream over the head of Mildred, when her grandfather, no longer able to resist his desire of seeing her, urged her return to Jamaica.

CHAPTER III.

To merry England our story now takes us, that we may trace a brief sketch of those scenes wherein the days of Mildred had glided so happily away.

Norcross Hall, the ancestral domain of the late Mrs. Dundass was situated in one of England's most charming nooks, about forty miles from the great metropolis. It was an ancient building, the main part of which was said to have been erected in the time of Elizabeth—but of this little of the original structure remained. Its present occupant, Sir Hugh Norcross, was the son of Mrs. Dundass's eldest brother, and to his guardianship the little Mildred had been consigned. In this charming family she was treated with the utmost tenderness, receiving the same education and sharing the same pursuits as her little cousins, between whom and herself a lively affection sprang up. Lady Norcross was a superior woman, both of mind and heart; and under her guidance and gentle teachings, which her every-day life so beautifully exemplified, what wonder that the little family growing up around her should prove all that was good and lovely. Helen Norcross was near the same age as Mildred, Rupert three years her senior. It was not until the latter had reached his fourteenth year that the three cousins were ever separated, even for a single day; but now, Rupert was sent to Eton, and the two girls were left to weep and mourn his absence, or to study a thousand delightful projects to welcome his return at the holidays.

What happy seasons those were when, released for a time from the thralldom of college pursuits, Rupert once more sprung in freedom through the haunts of his childhood; the old walls rung with cheerful voices, and every dell and dingle echoed to the merry music of their happy hearts. And then, as each holiday came round, what changes marked their progress. The two little girls had become graceful, lovely women, while Rupert from a school-boy had as suddenly shot up into a tall, elegant young man.

Sir Hugh and his lady saw with pleasure the attachment of the cousins; they already loved Mildred as their daughter, and it was the nearest wish of their hearts that in time the affection which now united them might assume a more enduring form. As the education of Mildred might now be considered completed, and the object for which she had been sent to them attained, they grew every day more and more fearful that Mrs. Donaldson would claim her long absent child. Mildred was too young when she left Jamaica to have other than a faint recollection of her mother; she could only remember the beautiful blue eyes which used to meet hers so fondly, and the long golden ringlets through which, as she nestled in mamma's lap, she had played bo-peep with an old gentleman in a high-backed elbow-chair. Then she was so happy at Norcross Hall that when her heart whispered to her, as it often did, of her other dear mother in a far-off land, she could not but reproach herself for not being more impatient for the moment to arrive when she might again embrace her. But now the time drew near when she must bid farewell to this cherished spot.

April had smiled farewell in tears, and May with her beauteous buds and blossoms danced over the green earth. The streams welcomed her presence with songs of glee, and the forests dressed in fresh beauty opened their arms to greet her presence. It was yet early morning, and to the uplifting of the rosy curtain draping the couch of the day-god the birds were singing a merry prelude, as two young men stole softly around an angle of the old building, and crept silently under the shadow of the wall, until they stood beneath the windows of an apartment whose inmates were probably buried in sleep, as through the half-closed shutter the curtains appeared still closely drawn.

"You see I have proved a true prophet, for the girls still sleep," cried the taller of the two, laughing. "Now fie upon their laziness this bright May morning—why we should have been off to the dell an hour since, to gather the flowers ere the sun kissed away their freshness."

"Now I will warrant you, Rupert," replied the other, "that while we stand here with 'dewy feet,' may be catching our deaths from this early exposure of our delicate frames, the little jades are quietly dreaming over the last new romance, or their first ball—come, let us arouse them with a song!" and dropping on one knee, the young man placed his hand upon his heart, and lifting his eyes to the window in the most languishing manner began:

"Come, come to me, love,
Come, love, arise—
And shame the bright stars
With the light of thine eyes,
Look out from thy lattice,
O lady—"

"Very well sung, most tender awain—what a pity Mildred and myself by our too early rising lost the melting expression of those upturned orbs!" cried Helen, issuing with her cousin from a thicket of rose-bushes. "So you thought us still sleeping, slanderers, when we have already brushed the dew from the lawn, and look here," (showing down a quantity of early violets,) "see what we stole from Flora while you two were sleeping."

A few moments were spent in playful badinage, and then the happy party strolled off in the direction of the dell. But, alas! like many of our brightest hopes this morn which dawned so blissfully was destined to end in sorrow! Upon the return of the party to the Hall, Sir Hugh with a sorrowful countenance placed in the hands of Mildred a package of letters. She grew pale as she read, and ere she had finished burst into tears, and handing the package to Sir Hugh fled to her chamber. Those letters contained the mandate for her return to Jamaica. That very week she must leave Norcross Hall, its beloved inmates, and all the delightful scenes of her childhood, and hasten to London, to join a family who were about returning to the island, and to whose charge her grandfather had consigned her.

The grief which filled all hearts at this dreaded separation may easily be imagined. Rupert was nearly crazy at the thought. He now felt how dear

Mildred was to him, and that to part with her was like rending soul and body. But certain that his love would meet the sanction of his parents, knowing how tenderly they regarded her, he hastened to make known his feelings to them, and to entreat that he might accompany Mildred to Jamaica, and demand the consent of her friends to their union.

"No, my dear son," said Sir Hugh, "Mildred is yet very young—of the world she knows little, and it would be cruel to shackle her with ties which she may in time be brought to abhor, nor would it be doing justice to her friends to bind down her affections to us alone. Leave her free, Rupert; if she loves you, that love will not diminish by absence, and I promise you that in due time you shall be allowed to prosecute your suit in the presence of her mother, and should you be so fortunate as to win a bride so lovely, your parents' hearts will welcome her with joy."

How coldly his father reasoned thought the ardent young lover, but accustomed to yield all deference to his wishes, he consented that Mildred should depart without knowing how necessary her love was to his happiness.

Both Sir Hugh and Rupert accompanied her to London, and saw her safely on board her majesty's ship the *Essex*, bound for Jamaica.

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Mildred to pursue her voyage we will see what preparations were already making for her return by Mr. Donaldson.

This gentleman was by no means as rich as many supposed him to be. His plantations were valuable, and located advantageously, but whether from mismanagement, or from circumstances beyond his control, for several years his affairs had become greatly involved, and he had only been saved from absolute ruin through the scheming friendship of a Spaniard named Perozzi—a man whose cunning was as deep as his own, and who by advancing large sums from time to time, only sought to entangle his victim in such a snare as should secure him in the end his valuable possessions. Pride prevented Mr. Donaldson from applying to Mr. Dundass—every year matters grew worse, until finally he felt himself to be completely in the power of Perozzi, who had even begun to threaten loudly, and talk of distraining. It was at this critical juncture that Mr. Dundass declared his intention of sending for Mildred Ward. A project now suddenly suggested itself to Mr. Donaldson which promised to relieve him from his difficulties, and which he seized upon in his selfishness with as little conscience as the highwayman who robs you of life in order to obtain your purse.

Mounting his mule he one morning rode over to the "Pen" of Perozzi, some few miles farther down the valley. He was received rather coolly.

"Your timely visit has saved me a ride this morning, Donaldson," said the Spaniard. "I have an imperative necessity for my money, or at least for a part of it."

"My dear fellow, the very thing I have come to talk about!" said Donaldson.

"*Corambre—to talk about!* It must be something more than talk—words will not answer for purpose," replied Perozzi, his sharp black eyes glittering with hate. "I tell you money I must have—money I will have, or—"

"Good God, Perozzi, don't drive me to desperation. You know I cannot pay you a single piastre. Only wait until I receive my return sales from England, and I swear to you you shall receive your farthing!"

"Holy Mother Mary! your return sales from England!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of cutting sarcasm. "In what manner of vessel must those returns be coming, for, if my memory serves me, Columbus discovered a new world in less time than this same richly-freighted *caravela* has been crossing the Atlantic—this has been your answer for twice twelvemonth. And now," he continued, suddenly altering his tone, and striding to the side of his victim, "there must be an end of this—either pay me what you owe me, or give me a quit claim to the *Caravela* for which you have already received from me more than its value."

"By heavens, Perozzi!" cried Mr. Donaldson, turning pale with anger and mortification, "this is more than I can bear even from you; but come," he added, suddenly forcing a laugh, "it was to see you upon a more pleasing errand I came here."

"*Corambre!*" whistled through the teeth of the Spaniard.

"Hark ye, Perozzi; what would you say if I could this moment promise to place you in possession of one hundred thousand dollars and—a wife?"

"Say! why that the Devil helped you to cajole and then deserted you at the pinch, as he always does!" replied Perozzi.

"No cajolery about it, as you shall find," answered Mr. Donaldson. "But come, let us sit—by your leave I'll taste your wine; your health, signor, and" (turning out a second glass) "here is another to *Milady* Perozzi—ha-ha-ha!" "There—now," said he, setting down his glass with a force which nearly shivered it, "listen to me. You know that Mrs. Donaldson, by her first husband, had one daughter, Mildred Ward, who is at this moment on her return from England, whither she was sent at an early age for her education. She is now, by the bye, seventeen, and, as report informs us, extremely beautiful and accomplished. Now what think you, Perozzi, of the charming Mildred for a wife?"

"I want money—no wife!" moodily replied Perozzi, draining a third glass.

"Precisely—money," answered the other; "and that is what the fair hand of Mildred tenders you."

"One hundred thousand dollars, did you say, Donaldson?" said the Spaniard, with a searching gaze.

"I did. Fifty thousand with the wedding-ring, and the balance when the old man, her grandfather, dies."

Excellent, by the Virgin!—ha-ha-ha! No one can

dispute your skill in diplomacy; but methinks it would be well to know by what method you propose to bring about a "consummation so devoutly to be wished," said Perozzi, with a sneer.

"Leave that to me; only act with me, and Mildred Ward becomes your wife just so certain as I now drink to you—your health, signor."

"And, pray, allow me to ask," said Perozzi, "what benefit you expect to reap from such unparalleled generosity—it cannot surely be out of pure love to me that you thus

"Buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen whether I will or no!"

"You are right," answered Mr. Donaldson, dropping the servile tone in which he had before spoken, "you are right—it is from no love to you; my object is this. You know as well as I do the utter impracticability of my refunding any part of the money I owe you at present. True, you may seize my estates, but this I think you will hardly do in preference to the plan I propose; it would be at best but a vexatious affair, while by accepting my proposition you secure not only an equivalent for your debt, but also the hand of a charming young girl."

"Well, well, to the point," interrupted the Spaniard, impatiently.

"It is simply this; give me your written promise to release me from all obligation, return me whatever notes you hold against me, and I on my part pledge to you the hand and fortune of my stepdaughter."

Perozzi remained for some moments in deep revery, as if studying the feasibility of the proposed plan. "I have half a mind to try it," he mused; "it may do—the connection will be a good one. Old Dundass is as rich as a Jew, and a man of great influence; while on the other hand, should the project fail, I shall be no worse off than now, unless an earthquake should swallow up the estates from my grasp."

"There is one contingency which seems to have entirely escaped your forecast," he exclaimed aloud, turning to Mr. Donaldson, "the lady may not be of your way of thinking—she may prove refractory."

"Leave that to me," was the reply.

"I may not fancy her."

"Nor the money?" added Mr. Donaldson, with a meaning smile.

"Ah, there, I grant, you have me. Well, well, I am willing to talk the matter over with you a little more freely. Miss Ward is handsome, you say?"

"As a Hourii."

"And young?"

"Scarce seventeen."

"Very well—now to business."

But we have already entered into sufficient detail of the conversation of these two men to show the reader in what peril poor Mildred stood from their machinations. It is enough to say that ere they parted, Perozzi pledged his word that, should their plot succeed, he would, on his marriage-day, place in the hands of Mr. Donaldson a quit claim to every demand he held against him.

CHAPTER V.

How beautiful was Mildred as she sprung to meet the embrace of her old grandfather; and how fondly did the old man gaze upon his recovered treasure, almost incredulous that this lovely girl could be the same little pet, whose infantine gambols and artless caresses time had not been able to efface from his mind.

The style of Mildred's beauty was, indeed, most captivating and piquant. To a form of perfect symmetry and airy grace was added a countenance beaming with intellect and vivacity. Her complexion was of the same dazzling fairness as her mother's, but her eyes were of a deep-gray, sparkling beneath the most delicately penciled brows, and her hair of that dark, glossy chestnut, flecked as it were with sunbeams, whose peculiar tint painters so much love to catch. A small, rosy mouth, and white, regular teeth, which in her innocent vivacity were often displayed, completes the picture of Mildred's charms.

After spending a few days at Mount Dundass she took leave of her grandfather, and under the escort of Mr. Donaldson, who had hastened thither for the purpose, departed for the Cascade, impatient to behold her mother, in whose love she trusted to find a recompense for the pain which parting with her dear friends at Norcross Hall had caused. And for a few weeks all went happily. The sight of her innocent, beautiful child banished for a time from the heart of Mrs. Donaldson that unnatural jealousy her husband had awakened. Mr. Donaldson, for his own selfish purposes, strove by every attention and kindness to win her esteem and confidence, while Mildred on her part delighted with and reciprocating her mother's affection, gratified by the interest her step-father expressed for her, and perfectly enchanted with the novel and beautiful scenery, threw off all her sadness—linking the past with the present, not regretful or sorrowful, but as one continued scene of love and happiness, for which her heart rose in gratitude to her Maker that he had conferred upon her so many rich blessings.

How often did she wish that Rupert and Helen could share with her this West India paradise. The climate so bland and delicious—soft, balmy airs by day, and nights of unclouded loveliness; the beautiful undulating scenery of hill and valley stretching far away into the dim haze of ocean—hills from whose summits towered the magnificent cabbage-palm, its immense plume-like leaves waving like the crest of some gigantic warrior above the band of palms crowding around, bending their graceful heads to this their chief; valleys of luxuriant beauty, studded with groves of the aromatic pimento, whose pure white blossoms seem like snow-flakes just fallen amid their dark, glossy foliage, while at intervals clumps of magnolia, resting on a carpet of bright verdure sprinkled with flowers, and their trunks garlanded with the gay *passa-flora*, arrested the eye. From those beautiful hill-sides silvery cascades came leaping and dancing down into the rich valleys, then twining their lovely arms through this charming

landscape, as if they would fain bear off its beauties to the broad ocean, whither they are gliding.

In the meantime, you may be sure, Perozzi made his appearance at the Cascade, where, under some slight pretext, he soon became almost domesticated, merely riding over to the Pen at intervals of two or three days. To Mildred there was something extremely repulsive in his appearance, and she could not but feel amazed at the influence he seemed to exercise over her parents, and the deference with which they treated him. She little dreamed of the power he would soon exert against her happiness—just as over those luxuriant valleys, whose smiling beauty I have but imperfectly sketched, the whirlwind comes rushing in terrible might, scattering ruin and devastation around, did the tempest burst over the head of Mildred, changing all the brightness of her young life to darkness. Perozzi needed no other impetus than the sight of Mildred's beauty to render him as eager to push forward the plot in agitation as Mr. Donaldson, and in accordance his attentions to her assumed a direct and positive form. She, however, had not the most remote suspicion of his intentions. How great, then, was her surprise when one day Perozzi made her a formal offer of his hand, assuring her at the same time that he did so with the consent and approbation of her parents and her grandfather. Mildred could hardly credit her senses, that Perozzi, a man as old as her step-father, should think of a mere child like herself for a wife, seemed very strange, but that her friends should also approve of such a match, stranger still.

"My dearest Mildred, what have you done!" cried Mrs. Donaldson, meeting her daughter a few hours after. "Can it be possible you have refused Signor Perozzi?"

"Dear mamma, you surely do not think I could do otherwise than refuse him!" replied Mildred, surprised at her mother's manner.

"And why not, Mildred? Would it not be a most eligible match for you—why he is not only very rich, but will probably soon succeed to a title."

"Riches and titles can never make happiness, mamma."

"But they conduce greatly to its maintainance, Mildred."

"O, no, mamma, not if attached to such a disagreeable person as the signor."

"Disagreeable! Mildred, you surprise me—pray what can be your objections?"

"Indeed, they are so numerous, that the repetition would only be tiresome," replied Mildred, smiling. "But you are surely laughing at me; you did not really suppose, now did you, that I could love such a man?"

"I did suppose you had more sense, Mildred, than to refuse him," replied Mrs. Donaldson. "I can only say your decision has deeply grieved both Mr. Donaldson and myself; yet we regret it more for the disappointment it will cause your grandfather, for to see you the wife of Perozzi has long been his most cherished wish."

"Can it be!" cried Mildred. "Can it be that my

grandfather, my kind grandfather, would have so marry Perozzi—is it so, mamma?"

"It is, Mildred."

"Now, indeed, am I most unhappy," cried Mildred, bursting into tears, "for it can never be!"

"My sweet child, I am sorry to see you so grieved!" said Mrs. Donaldson. "It must be painful, I know, for you to distress your excellent old grandfather, who loves you so truly, and has ever treated you with such generosity; but perhaps your decision has been too hasty—it is not too late to reconsider the subject, Mildred, and perhaps you will conclude differently."

"No, mamma, my resolution is unalterable."

"Let me at least soften your refusal to poor Peter—indeed, he is quite overwhelmed with despair; and I have bid him hope that in time you may be brought to listen more favorably to his suit."

"O, not for worlds, mamma—not for worlds!"

"Well, well, my dear, you are strangely agitated. There, go—retire to your chamber, and compose yourself, my love;" and affectionately kissing her daughter, Mrs. Donaldson repaired to the library, where her husband and Perozzi were awaiting the result of this interview.

Had Mrs. Donaldson forgotten her own youth?

From that day Mildred was the object of ceaseless persecution. Go where she would, there was Peter ever at her side, to annoy her with his odious attentions; walking or riding, he intruded himself upon her; no room in the house seemed sacred from his approach; and even when she retired to her own apartment, he either stationed himself beneath her window, or stood at her door, ready to greet her with his hateful smile as she issued forth. Constantly, too, was he urging his suit, while her repeated refusals, her cold words, and still colder looks might as well have been spent upon a rock—for a rock could not be more impressionless to their meaning. The persecution she underwent from the old Perozzi, had, perhaps, revealed to her the true nature of her regard for Rupert, and in so doing, brought also the pleasing consciousness that she was beloved even as she loved him. How aggravating, then, was the situation. Daily her life grew more wretched, as had she even the consolation of sympathy. What yearning heart did she now recall the happy days at Norcross Hall, rendered by contrast still more dear. "O!" she cried, in her anguish, "could I but once more rest in their loving arms, what power could tear me thence! Dearest Helen! Dearest Rupert, come to me! O, hasten thither and rescue me from this horrible thralldom!"

But months passed in sorrow; there came no letters from England—nothing to cheer up her fainting heart. And finally, Mildred, the once gay, happy Mildred, sunk into a state of utter despondency.

CHAPTER VI.

"Hist—hist, Pedro!" and a tall, swarthy Creole, obeying the finger of Perozzi, glided stealthily behind a large tree, where stood the Spaniard, both awaiting

from observation by the thick drapery of ferns and parasitic plants clinging around its trunk. Eyeing the man keenly, Perozzi said, in a low tone,

"Hark-ye, Pedro! I have a job for you; here are thirty pistoles as an earnest, and when it is finished, you shall receive thirty more."

"By St. Jago, signor! I am ready—what is it? *This?*" touching the handle of his knife.

"*Corambre*, knave! No. Listen to me. Do you see yonder mansion, with the green verandas stretching itself out on the hill-side like an anaconda at play?"

"The Scotchman's—Donaldson's?"

"The same. Now look, and tell me what you see at the open jalousie on the right, that is, if you can see through the heavy screen of jessamines which droop over it."

"Ho, ho! I have eyes at any time for a pretty girl, signor; she is an angel, that fair English girl!"

"Very well—you know her, then. Now do you remember the thick pimento walk between this and the hospital?"

"Si, signor."

"Now, Pedro, hasten thither, and conceal yourself. This fair Signora will soon pass that way. Now mind me, knave, when she reaches the middle of the grove, do you rush suddenly upon her—seize her in your arms, and—"

"Ho-ho! a pleasant job, signor!"

"Peace, knave! Seize her, I tell you, and draw your knife, as if about to plunge it in her white bosom. Now, mark me, at that moment I rush upon you and rescue the lady—do you understand?"

"Si, signor; but will your honor please to remember I am but flesh and blood—don't strike more than skin deep, signor."

"Tush, knave! and remember—no violence; by the Holy Mother! if you so much as breathe upon a hair of her head, you taste my dagger!"

"Ho-ho, signor! methinks to snatch a kiss from her sweet lips would be worth more than a thousand pistoles."

"Villain, to your work!"

"Ho-ho! a pleasant job, signor—a pleasant job!" And with a hideous leer, the lesser villain parted from the greater, and concealing himself within the deep shadows of the grove, awaited the coming of Mildred.

It was not long ere, little suspecting the terrible scene which she was to encounter, Mildred set forth *en route* to the hospital, to visit an old faithful female slave. This was a favorite walk, and soothed by the quiet of the scene, she lingered long in its delightful depths. As her foot pressed the summit of a gentle slope, enameled with many-colored flowers, and over which frown the blood-tinged foliage of a stately mahogany-tree, pendent garlands of the passion-flower, and delicate white jasmine swung in the soft breeze, she paused for a moment, as if to prolong this happy reprieve from the presence of the Spaniard.

Suddenly, the wretch, Pedro, sprung in her path, and while with one hand he seized the trembling

girl, with the other he drew his stiletto, and muttering a horrible oath, raised it as if about to strike at her innocent bosom. Mildred did not scream, she did not faint, but her eyes closed, and all power of speech and motion seemed paralyzed. But the threatened blow was arrested; a violent struggle ensued, during which she was clasped still more tightly to the breast of the ruffian, who seemed to be defending himself from some superior arm. Oaths and curses mingled with the clash of weapons; she was dragged, as it were, several paces through the grove, and then, after another struggle, she felt the arm of the assassin relax its grasp—she was caught to the breast of her deliverer, and then placed gently on the soft turf.

"Mildred—my angel—my life—O, speak to me!"

That voice! Mildred knew its hateful tones; and a cold shudder crept through her frame, as if some venomous reptile had touched her, as she felt the villain's lips press her brow. Recoiling, she slowly opened her eyes.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Perozzi, "you are restored to me. Holy Virgin! can it be—so near death, and yet living and unhurt, I now hold you in my arms! O, blessed moment, when love guided me hither!"

"I owe you my life, signor," said Mildred, freeing herself from his embrace, "but it is a thankless boon; methinks death would have been sweeter! Leave me—I am better—I am well—leave me, signor!"

"Sweet angel! leave thee—leave thee thus exposed to new dangers! No—lean on me, my beloved—let me guide your trembling steps!" and he passed his arm around her.

"Away!" cried Mildred, springing from him. "Away! touch me not! Monster—fiend! I hate you! Begone from my sight forever, or, in mercy, kill me!"

Perozzi became livid with rage, and his eye-balls gleamed like fire in the deepening shadows, as they rested on Mildred, never more beautiful than as she now stood before him in all the majesty of outraged purity. But masking the hell in his heart with a well-feigned air of desperation, he fell on his knees before her.

"Would that the assassin's knife had reached my heart!" he exclaimed. "Better for me to die than endure your scorn. Yes, *die!* By heavens! why not end this miserable existence—here—yes, here, at your feet, cruel Mildred! *It shall be done!*" and drawing a pistol from his breast, he placed the muzzle to his temple.

"Hold—hold—for God's sake, miserable man, hold!" shrieked Mildred, springing forward.

It was too late—the pistol exploded.

"Ha—ha—ha!" shouted Perozzi, wiping his blackened brows, "that was well done!" And raising the now senseless girl in his arms he bore her to the house.

When, after a long and death-like swoon, Mildred opened her eyes they rested upon the anxious countenances of her mother and Mr. Donaldson bending over her couch.

"Where am I?" she cried, starting up wildly—"how came I here—what has happened? Ah, now I remember—or was it some dreadful dream?" She pressed her hand to her forehead—"no, no, it was no dream—tell me," she added, with a convulsive shudder, closing her eyes as if to shut out some horrible vision, "is he dead—is Perozzi dead?"

"Compose yourself, my dear Mildred," replied Mrs. Donaldson, "he lives—fortunately the ball but slightly grazed his temple—yet, my child, such is his despair—to such a state of frenzy has your cruelty brought him, that we dare not trust him alone even for a moment, lest he once more attempt to end his misery by self-destruction."

A heart-rending groan was the poor girl's only answer.

"Mildred, my daughter," said Mr. Donaldson, "I had decided to say no more to you upon a subject so painful, but duty to my friend compels me to make one more appeal to your compassion. Can I stand calmly by and witness the wreck which despair has wrought in that beloved friend—can I behold him resolutely rushing upon death to end his misery and not speak! O, Mildred," falling on his knees, "save him—for you can—Mildred, behold me thus imploring your pity for Perozzi!"

Mildred burst into tears, and placed her hand within that of Mr. Donaldson.

"You will relent, my sweet child, will you not?" said her mother, throwing her arms around her—"yes, you will, and make us all happy—see," she added, drawing a letter from her bosom, "here is a letter from my beloved father—let his words plead with ours—shall I read?" Mildred assented, and breaking the seal Mrs. Donaldson continued:

"MILDRED,—You have refused compliance with the fondest wish of my heart—you have obstinately cast from you the man of all others I wished to see your husband! Henceforth I renounce you. I loved you, my child, (as I now for the last time call you,) I have loved you from your infancy—to you I looked as my greatest earthly blessing—but it is all over—we never meet again! Yet, cruel, ungrateful girl, I will not doom you to a life of hardship and dependence. The fortune settled upon you is still yours. Take it, Mildred, and enjoy it if you can, knowing that you have broken the heart of your old doting grandfather,"

ARCHIBALD DUNDASS."

As Mrs. Donaldson concluded, Mildred sobbed aloud. These reproaches, mingled with so much kindness, almost broke her heart.

"Give me the letter," said she, extending her trembling hand, and once more she tearfully perused it, while a glance of triumph was exchanged between husband and wife. The look of agony which Mildred cast upon them as she finished reading would have melted a heart of stone. Mrs. Donaldson burst into tears, and even the lip of her husband quivered with agitation.

"My God, pity me!" cried Mildred, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven. Once more she turned them on her mother. "Mother, do not weep—I—O God—I—consent!" And as if with

those dreadful words her pure spirit had fled, she lay back cold and rigid as marble upon the pillow.

CHAPTER VII.

Let the silence of despair rest upon the sufferings of the unhappy Mildred after those fatal words had passed her lips.

Among other artful devices agreed upon between Mr. Donaldson and Perozzi, previous to Mildred's return, was that of keeping her entirely secluded from society, lest some other suitor might wrest the hand of the doomed girl from him. But now that consent to their infernal measures had been wrung from her, it was resolved that a magnificent *fête* should mark the *début* of the affianced bride. The evening previous to the wedding was the time fixed upon for this important event, and accordingly invitations were immediately issued for a grand *à masqué*, including the governor's family, together with all the *élites* of the island.

For weeks all was hurry and confusion at the Cascade—artisans of many trades were busily engaged pulling down and putting up—the drawing-rooms—the halls—verandas, all newly decorated—in fact, the whole establishment, through the purse of Perozzi and the good taste of Mrs. Donaldson, completely revolutionized. Mildred in the meanwhile remained in strict seclusion in her apartment, unless drawn thence by the importunities of the Spaniard, so much so perfectly overwhelmed with the wretchedness of her lot, that it seemed most probable death might claim the young bride ere the day of sacrifice came. In vain her mother strove to interest her in the proceedings—entreating she would at least choose a costume for her expected *début*.

"Do with me as you will, mother," Mildred would reply, with a faint smile.

In the sleeping-room of Mrs. Donaldson there hung a portrait of a beautiful Turkish maiden. The picture was a favorite with Mildred, and it occurred to Mrs. Donaldson that a similar costume would well become the style of her daughter's beauty. A careful examination of her own and Mildred's wardrobe convinced her the thing could be done, and she set herself diligently to prepare the dress—Mildred passively obeying her directions.

At length all was finished, and in its swift course Time brought round the appointed evening for the *début* of the wretched Mildred, so soon to become a more wretched wife. At an early hour those guests who resided at a distance began to arrive, and after partaking of the grateful refreshments provided for them were conducted to their dressing-rooms, to prepare for the festivities of the evening—all being expected to appear *en masqué*.

Mrs. Donaldson, the still handsome mistress of the *fête*, wore a splendid dress of the tartan, in compliment to the Scottish tastes of her husband, who himself appeared in the costume of a Highland Chief, and had already entered the drawing-room, in readiness to welcome the gay throng. The victim, too, was ready. Passive as a lamb in the hands of the

destroyer, she had suffered her mother and her maid to array her, and now sat like some marbled image, awaiting the coming of Perozzi to lead her forth.

How lovely she was, nor yet casting one look to the mirror wherein her exquisite form and beautiful face were reflected. The robe her mother had chosen was the same as the picture, of a pale rose color, floating like a summer cloud around her lovely person, and confined to her waist by a broad girdle of white satin, wrought with gold and clasped by a superb diamond. The sleeves of the same airy fabric as the caftan were long and loose, revealing in their transparency the fine contour of her snowy arm, and were ornamented upon the shoulders and around the graceful fold of the outer edge with rich embroidery seeded with pearls. The caftan was slightly open at the bust, displaying an under vest of thin white gauze gathered in maidenly modesty over her lovely bosom, and fastened by a magnificent cluster of diamonds and rubies. A *talpec*, or head-dress, of white velvet, around which were wound two rows of the finest pearls, was placed low on her pale brow, from which her beautiful hair fell in long natural ringlets, looped here and there with sprigs of the white jasmine and orange buds.

Gently the wind swayed the orange boughs, and creeping through the flowery links of the jessamine and passa-flora, kissed the pale cheek of Mildred as she sat there in her misery—twilight stole on with saddened step, and from out the cloudless heavens one by one the stars looked down upon her wretchedness. Then over the distant mountains rose up the full-orbed moon, bathing their summits with gladness and flooding the valleys with calm and holy light. On she came, majestic and serene, o'er her glorious path, and as her mild beams quivered through the thick clustering blossoms around the window they touched the heart of Mildred as the smile of angels. Throwing open the *jalousie* she stepped into the veranda, and leaning over the balustrade gazed upon the peaceful landscape stretching before her in all the chastened loveliness of the moonlight.

There was something in the scene which brought with it the "light of other days" to her sad heart. For a few brief moments she was happy—present sorrows lost themselves in past pleasures. Once more upon the ivy-clad battlements of Norcross Hall she was standing with Helen and Rupert, while the scene upon which the moon looked down identified itself with the woods and dells of that beloved spot. Her bright dream was brief—the voice of Perozzi in loud and angry altercation with some one awoke her too rudely to her misery.

"O, Rupert!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in agony as she turned to re-enter her chamber—"Rupert, farewell—farewell forever!"

"Dearest Mildred!" cried a voice whose tones leaped into her heart with a strange thrill of joy—"dearest Mildred!"

Did she still dream—or was it indeed Rupert to whose breast she was now folded with a bliss too great for words!

"Thank God, Rupert, you have come!" cried Mildred.

"Mildred," said Rupert, (for it was indeed Rupert,) "what mean these tears? Are you not happy—this marriage—"

"A-h!" shrieked Mildred, clinging to him as though the basilisk hand of Perozzi were already upon her, "*save me—save me*, Rupert!"

"*Save* you! dearest, beloved Mildred—tell me—tell me quick—this marriage—is it not your own choice?"

"O no, no, no!" sobbed Mildred.

"Then no power on earth shall compel you to it! You are mine—mine, dearest Mildred!" and clasping her once more in his arms, Rupert kissed the tears from her beautiful eyes, as full of hope and love they met his beaming gaze.

"But my grandfather!" she cried, starting up.

"He is here, dear girl."

"Here! then lead me to him quickly—let me implore him to have pity upon me!"

The arrival of Mr. Dundass upon the scene was wholly unlooked for by Mr. Donaldson—need we say as wholly unwelcome. Guilt and fear paled his cheek and almost palsied his tongue as his lips feigned a welcome—nor was Perozzi less moved. To define the feelings of Mrs. Donaldson would be difficult. Her love for her daughter had been held in complete subjugation to the will of her husband, and while she grieved deeply for the sorrows heaped upon her, her love and fear of Mr. Donaldson, and her knowledge of his pecuniary distress caused her at the same time to exert all her influence to rivet the chain around poor Mildred—so strange is human nature! What then was to be the result of her father's unexpected visit—was it freedom for Mildred—was it to heap disgrace upon her husband?

In the mean time Mr. Dundass had been shown to a private room in a remote wing of the building, while Mr. Donaldson and Perozzi were already planning new schemes. They resolved that Mildred should be kept in ignorance of her grandfather's arrival as long as possible—of Rupert's they themselves knew nothing—and that on no account should she be allowed to speak with him privately. The marriage should take place at an early hour the following morning—that consummated they would defy even the devil himself!

Mr. Dundass was sitting sad and sorrowful in the apartment to which he had been conducted, for this marriage filled him with grief, wondering that Mildred did not appear to welcome him, or that Rupert did not return, when the door suddenly opened and Mildred rushed in, and falling at his feet exclaimed:

"O dearest, dearest grandfather, pity me—O sacrifice me not to Perozzi!"

"Sacrifice you, my darling child! Come to my arms—what mean you—*sacrifice*—I thought it was your happiness I was securing by consenting to your union."

"*Happiness*! O grandfather—rather my misery!"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Dundass. "There must be treachery somewhere! God knows

how it has grieved my heart to think of your union with that man—I know him to be a villain, and when repeatedly urged to consent to the marriage, I as repeatedly refused, until your own letter—”

“My letter—good heavens!” exclaimed Mildred.

“Written in the most moving language, at length won my reluctant consent!”

All was now explained, and the villainy of Mr. Donaldson and his coadjutor made clear.

“Courage, courage, my darling,” said Mr. Dundass, “come with me. Come, Rupert, I will ‘beard the lion in his den,’ and make known this infamous plot—come.”

“My mother—spare *her*, dear grandfather—for give them all—I am happy now—let us not mar the pleasure of the guests,” interceded Mildred.

“You say right, my child—to-morrow will be soon enough. But come with me, children—let us join the gay assembly—nay, fear not, Mildred. Perozzi, the villain, he shall not dare even to look upon you!”

Now strains of delicious music filled the air—lights gleamed—jewels flashed—feathers waved, and on every side the merry laugh and gay badinage met the ear from prince and beggar—wild roving gipsy and sombre nun—knights in armor—minstrels—flower-girls—jugglers and staid Quakers, as in confused *mêlées* they swept through the rooms—yet all stood aside in silent admiration as the lovely Mildred Ward in her graceful Turkish costume, her face beaming with happiness, entered the saloon leaning on the arm of her gray-haired sire.

Muttering curses through his closed visor, Perozzi (who was dressed as a knight of Old Castile) hastily left the scene. He had sought Mildred in her chamber—she was not there, and well did his guilty fears surmise where she might be found. One glance at her speaking countenance was enough. He saw at a moment all was over—that the fiendish plot near consummation was betrayed! With terrible oaths he mounted his mule, and plunging his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of the poor beast rushed armed as he was, like some terrible demon through the peaceful moon-lit vale until he reached the foot—vowing that on the morrow he would seize at once with the grip of a harpy upon the estates of Mr. Donaldson.

But here, too, he was foiled! Mr. Donaldson, it is true, did not deserve so much mercy, but when, like a penitent, he came before Mr. Dundass and confessed his crime, the heart of the old man was moved to pity. He generously advanced the necessary funds, and wrenched the Cascade from the clutches of Perozzi. Touched by such unmerited goodness and generosity, Mr. Donaldson resolved to become a better man, and to repair by his future conduct the errors of the past.

At Mount Dundass, whither the whole family accompanied its venerable proprietor, Rupert received the hand of the happy Mildred, and after the death of Mr. Dundass, which took place only a few months later, took his beautiful young bride to England.

A L A Y.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE glorious queen of heaven who flings
Her royal radiance round me now,
As with clasped hands and upturned brow
I watch her pathway fair and free,
Is not so silvery with the light
She pours o'er darkened earth to-night,
As in the gentle thoughts she brings
Of thee, dear love, of thee!

The night-wind trembling round the rose—
The starlight floating on the river,
The fearful aspen's silvery shiver,
The dew-drop glistening on the lea,
Night's pure baptism to the flowers—
All, all bring back our dear, lost hours,
Till every heart-string thrills and glows
For thee, dear-love, for thee!

And when dawn wakes the Earth with song,
And Nature's heart, so hushed to-night,
Goes leaping in the morning light,—
While waves flash onward to the sea.

While perfumed dew to heaven arise—
While glory flashes o'er the skies—
Still through my soul shall sweet thoughts throng
Of thee, dear love, of thee!

Ah, thou beloved, whose heart hath thrilled
To blessed dreams and joys with mine,
What power shall change thy love divine,
Or shut its presence out from me!
Since all bright things, from flower to star,
Its types and sweet reminders are
To this fond heart, this soul so filled
With thee, dear love, with thee!

We part not, though we said adieu—
Since first thy thoughts chimed in with mine,
And from those glorious eyes of thine
A heaven of love looked down on me,
My very life round thine is poured—
Thy words within my soul I hoard—
Still true, in every heart-throb true
To thee, dear love, to thee!

THE SAILOR'S LIFE-TALE.

A TRUE REMINISCENCE.

BY SYBIL SUTHERLAND.

(DEDICATED TO MY COUSIN MARY S.—)

"There's many an 'o'er true' tale, coz,
That comes to the listening ear,
That makes the cheek turn pale, coz,
And brings the glistening tear."

DURING the last summer, Mary mine, I was one of a party of friends, who, tired of the bustle and confusion of the busy city, resolved to lay aside business and all other engagements, for the brief space of one day, which was to be devoted to a picknick in some retired country location. The destined spot for our intended *fête* was, after considerable consultation, at length decided upon, and we unanimously agreed to spend the day in a pleasant woods in the neighborhood of New Brighton.

It was upon a balmy June morning, when, with light hearts, but heavier baskets, laden with provisions, sun-bonnets, books, music, and sundry *et cæteras* indispensable upon such an occasion, we found ourselves snugly ensconced upon the deck of one of those spacious steamboats which hourly wend their way toward the sunny shores for which we were bound; and after an exhilarating sail of half an hour's duration, we landed at Snug Harbor, and proceeded toward our place of destination, which was situated about ten minutes' walk distant.

It was to the Sailor's woods that our steps were bent on the morning of our picknick. Sauntering slowly through a shady lane we first passed the great gate leading to the Sailor's Snug Harbor, an institution which, as you doubtless know, Cousin Mary, was, through the munificence of a certain private individual, erected some years since as a place of refuge and repose to the weary, wayworn seaman. Walking a short distance beyond these stately buildings, we found ourselves within "the deep solitudes of the leafy wood."

How shall I describe to you, gentle coz, that dear old woods, as on that eventful day its beauties and wonders first greeted my gaze? We had not advanced far within its recesses, when a welcome sound fell upon our ears, and in a moment more

"The flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play,"

came gladly upon our sight. A laughing little streamlet rose before us, its bright waters rippling and dancing, and here and there illuminated by a stray sunbeam that stole softly and faintly through the thick foliage of the sturdy old trees above. The brook was narrow, and one could have crossed it almost at a bound; but there was no necessity for the exertion, for glancing but a few yards ahead, we

beheld a rustic bridge, which, on nearer approach, proved to be of cedar, and was ornamented with a sofa of the same material.

Upon this rude couch we rested awhile till our friend C——, whom we had elected master of ceremonies, went forward to take a more extended survey of the woods and its surroundings. In a few minutes we heard a loud and very expressive halloo from our absent companion, and looking about to find whence the sound proceeded, we beheld him standing upon a stone-fence at some distance, and beckoning us to hasten immediately to his side. The mandate was obeyed, and after a scramble over the stones, we succeeded in mounting the desired eminence, when a pleasant sight met our delighted visions. The waters of the brook were here so managed as to form two sylvan lakes, divided from each other by a bridge similar to the one previously mentioned. The borders of these lakes, through one of which glided two stately swans, were supplied with seats formed of cedar wood, and so arranged as to resemble lounges, *tête-à-têtes*, and arm-chairs, whose appearance seemed to invite repose. And here we would fain have lingered, but asserting that he had something to show us in another direction, C—— bade us follow him a few steps farther.

Decending from our elevation, and roaming through a shadowed path, we at last halted at the door of a diminutive and picturesque-looking cottage, within which, to our astonishment, was a table, round which were ranged seats more than sufficient for our number. In no measured terms did we now express our surprise and delight at thus finding in the very heart of the wilderness accommodations so necessary, wondering at the same time whether the fairies had not been there before us to provide every thing for our convenience.

Beside the door of this rustic dwelling an old man, evidently nearing the allotted "three score and ten," was seated upon a rude bench, busily engaged weaving a small and dainty-looking basket. He was dressed in a sailor's garb, but there was an indescribable something in his appearance, betraying that he did not belong to the lowest rank of seamen. There was a cloud of melancholy upon his countenance, and though the sounds of laughter and mirth were floating around him, he desisted not from his occupation, nor even once gazed into the bright faces

by which he was surrounded. Absorbed in his own meditations, he seemed not to heed nor care for aught else; and it was some time ere any of us presumed to address him. But after awhile C—, who was on every occasion the most venturesome of our group, approached the old man, and endeavored to lead him into conversation. He did not resist the attempt, and we now learned that the various adornments of the woods were entirely the handiwork of an aged sailor, to whose taste and ingenuity many a previous picknick party had owed the greater portion of its pleasures. He showed us a spring near by, where we regaled ourselves with a libation of the purest and coldest water, and told us of a fitting place for a dance, an even, grass-grown spot in another part of the woods. He also described to us a moss-house, which he said was located just below the opposite hill, informing us at the same time that it belonged to the estate of Mr. G—, one of New York's merchant-princes, who kindly and unselfishly left it free and open to the inspection of the curious, and wonder-loving community. And to this latter domain my friends now agreed to adjourn—but much to my regret, I was unable to accompany them. A severe headache, the usual result of excitement of any kind, was now exerting its influence over me; and I was confident, from experience, that my only way of soon getting rid of it would be by remaining where I was and keeping perfectly quiet. All of my friends expressed their sorrow at my sudden indisposition, and each one kindly offered to stay and bear me company; but unwilling to deprive them of any enjoyment, I declined their offers, alleging that I should not be altogether alone, as the old man whom we found there would doubtless continue where he was till their return. The sailor looked up as I spoke, and said that it was his intention to remain there for the rest of the morning, adding that he frequently passed the entire day in the woods. So, assured that I would not be actually solitary, they at last allowed themselves to be persuaded to go without me in search of the moss-house.

After watching their forms till they had quite receded from my view, I re-entered the arbor where the old sailor was still at work, and seated myself very comfortably in a rocking-chair. It was somewhat of an oddity, too, Mary—that rocking-chair; and though I had almost forgotten to mention the circumstance to you, the first discovery of such an article of furniture in the woods had been a source of infinite amusement to my companions and myself. It was built of cedar, to correspond with the other various decorations of the woods, and though hewn of the roughest material, for ease and grace of motion, I might confidently challenge the drawing-room of a fashionable lady to produce its equal. Again, I say, it was an oddity—that rocking-chair. But the powers of my simple pen being scarcely adequate to a description of it, this being, as I have styled it, a true reminiscence, I would advise and invite you, dear Mary, if you wish to behold the rocker, and judge of its *indescribable* merits, to accompany me

on the first summer's day you may have to spare, to the pleasantest and most romantic spot in the immediate vicinity of New York—the Sailor's Woods & Snug Harbor.

But to go on with my record. After enjoying in a space the easy lulling motion of this inimitable chair; and after bathing my head repeatedly in water from the woodland-spring, I began to feel considerably revived, while the pure air, and the stillness that reigned around, were of especial benefit to my aching temples. The pain gradually grew less and less tormenting, till at length it was no longer felt, and again I found myself watching the old sailor, who sat at a few paces from me weaving his pretty, delicate basket. Gathering courage, I entered into conversation with him. He had stated previously that his abode was at "the Harbor," so I now made some inquiries concerning that institution, its regulations, &c., and he very readily gave me all the requisite information.

"They must be very happy, are they not?" I asked, referring to the members of the institution of which we were speaking; "very happy and very thankful, too, to have had so pleasant a home provided for them in their old age?"

"They are generally contented," was the reply; "but there are many among their number who having no fears for their earthly future, allow their minds to dwell too earnestly upon the past—and we be to them, if one voice from the memories of by-gone days comes back with reproachful accents." He sighed heavily—and for some moments there was a pause. At length, raising his eyes hastily to mine, he said,

"Young lady—do you think that I am happy?"

The question was altogether so abrupt and unexpected, that I scarcely knew what to answer; but after some little hesitation, I replied, "I do not, sir. There is too much of sadness in your countenance to speak of a mind quite at ease. I should think that you had known many sorrows."

"You are right," he rejoined, in a voice of emotion, "I have, indeed, borne the burden of many griefs; but, alas! I do not mourn them so much as the errors of a heart but for whose weakness they had never oppressed me. I know not what it is, young lady, that prompts me to confide to you my history. But, perchance, it may serve you as a warning—it may impress more strongly upon your mind that divine law of forgiveness inculcated by Him who pardons *our* trespasses, 'as we forgive those who trespass against us.' There is a passage in the 'Book of Books' that never fails to convey to me a reproof, for I remembered not the lesson till it was too late to profit by it. 'Then came one of his disciples unto him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times; but until seventy times seven.'"

Though somewhat surprised at the turn matters were taking, yet, as the speaker had paused, and was now apparently awaiting some token on my part of interest in his proposed narration, I, of course,

entreated him to proceed. Nor was he long in complying with my desire.

It was truly a touching story, dear Mary. I would, indeed, that I could "tell the tale as 't was told to me." And yet I would not, if I possessed the power, portray the mournful accents of that old man's voice, and the sorrowing expression of his countenance—for the picture would make you weep. I may not attempt to recall the sketch in the language of the aged sailor, for that it would be utterly impossible to do; but I will strive to repeat it to you after my own peculiar fashion, and to the best of my ability. Could I boast your incomparable grace of diction, Mary, I might do full justice to my subject. But I know that with your accustomed kindness you will overlook the faults which I humbly trust that time and practice may enable me to overcome. So, having thus worthily delivered my preface, let me hasten at once to my task.

Some sixty years since, there dwelt in the city of Boston, a merchant by the name of Sydney—a man justly beloved and respected for benevolence of character, integrity of purpose and of principle, and envied by the worldly for the enormous income which enabled him to surround his family with every luxury that money could procure. Early in life he had married a beautiful girl, to whom he was tenderly devoted. A son, whose name was Arthur, and who, to come at once to the point, was the original narrator of this story, was the sole offspring of this happy union, and, as may be supposed, the pride and idol of his parents. They watched over him with the most untiring affection, and endeavored to instil into his young mind those firm and honorable principles which rendered their own lives so lovely. But at the age of ten years the hand of death deprived Arthur Sydney of his gentle mother, and daily he missed her counsels and her embrace, and most bitterly did he mourn for the footstep that was to come no more.

The loss of his wife was a stunning blow to Mr. Sydney. He never married again, for he had loved the departed one too well to think for an instant of supplying her place; and so four more years elapsed, and his child continued to be the only object of his cares. But at the termination of that period this good and just man was called to a mansion beyond the skies, doubtless there to claim the crown of immortality. And then Arthur was left alone in the wide world—a young and almost broken-hearted orphan.

Upon searching into Mr. Sydney's affairs soon after his decease, to the surprise of every one, instead of leaving his son in the possession of an immense estate, there was not quite sufficient to meet the demands of creditors. When Arthur Sydney became older, he could not help suspecting that there was some mystery about this, for strictly honest as he had ever known his father to be, he could not believe that he would ever have swerved thus from the path of right. What was in reality the cause of this deficiency, whether it was owing, as his son afterward thought, to the craft and fraud of his executors, can only be answered from the curtain of futurity.

The mansion where Arthur's early years had passed so happily, was now sold, with all its effects, and the lonely orphan took up his abode beneath the roof of an uncle. But, alas! it was not like the home he had lost—the dear hearth of his sunny childhood. His relative, Mr. Lindsey, was a far different being from his deceased parent, and though, like the latter, he lived in splendor, he knew not how to enjoy it. Devoid of that generosity of spirit which Mr. Sydney had possessed, he was also of a morose, exacting, and passionate nature, and his family, instead of hailing his presence with delight, shrunk from him ever with indifference, and sometimes with trembling. Governed by the law of fear instead of that of love, it was scarcely to be wondered at that his children resorted to every petty means of covering their faults, and were often guilty of deception and falsehood. Arthur Sydney's education had been widely different, and he despised the meannesses which his cousins practiced; but when he expostulated with them, as he frequently did, his words invariably drew upon himself a torrent of invectives. They taunted him with his dependence upon their father's charity, and asked what right a beggar had to preach to *them*; and then the youth's proud heart would swell within him, and he would rush to his own little room, and there, unseen, give full vent to his wounded feelings.

His eldest cousin, Alfred Lindsay, who was always foremost in every plan of mischief, and the most perfect adept in concealing the part he had taken in it, was a twelvemonth Arthur's senior. From earliest childhood the two had evinced a dislike to each other's society, and as they grew up, the feeling did not diminish. At school they had been rivals, and Arthur had now far outstripped Alfred in their course of study. In various other ways he had also quite unintentionally foiled his cousin's ambition; and he was convinced that at the first opportunity Alfred would have his revenge. Too soon was the foreboding realized.

Mr. Lindsay one afternoon entered the room where his children generally spent their leisure hours, and with threatening looks announced that he had lost a ten dollar bank note. He had missed it under such circumstances that he was sure it must have been purloined by one of the younger members of his family; and he now declared his intention of searching both their persons and their apartments, that he might, if possible, discover the guilty one. Very pale were the young faces that now gathered round him; and though Arthur's heart was free from reproach, he, too, trembled with fear for the criminal. I need not dwell upon the details of that search, but suffice it to say that the bank-note was found—found in *Arthur Sydney's* apartment, within a little box that always stood upon his dressing-table as the honored receptacle of his parents' miniatures. Vainly did he assert his ignorance as to how it came there—his uncle refused to listen to his words, and loaded with passionate reproaches, he was dismissed to his own room, there to remain till he received permission to leave it.

It was a long while ere the boy became sufficiently calm to reflect upon what had occurred, for the thought that he was accused of theft came with such bitterness to his soul that for several hours he was almost frantic. But as he grew more composed he became confident that this was the work of Alfred, and he remembered the triumphant leer that stood upon his cousin's countenance when the hiding-place of the missing note was proclaimed.

Just at this moment his meditations were disturbed by the sound of footsteps stealthily approaching his door, and the next instant it was opened, and Alfred Lindsay stood upon the threshold, gazing exultingly upon Arthur's misery, while a malicious smile wreathed his lips as pointing his finger exultingly at him, the single word, "thief!" fell upon the ear of his victim. Oh! how that undeserved epithet stung the innocent and sensitive boy; and, almost maddened by the sense of his injuries, he rushed toward the offender, impelled by but one thought—the wish for revenge. But, coward-like, Alfred fled from his approach, and then closing the door, and locking it, Arthur threw himself upon his couch in tearless, voiceless agony. It was not until the shades of evening had closed in that he roused himself from the stupor into which he had been thrown by those overpowering emotions. And now came a determination that he would no longer remain in his uncle's house, where he knew that he must ever after be subjected to the sneers and gibes of his cousins. He resolved to quit Mr. Lindsay's dwelling, though he knew not of any other roof where he might find a shelter for his aching head.

That night, when the unbroken stillness that reigned around gave assurance that the family had all retired to rest, Arthur Sydney stole softly down the stairs, and taking with him nothing but a small bundle of clothing, and the few treasured memorials of other days that he could lawfully call his own, he left forever the mansion of his uncle. And as he looked his last upon the home of Alfred Lindsay, there rose in his heart a wild, dark resolve, that if he ever possessed the power, his cousin should one day reap the fruits of his evil deed.

For hours the youth wandered listlessly through the now deserted streets of the city, till at last overcome with fatigue, and completely unnerved as the full sense of his desolate situation burst upon him, he seated himself near the edge of one of the wharves, and wept long and bitterly. Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice whose tones though rough were yet full of sympathy, inquired the cause of his grief, and looking hastily up, he beheld a man apparently about fifty years of age, and habited in a seaman's garb. Touched with his kindness, in the first impulse of the moment, Arthur gave him a brief account of his misfortunes. When he had concluded, much to his surprise, his listener informed him that he had known his father, who had, years before, rendered him an important service, in return for which, he said that he would now willingly do all in his power to serve the child of one to whom he was so deeply indebted. He told Arthur that he was

at present commander of a large vessel lying close at hand, and which was to sail the following day for South America, and asked if he would be willing to accompany him, and learn to be a sailor like himself. The idea was a novel one, and the boy seized upon it with avidity, as beside being his only available means of obtaining life's necessities, he knew that by embracing it he should lose the chance of meeting those relatives whom he cared no more to behold. And when he at once expressed his readiness to go, his new friend patted his head in token of approval, prophesied that he would prove a brave mariner, and then taking his young companion by the hand, led him toward the ship which was henceforth to be his abiding-place. The next day Arthur bade adieu to his native city, and commenced his career as a seaman. But upon the events of that career I have not time to linger. For years Captain Carter, for such was his patron's name, continued to treat his protégé with unremitting favor, sharing with him the nautical knowledge he had acquired, and every endeavor for his advancement. At the age of eight-and-twenty, through this kind friend's interest, Arthur was himself raised to the post of captain, and took possession of a packet-ship sailing between the ports of New York and Southampton. He had now attained the summit of his hopes, for a way was opened before him of obtaining, what had long been his desire, a competence, which would enable him to resume that station in life which his father had occupied, and of supplying also to his parent's creditors the sum of which they had been so strangely defrauded. And at the close of five more years he had the satisfaction of knowing that this latter purpose was accomplished.

It was about this period that an incident occurred which had a material influence over the future destiny of Arthur Sydney. During one of his voyages, accident revealed to his notice the wreck of what had once apparently been a noble vessel. He immediately despatched a boat with a portion of his crew to survey the ruins, and ascertain if any of the passengers survived. They returned, bringing with them the inanimate form of a lovely girl, seemingly not more than eighteen years old. Every effort was used for her speedy restoration to consciousness, but it was nearly two hours ere she opened her eyes, and then she was so weak as to be quite unable to move or speak. Her delicate frame was evidently exhausted by long fasting, and the fearful scenes she must have witnessed; and for the whole of that day Sydney watched beside her with feelings of the strongest sympathy for her sufferings. The next morning she was much better, she could recline in an easy chair, and had acquired sufficient strength to relate her history. She was a native of Italy—the youngest daughter of an ancient and noble family, whose father having been undeservedly regarded by the government with suspicion, was threatened with imprisonment, and had barely time to escape with his household on board of a ship bound for America. That vessel was the one whose wreck Captain Sydney had espied, and of the large number of souls

within it, who had departed but a few weeks before from Italia's sunny shores, but one remained—that gentle and helpless maiden. For three days she had continued upon the wreck without the slightest sustenance, haunted by the memories of the terrible past, and expecting that each instant would dash the frail fabric to pieces, and precipitate her also into the deep, dark sea, till at length consciousness forsok her, and in a death-like swoon she forgot the dangers by which she was surrounded.

With tears of anguish she now spoke of the dear ones lost to her forever on earth—the loved mother, the noble father, the darling sisters, and the cherished brother, over each one of whom she had beheld the wild waves close. Then she lamented her desolation, utterly destitute, and nearing the shores of a foreign land, where no familiar voice would accord her a welcome. There was a similarity in her situation to what had once been his own, and as Sydney listened, the story inspired him with an interest in that fair being such as he had never till then experienced for a fellow-creature. He used every effort to console her—gave her an account of his own early life, and bade her trust in the kind Providence who in the hour of need had given *him* a friend. He assured her also that he, at least, would not forsake her, but that he would endeavor to place her in some way of gaining her own livelihood till she could write to and hear from her friends in Italy; and begged that she would look upon him as a brother. She heard him with glistening eyes, and clasping his hand in hers, with child-like earnestness expressed her thanks for his kindness.

During the rest of that voyage Captain Sydney spent every leisure moment by the side of his beautiful charge. Returning health imparted a bloom to her cheek, and a lustre to her soft, dark eyes, and as Arthur gazed upon her, he often thought that earth had never owned a fairer flower. It was not long ere he became fully conscious that she daily grew dearer to him, and great was his joy as he marked the flush that invariably rose to her pure forehead when he approached. And when at length he poured his tale of love into the ear of the sweet Leonor, the reply that he sought was given with an impassioned fervor that sent a thrill of rapture to his soul.

They were united the day that they landed at New York, and renting a small but pretty cottage in the outskirts of the city, Captain Sydney installed his Leonor as the mistress of that pleasant domain. Here, amidst flowers and birds, and enlivened by the music of two loving hearts, the time glided tranquilly away till the hour of separation arrived—and, for the first time, Sydney quitted the land with regret, and embarked once more upon the deep blue ocean.

Eight years after his marriage, Captain Sydney was destined to weep over the cold corpse of his lovely wife. She had never enjoyed uninterrupted health since her residence beneath the variable clime of her adoption, and at last she fell a victim to consumption. Vainly did the anxious husband consult the most celebrated physicians—the disease was incurable, and ere the blossoms of spring again burst

forth, Leonor slumbered beneath the sod. Wild, indeed, was the grief of the bereaved one at her loss—but he recovered the first effects of his sorrow, and leaving his only child, Harry, a brave boy just six years of age, under the guardianship of a friend who had loved the departed mother, Sydney resumed his former vocation.

Years again fled. Harry Sydney attained the age of manhood—and every one that knew him loved him, for he was a fine, manly fellow, honorable and generous in every impulse, with a heart susceptible of the warmest sympathies. He inherited his mother's ardent temperament, and was of a sensitive and impassioned nature. Captain Sydney had destined him for a merchant, and as such he had just commenced life with every prospect of success. Had he been allowed to take his own inclination as a guide, Harry would fain have followed the sea. But to this his father was averse, and early, at his command, he relinquished the desire.

Upon his son all the hopes of Captain Sydney were centered. It was his earnest wish to see him happily married, and determined to express the desire to Harry, he one day sought his side for that purpose. Both to his surprise and approval, the latter informed his father that he had already met one to whom his heart's warmest affections were given. He added that the young lady, though poor and dependent upon her own exertions for her support, and that of an invalid father, was the descendant of a family said to be highly respectable. "Her grandfather," he continued, "was Robert Lindsey, a well-known merchant of Boston; and though his son, Alfred, has dissipated the patrimony left him by his parent, and now relies solely for maintenance upon the proceeds of his daughter's needle, I am sure, my dear father, this praiseworthy effort, on the part of one so young and lovely as Ida, will but elevate her in your estimation?"

"Robert Lindsey! Alfred Lindsey!" were the exclamations of Captain Sydney, in a voice full of passion, as those well-remembered names fell upon his ear for the first time in many years; "boy—did you say that *Alfred Lindsey* was her parent? Then be assured that never, while life lasts, will I give my consent to your marriage with the daughter of him who was the enemy of my unprotected youth!"

"Father—what mean you?" asked Harry, in tones of amazement, for the tale whose memory had so sudden an effect upon his companion, had never been breathed to him. And suddenly recalled to a sense of his son's ignorance upon the subject, Captain Sydney now hurriedly sketched the history of the past.

"It is very strange," said Harry, musingly; "but they never mentioned that they were related to me. It is probable that Ida's father, if aware of the fact, concealed it from her knowledge."

"Or rather that he instigated her to keep it a secret, that in the end she might reap the benefit of his injured cousin's wealth," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, no, father!" replied the young man, warmly. "I could not wrong Ida by a suspicion of that kind. She is too good and pure-hearted to countenance

deception, and," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I cannot give her up and wreck both her own happiness and mine, for the sake of her parent's faults."

These words aroused Captain Sydney's indignation. He accused his son of want of spirit in refusing to resent the occurrences that clouded his youth; and when Harry responded that he felt them deeply, but could not on their account brand himself with dishonor, by breaking the troth already plighted to Ida Lindsay, his father parted from him in anger, declaring that if his son married Ida, he might never expect his blessing.

The thought of uniting his son by indissoluble ties to the child of his early foe, was, indeed, repugnant to the heart of Captain Sydney; and while he remembered his resolve uttered on the night when he went forth from his uncle's roof a desolate, friendless and dishonored being—dishonored through the machinations of his cousin Alfred—he was determined that it should be fulfilled, even though in so doing he thwarted the earnest wishes of the one dearest to him.

A few days afterward Captain Sydney departed upon one of his accustomed voyages, and was absent several months. On his return he found his son just recovering from a lingering fever, brought on, as the physician averred, by distress of mind. He looked very pale and thin, and his father could scarcely help feeling a sensation akin to reproach, as he gazed upon that colorless cheek and wasted form. He knew that this indisposition was occasioned by the manner in which he had treated his son's engagement, for, through the medium of a friend, he had learned that Ida Lindsay had nobly refused longer to encourage attentions, which, as she learned from Harry, were tendered in opposition to his father's desires. Alfred Lindsay, too, had died a few weeks before, and the object of his resentment being no more, Captain Sydney began to feel less reluctant to the match which he had at first looked upon with such violent disapprobation. Conscience told him he had acted cruelly in thus casting a blight over his child's sweetest hopes, and he was determined that he would now do all in his power to further them. And when Harry grew strong enough to bear a conversation upon the subject, he communicated the change in his feelings. Both startled and appalled was he at his son's reply.

"My father, would you mock me with this show of kindness, when it is too late to profit by it? Know you not that *she* is now dying of consumption? I was sure that she was too delicate to endure the steady occupation necessary for her support—and my presentiment has been verified. Yes, Ida Lindsay is dying! I would have saved her—I would have borne her to a more genial clime, where she might, perhaps, have revived; but she refused to give me a right to be her guardian, for it was against the will of my parent, without whose sanction, she said, our union would never prosper."

He bowed his face, while for an instant his frame shook with emotion. Hastily his father drew nearer

to him, but he turned shudderingly from those words of penitence and self-reproach, and dashing back the extended hand, rushed from the apartment.

It was, indeed, too true—Ida Lindsay was dying. The constant confinement called for by her continual exertions to obtain a livelihood, had proved too much for a constitution by no means strong—and it was anxiety for her failing health which had caused the illness of Harry Sydney. Oh! what would not the erring father have given for power to recall the past, but it was too late—too late! A few hours after the interview with his son the intelligence of Ida's death was received, and during the whole of the succeeding evening Captain Sydney could plainly distinguish the sound of Harry's footsteps as he wildly paced his chamber, and each echo sent a thrill of remorse to his soul. Little did the repentant and sorrowing parent then think it was the last time that footstep would ever resound in his dwelling—for that night Harry Sydney departed from his home, leaving no trace of his destination. Days, weeks, months passed on, and the heart of his father grew dark with the anguish of despair, for he felt most acutely that he should behold his son no more. Whether the latter had gone was a mystery he tried in vain to solve, though sometimes he remembered Harry's predilection for a mariner's life, and blighted as he had been in his affections, might he not now have followed the yearnings of former times, as the only means of gaining oblivion of his sorrows? So, night after night, Captain Sydney sat alone at his deserted hearth—a father, and yet childless, with a host of dark recollections pressing heavily upon his spirit. And at last he sought forgetfulness of his errors in the sparkling wine-cup, whose draught he drained with an intense eagerness, for it enabled him to mock at his misery.

And so five more years passed on, during which period his mind was seldom free from the delirium produced by the practices to which he had resorted; and having, in utter recklessness of spirit dissipated his property, deprived, through his own weakness, of his rank as captain, he was at length forced to lower himself to the grade of a common sailor, for the purpose of obtaining the means of subsistence. Then a severe illness, caused by free indulgence in intoxicating liquors, overtook him—and with sickness came reflection, and he resolved to yield no longer to the voice of the tempter. He recovered from his dangerous indisposition, but remaining fearfully weak, the physician declared that his constitution was completely shattered, and that he was no longer fit for service. At first he insisted upon resuming his wonted occupation, for he had no other way of maintaining himself. The physician seemed to comprehend his reluctance to obey his command, and he now reminded his patient of an institution in the vicinity of New York, where the indigent mariner might find a home.

It was then that Captain Sydney—for so let me still continue to call him—sought the peaceful shades of "the Harbor," where for two years he had, indeed, found all the external comforts of a home, and

but for the voices of the past he would have had no cause to repine.

About a twelvemonth after his arrival at "the Harbor," a new inmate was admitted there, in the person of an invalid sailor, who was said to be in a deep decline. He seldom left the apartment allotted to him, save now and then of a warm sunny day, when he would go forth, leaning upon the arm of an attendant, and seating himself upon a bench in the garden beneath the shade of a tree, remain there for hours, gazing silently upon the blue waters of the bay before him. Regarded by all as in a dying state, no one strove at these times to disturb his reverie. His situation had excited universal sympathy, and frequently the other sailors would steal to his side and softly deposit there a small basket of fruit, or some little delicacy which they knew would prove acceptable to him on whom it was bestowed.

Habitually reserved, and cultivating but little intercourse with those around him, it was scarcely a matter of surprise that for some weeks Captain Sydney took but little notice of the sailor of whom I have been speaking. But chance at length brought him more fully beneath the scope of his observation. While one day walking in the garden, buried in thought, almost unconsciously he neared the spot generally occupied by the invalid. But he heeded not the vicinity till startled by the sound of a hollow cough, and looking hastily up, he met the gaze of the feeble stranger. A half-suppressed cry burst from the latter, and springing quickly forward, Captain Sydney caught him in his arms, while the words, "Harry! my son—my son!" came in a tone of agony from his lips. But he heeded not the caresses—he answered not the words of mingled endearment and

reproach which his parent murmured as he bent wildly over him; and when at length the stricken father became calm enough to summon assistance, they told him that the spirit of his child was at rest.

Such, my dear cousin, was the old man's history; and as he ceased, his head leaned droopingly upon his hand, while his whole attitude betokened the most intense mental suffering. For some moments there was silence between us, for I felt that words were insufficient to console him. But suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of lively voices approaching, and I recognized the tones of my long-absent companions, and knew that they were close at hand. In a few seconds more, they appeared near the stone-fence, which I have once before alluded to. The old sailor evidently wished to avoid them, for their gayety was discordant to his feelings. Rising from his seat, he now drew closer to the spot where I was stationed.

"Farewell, young lady," were his parting words, as he clasped my extended hand, and for a moment that pale, sad face, looked so mournfully into mine, that tears of the deepest commiseration sprung involuntarily to my eyes, "we may never meet again, and I trust you will forgive me, if the repetition of my sorrows has cast a shadow upon your heart. Remember me in your prayers, if you will, and ask that I may soon be borne to my last repose in the little graveyard yonder, where my son lies sleeping. Farewell."

An instant more and he was gone—and for some moments I remained seated where he had left me, patiently awaiting the approach of my friends, and meanwhile musing earnestly and sadly upon the Sailor's Life-Tale.

THE MOURNERS.

WHERE'ER I wander forth I view the mournful ones of earth:

They tread no more, with buoyant feet, the radiant halls of mirth;

Around their trembling frames are drawn the weary weeds of woe;

Their sighs, like cold November rains, with saddened cadence flow;

From the dead hopes and faded joys of bright departed years, They twine a garland for the brow, imperaled with many tears;

Upon the graves of buried loves they sit awhile and sigh, Then, mid the ruin-mantled waste of time, lie down to die.

They close their weary eyes upon God's calm and holy light; They dwell girt round with misery as with a starless night;

They fold a thick and icy shroud their care-worn bosoms round,

And rest beneath the baleful charm like streams by winter bound;

They nurse their sorrow till of all their thoughts it grows a part,

And, like a cold and mighty snake, twines round the bleeding heart;

And then its hissing tones descend in drops of fiery rain, And scathe, as lightning flashes blast, the weak and wandering brain.

27*

The mourners chant, with voices low, a sweet and sighing strain,

That moans, as on a rocky shore, the solemn sounding main: It breathes alike when summer fades and when the violets spring;

It mingles with the morning light and evening twilight dim. This is the burden of that faint and melancholy lay:

"The cloud of woe hath hid the smiles and beauty of the day; The glow of earth, the radiant gleam, the bliss of life is o'er; The rose of human love may bloom for us no more—no more."

Arise, be strong, O, mournful ones! The Future is your own;

There Love may weave her rosy nest, there Joy erect a throne.

Though youth's pale buds in early Spring were blighted and laid low,

Thine yet may be the peerless bloom of life's rich summer glow.

The blissful ones, the glorified, build up their own bright state.

Let but the slumbering spirit learn "to labor and to wait," Then, like a bird of tireless wing, 'twill rise above the storm,

And bathe its flashing pinions in the glory of the morn!

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

REFLECTIONS

ON SOME OF THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1848.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Annus Mirabilis.

WE are approaching the close of the year—a year marked by greater vicissitudes in the affairs of nations than any in which we have lived—any indeed of which we have read. History gives us accounts of the rapid march and equally rapid conquests by ambitious kings, who seemed only happy in the unhappiness of others, and only proud of destroying that which constituted the pride of others. From time to time ambitious men have exhibited themselves in the great theatre of the world, and their greatness has been measured by the extent of misery they have produced; and their claims to permanent fame have rested upon the rapidity that marked their destruction of cities, kingdoms and empires. While between the epochs which are distinguished by these promoters of extensive mischief, there have at all times been humble imitators of their crimes, whose limited power of doing confined their actions to provinces, and compelled them to be ministers of local vengeance, and the enjoyers of that petty infamy which results from numerable murders and calculable crime. It is but too evident that order has had its antagonists, at all times and in all degrees, and if history has been employed with the works of those whose extensive scale of action gives larger consequence to their movements, it cannot be doubted that society has been convulsed at its centre by the restless and the bad, who have been as efficient in their sphere of wrong doing as have been those who occupied a larger space. The latter struck the elevated, and disturbed public relations; the former sent home its weapon to the humble, and brought disturbance and misery into the more limited circle, reaching social life and stabbing even to the heart of domestic peace.

Such great events have marked epochs, or made them; and such small occurrences have been the characteristics of almost all times; so that the wars of the present century may be considered but as continuations of the belligerent movements of other times, modified indeed by the improvement of the present age, but still of the same spirit and from the same motives. But the events of the past year are of another kind. The disturbances that have distinguished the history of Europe in that time are not the result of the mad ambition of a conqueror to add to his possessions, and subjugate kings and kingdoms as a means of gratifying ambition; foreign conquest and invasion from abroad are not now the occurrences which European rulers fear or anticipate. The convulsions that distinguish every empire from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, has nothing to do with

the ambition of other *rulers*, but are referable to the rising spirit of their own *people*. No longer do the States of Germany combine to repel the assaults of the ruler of France. Each member of the nominal confederacy is looking to itself as possessing its active means of revolution, and each leans toward a combination that shall sustain the rights of the people and put a specific limit to the power of princes.

No longer do men startle at the grasping avarice of the upper powers demanding new possessions and the recognition of enlarged prerogative; no longer is the peace of nations disturbed by the attempts of an ambitious ruler to extend his domains and enlarge his power. The convulsions that are everywhere in Europe felt, come from the up-heaving of the lower masses; deep down in the bosom of empires is heard the voice of multitudes crying out for newly understood rights. Up from that stratum comes a convulsive heave, that is toppling down the thrones that have rested upon the hearts of the people, and not outside the national limits, not at the terminal positions, not at the "outer walls" of the capital is the movement felt—but within, at the heart of the nation, within the shadow of the palace, along the quay where business is pursued, in the narrow walks of trade, over the bench of the artisan, or in the bowers of beauty, is planned the movement that is subverting thrones and leveling up society. For nearly a century past have there been at work the elements of such convulsion. The struggle of the antagonistic powers has been such that results were postponed—only postponed—while the injurers lost power, and the injured gathered strength. Premature movements were observed, and in some instances seconded, as in France, in others allayed by power or concessions, as in Austria and Great Britain. But when the whole is only a right, the acquisition of a part is only a prelude to a struggle for more, and this has been seen in every nation where concession was made to the people, or wrong by force from the rulers.

But there was reserved for the present year the great assertion of human rights. The announcement was first made in France, where tyranny galled the sensitive portions of the people, or where a taste of temporary freedom had created an appetite for constant enjoyment. The flight of Louis Philippe seemed sudden—startling—almost without a cause; and if nothing but the *émeute* in Paris is regarded, certainly the effect was entirely disproportioned to the cause. But the revolution of the 22d of February was a

natural consequence of the pre-existing state of things.

The fall of the leaf in autumn is not a more natural result of a waning season than was the fall of Louis Philippe a consequence of exhausted monarchy. The spirit of the people had come up to that point at which monarchy must either assume the form of absolutism, and rule by fear alone, or must yield to the upward pressure of the people, and its possessors seek to escape the opposing principle which they could not withstand. Louis Philippe tried the former—it was too late—the army, that last hope of tyrants, the sword and the bayonet *hired* to defend the throne became the people's support—failing in the effort to fix his power by blood, Louis Philippe fled to save his life; a common movement of French monarchs.

France may or may not establish republican institutions. Love of monarchy will not prevent the fulfillment of her people's hopes—difference of opinion as it regards degrees of freedom, and want of self sacrifice, we mean the sacrifice of personal views, (there will never be a want of self sacrifice of human life in France,) will do more to retard the establishment of republicanism in France than all the lingering attachments to monarchy that can be hunted up in the Faubourg de St. Germain, or in all the isolated châteaux of the interior of the country. The habits, not the affections of the mass of the French people may also be regarded as one obstacle to true republicanism—a constantly diminishing obstacle, it is true, but still a formidable obstacle.

The revolution in France was the signal (not the *preconcerted* signal, as it should have been,) for a general insurrectionary movement, and no sooner had the press announced the departure of Louis Philippe, than forthwith Poland gave signs of life—Austria heaved with the workings of the under stratum—Hungary demanded independence—Prussia was in an insurrectionary state—a voice was heard from Russia—and Italy from the Alps to the Straights of Otranto began to try the strength of those fetters which indolence, ignorance and ease had allowed to be fastened upon her. The history of the revolutionary movements on this peninsula has yet to be written; it is full of interest, and if presented impartially, with a correct reference to causes, both of tyranny and insurrection, must prove deeply moving and instructive. We cannot do more than refer to the fact that Italy has been aroused; that tyranny has received a blow from which it can never wholly recover, and that there, as well as elsewhere, the rights of man have been proclaimed—proclaimed in part—proclaimed with doubts, with erroneous conceptions, with false views and an unchastened spirit, but still proclaimed, and what is more, openly admitted—admitted with purer views of property, more definite ideas of practicability, chastened wishes and paternal feelings. All is right in its tendencies. The false perceptions are owing to the suddenness of the light recently admitted. The inclusiveness of demands spring from a want of knowledge of the sacrifices which order requires from the friends of liberty—success will correct these views, and experience show the path which true patriotism opens.

Regarding, as we do, all movements as effects of Providential direction, we cannot forbear to consider the election of Pius IX. to the papal throne as an important part of that providence, in regard to the Peninsula of Italy in particular, and, perhaps, to the whole world. The correctness of the doctrine which makes that prelate a spiritual chief, or the propriety of uniting temporal with spiritual power, are questions to be settled elsewhere. Both exist, and both have an influence on the movements of nations; and the character of the new administrator of the Papal See, had at once an effect on his own subjects and upon all the people of Italy, and, through the people, upon the rulers. The new Pope seemed to have stepped forward a century from the line occupied by his predecessor, and to have stood in the front ranks of the reformers of the age. He was young, no old habits of yielding retarded his movements. He was young, none of the nervous tremulousness of age, that is shocked at the proposition of *change*, made him deaf to the demands of the time. He was young, and he had not yet been hardened into that unyieldingness of age that distinguishes the veteran churchman, who mingles the necessity of faith in *divine* doctrines with the necessity of non-resistance to human precepts. He knew and sympathized in the feelings which had animated the Italians: he was not ignorant that the prisons had been filled by men charged with crimes which the oppression of Austria provoked, and which the espionage of Austria detected and caused to be punished. He felt that his own temporal power was abused by the overawing influence of Austria, and he pardoned those who had offended only a foreign potentate, and were suffering under the condemnation of their own rulers. He would have led the movement to a peaceful and desirable result, but, alas! the oppression of centuries had made the many mad; and their limbs had been so galled with the manacles of political oppression that they became restive under the wholesome restraints that order and appropriate government demand; dragged forward by these eccentric bodies, and restrained by the timidity and prejudices of some of his legitimate advisers, Pius has felt that his triple crown was the means of triple sorrow; but he has also shown that he understood the maxim, that "he only is fitted to rule who knows how to sacrifice."

The arms of the Italian States and the influence of the Pope have been successful against Austria, and even though that overgrown and tumid empire should reconquer all her late possessions in Lombardy, and be as omnipotent in Venice as she is in Triest or Vienna, still the prestige of power is gone, and she can no longer extend an influence over the human mind that tends upward in its views. The *taste* of independence has been enjoyed—the tree of knowledge has yielded some of its fruits—and hereafter there can be no rest, no quiet, without something of liberty, much of science.

The question has been raised as to the existence of the power of the Pope deprived of his temporalities. That is, can the Pope yield up the government of the Papal States to a secular ruler, and maintain the full

amount of spiritual power which he now exercises, and which he and those of his creed deem a necessary portion of his official life.

We are noways concerned in the settlement of that question, beyond its bearing upon the condition of Italy, and through her upon many other portions of the earth. We do not know that there is *now* any probability that the Papal States will pass under another ruler than the Pope; but we entertain no doubt that the Pope could exercise all the functions of Bishop of Rome, with all the supremacy which he claims for that office over other bishoprics, as well without the appanages of temporalities as with them. There is nothing in the office, or all that is claimed for it, that renders direct temporal power necessary. Bishops of Rome existed for centuries with all the spiritual supremacy now claimed, but as destitute of temporal power as the bishops of any other city. And the custom which rendered concurrent the temporal rule—or admitted of extraordinary pomp—has never been deemed more than a concurrence—never a necessity. And it is a fact that when the invasion of a foreign power has stripped the Pope of his territories, and made even Rome the home of invaders, attention has been at once turned to the separation of spiritualities from temporalities, and means adopted to drop the machinery of secular government, and keep active and useful that of the church alone.

It is, we believe, an admitted fact, that among the papers of the Cardinal Prime Minister of Pius VII., who was carried away and kept a prisoner in France by Napoleon, were found plans for carrying on the spiritual offices of the Pope without the least connection with temporal power; and Rome was to be to its bishop no more than Philadelphia to either of the bishops who reside therein, and administer the dioceses committed to their care.

We mention these things, and dwell upon them, because speculation is, and has been, active with regard to the effect of the revolution in Italy, some movements of which evidently looked to the transfer of all temporal power to laymen; and extraordinary effects were supposed to be the necessary results of such a change. The change seems to us very probable, and not very remote; but it does not appear to us that the spiritual functions (proper) of the Pope will be essentially disturbed by any such movement.

We dwell longer on Italy than its geographical dimensions would warrant, but that peninsula is deeply interesting to the world, not only on account of the religious relations to which we have referred, but from the fact that for centuries a foreign arm has held it down; and while half of the world beside was rising into consequence, by the science and scientific men that Italy sent forth, Italy alone of all the geographical divisions of the earth seemed to be without profit from her own great men. Because she *did* decay, men believed that the elements of her prosperity were exhausted; because she ceased to hold the preeminence which she once possessed, it was deemed that the seal of ruin was set upon her. These suppositions are wrong; and the new movements in that peninsula show that the spirit of man is yet

active, and *now* active to man's great good. What Italy needed was concert. What other nations practiced were constant attempts to foment jealousies among her different States, and create a demand for foreign interference and the presence of foreign troops. At present a dream of the ancient republic is the animating cause (or rather perhaps a sense of the capabilities of Italy for the new republicanism of the time) with leaders; who appeal to the recollections of the past because a sense of the present is not to be depended on in the many; and the shadow of the old federative republics of past centuries awakes the pride of those whose patriotism might not be strong enough to lead them to the sacrifices which the object demands.

There seems to be necessary to the Italian mind hope of regaining something that has been *lost*, and if this is rightly used there can be no doubt that the people will attain to something they *need*. The republics of elder Italy are no more the proper object for Italian enterprise, than would be the old colonial dependencies for the efforts of Americans. But Italy must be aroused; she must be called up to some general object; her great men must be stimulated to useful efforts, and her humbler citizens must be ticed away from insurrectionary movements to revolutionary action, and that cry which the soul rouses and unites them is the true watchword of independence. Some proper hand, some well endowed mind must lead them in the right path—must set their faces and direct their efforts toward the proper object. The alarm cry may be the same, though the object of rising be opposite to that announced. The same bells and the same peals would call up the citizens of Florence to withstand or divert an inundation of the Arno which would be used to arouse them to check the destructive progress of a conflagration.

Italy, however, must not be kept too long in the shadow of the past republics. She needs the confederation of modern democracy, and, when once aroused, must be early directed to the true object. The Italian who spends his power, his wealth and his influence in attempts to restore the ancient confederacy is like the man who starts westward at evening to overtake the departed sun. But the Italian who, roused to a proper sense of the capability of his country, determines to secure to her the best good that other nations now enjoy, is like the man who, starting at dawn, proceeds in an easterly course to meet the sun in his rising. There is a necessity laid upon both—failure is certain for the former, success inevitable to the latter.

We give more space to the changes and the condition of the Papal States than to the circumstances of other kingdoms of Europe, because the double power exercised there makes any change interesting, and the extended influence of the spiritual supremacy gives proportionate consequence to any movement or event that disturbs the dominancy of the Bishop of Rome. Indeed so deeply interesting is the whole state of Italy, taking its present movement in connection with its past history, that a whole article

might be profitably devoted to a consideration of its past grandeur, its present distressed condition, and its means and hopes of future restoration. We may in some future number take up the subject.

The peninsula containing the kingdoms of Portugal and Spain has been in constant agitation for the past year—but so trifling are the relations of Portugal that very little interest is felt in her convulsions, and few pause to inquire which party or faction is uppermost at the latest dates. Spain has had her semi-revolutions, but as yet they have produced little good to the people beyond the weakening of the power or influence of the rulers; so that when the people shall really rise, they will have less weight to keep them down—less power to resist—less of obstruction to overcome. But the energies of Spain seem to be on a revival, and there are hopes, founded on existing recent improvement, that this abundant providence on behalf of that country will not be much longer neglected by the people, but that from one effort to another they will rise to that rank in the scale of nations to which the kingdom is entitled, and of which the attempt to go beyond deprived her.

Poor Portugal! She will linger yet, and perhaps be absorbed. Her independent existence is not of sufficient consequence to the world to induce an effort on her behalf; and England, now that France must relinquish her claims on Spain, can afford to withdraw her patronage from Portugal—if, indeed, we may not rather say that in the present disturbed and crumbling state of European monarchies, neither England nor any other kingdom will feel that she has much superfluous power to shake to any decaying state.

Portugal was once an integral portion of Spain, and she may again be in union with her sister. The mountains that interpose need no longer make enemies of these two small states, and the common wants and common weakness of both should and will induce them “like kindred drops to mingle into one.” The language of Portugal differs from that of Spain considerably, but almost every Portuguese speaks Spanish, and the literature of Spain is in a great measure that of Portugal, as that of Great Britain is shared by the United States.

Portugal and Spain are both deriving the means of true strength by the diminution of their colonial possessions, and when they have recovered from the shock which the exercise of power over distant dependent states is almost sure to bring, they may, united, have an important rank with the European powers.

Terrible has been the oppression of rulers in some parts of Germany. That oppression has not trodden out, though it may have trodden down, the spirit of men. And even in Austria the awakening power has been felt within the present year—felt to the agitation of national councils—to the terror and flight of rulers. It is perhaps a subject for joy rather than regret, that the movements of the people have been less radical than in some other countries. This is, after all, the true way. Grasping at more than they

can retain, a rising people lose what might have been of service. The lesson of France in her revolution in the last century was not lost on Germany, and the people demanded of their rulers that which might be granted without the disturbance of order; and then they were content with what they received, because it was at once a proof that asking they could receive, and receiving they could learn to enjoy.

The King of Prussia, in reply to the demands of the people, yielded some points, and then drew their attention to a long-cherished idea of a confederation of the German States, by which the differences of the several powers should be settled by an accredited tribunal, and a species of federal government be established to watch over those rights conceded by the individual states to the federal power.

It is to be regretted that the King of Prussia should have found occasion in these trying times to provoke war with Denmark, upon a claim by Schleswig for protection, and that claim rests upon the poor plea that—though really a *dependence* of Denmark—Schleswig is not of Scandinavian origin, like Denmark, and therefore is anxious to maintain her German relations. The Scandinavian blood runs through the veins of Sweden and Russia as well as those of Denmark, and “will protect itself,” if not now, at least when a better opportunity occurs.

The union of the various *States* of Germany proposed by the King of Prussia has been formed, and Arch-Duke John has been elected “VICAR of the German Empire.” He is a man of enlarged views, of liberal political principles. He is a relation (an uncle) of the Emperor of Austria. He was the representative of the emperor in the German Diet, and his substitute during his (the emperor’s) absence from his capital.

This new organization of the German powers looks to the establishment of a common army, and the creation and maintenance of a common navy; and the attempt to produce these means and evidences of power *may* create new disturbances, as they are costly to support, and often dangerous to their supporters.

Austria, to which we have already alluded, felt the common *throe* and manifested the general alarm. The vigilance of a jealous government had spread over the whole empire an appearance of tranquillity, but the first symptom of popular movement abroad roused the Austrians to an annunciation of their own wrongs, (they did not comprehend their *rights*), and as they felt most directly the arm of the Prince Metternich, the tyrannical and efficient minister of the emperor, they demanded his dismissal; they assaulted his castle of Johannisburg; they destroyed it and wasted the palatable contents of its cellars—stores of many years collection of the wine that bears the name of its place of deposit.

In the mean time the people of Hungary, and those of Bohemia, which had come to be dependencies upon the crown, demanded *their* rights as nations. It is remarkable of the movement in Hungary, that though the people of that government had enjoyed privileges unknown to any other subjects of the Austrian

Emperor, yet they were the first to demand further concessions; a proof this that the great agitation in Europe is not the sudden action of an oppressed people. If it were, it would be greatest and most *exigent* where the oppression was the most intolerable: but the earliest and the most thorough opposition, and the most effective insurrections have been where the hand of power was most lenient, and the civil privileges of the people were the greatest; a proof that the whole revolutionary movements in Europe have been caused by a prevailing sense of human rights, rather than a feeling of the people's wrongs; that the mind of man is rising to the assertion of its own dignity, and is hastening forward to the fulfillment of its own destiny; it is not content with toleration, it demands an acknowledgment of freedom; and whatever restrains beyond the necessity of government—of self-government—is regarded as an infringement of rights; and the more delicate the perception, the greater is the intolerance of the wrong.

Austria proper has made a strong and a long stride toward *freedom*. Comparatively she is yet in the dark, but her face is set toward the coming light, and year after year will show her progress toward it, and the effect of that light upon her institutions. It is now too late for tyrants to doubt that their true interests will be found in graceful, moderate concessions; to *give* a little, rather than to have much *taken*; and with all the restlessness of the people, they seem to be disposed to remain content with a moderate progress of improvement; but woe to those who would stay the motion of that to which the spirit of the age has imparted the means of progress.

The spirit of revolution has been rife along the shores of the Danube, and the numerous states, provinces, and dependencies, that lie toward the Black Sea, have formed alliances, and will assert their rights.

The city of Prague, famous in story and in song, has been laid in ashes, as a punishment for its oppugnation against the emperor; but the ashes of a favorite city may be as powerful a stimulant to the spirit of injured man as to the best portion of the vegetable world—and power may find itself injured by a conflagration as well as its dependence.

Russia, amidst all this confusion among the nations of the Continent, has been able to maintain her apparent quiet. But she has felt that the experience of Austria was soon to be understood by herself; and when light should have pierced into the almost impervious recesses of that kingdom, her subjects would be able to discover not only the chains upon their limbs, but those who placed them there. Her time is at hand. She may yield, but the empire is too large to be conciliated by concessions. Interest and feeling are opposite, and it is probable that the only point upon which the whole can agree will be that of immitigable hostility to the ruling powers. She will attempt to seize upon the revolted provinces of other powers, and jeopard her central position by the miserable attempt to keep truth and its enjoyment from the extremities.

Great Britain has had her share in the difficulties which have disturbed and convulsed her contiguous neighbors. She has had in her midst a party of the called Chartists, that look to the subversion of the present form of government. She has dealt with them steadily, sternly, and, for a time, effectively; but while there is oppression almost necessarily in form of government, there will be a place for opposition to stand upon, and that opposition will assume any form which can promote its object.

England, of all nations of Europe, seems to have understood the advantage of concession. She has denied, postponed, hesitated, and then granted, that the joy caused by the concession has for time disarmed opposition, and given new strength, or at least additional time to the government. She has yielded slowly, but still yielding from time to time what has been asked of the government in behalf of the people, when the power of the government and the peace of the realm were not involved. And she has overwhelmed with power or ridicule all attempts at subverting the monarchy. The Radicals have been shot down as at Manchester; the Chartists ridiculed into silence; but Catholic emancipation has been allowed, and the corn-laws repealed.

But let no one suppose that the results of force, of ridicule, or concession are to be the yielding of the public; the same spirit which called into action those opposing means, is as constantly at work now as it was ten years ago, and the demands will be as regular and as imperative as ever, until the vestige of inequality shall have disappeared. How will it be for Great Britain if her ministry, practicing the wisdom of the past, allows concession to prove revolution, and permits what of monarchy and aristocracy is left, to come easily to the ground rather than to be upturned by the violence of insurrection? England, for many years, has been as much in a state of revolution as has France. She has had few convulsions, but she has made a steady progress in her orbit, and those who live out the century, will see the end of one grand cycle.

Ireland has been made to occupy a large portion of the public eye this year. The death of O'Connell seemed to have left the "repeal party," (nearly the whole nation,) without a leader. Certainly without a sage adviser; and the great measures which the distinguished man had so long lead, was likely to be lost by the apathy of one section, or the rash zeal of the other. That Ireland has been badly ruled by England, ever since its conquest, is an historical fact; that the efforts toward redress have usually resulted in worse than failure, is known. But the promise of O'Connell seemed to promise as favorable results to the repeal question, (reasonably considered,) as they had wrought in favor of emancipation. He had age, talents, learning, experience, prudence, foresight; he knew when to withdraw and when to press his claims; he could not, of course, please all who desired the same object with him, because all could not comprehend the powerful effect of prudent restraint, or, as a southern statesman says, of "masterly inactivity." And his death allowed those of more

zeal but less discretion to obtain an influence which he once possessed; and Ireland is now plunged into the miseries of a *civil* war.

Whatever may be the power of private feelings, our intention is to refer to the insurrectionary movements in Ireland as to those of other countries, namely, as the consequence of the growing sense of human rights, and as that sense must increase, must constantly augment, it is impossible that Ireland can remain in the same situation in which she has been kept. It is known, however, that a galling sense of wrong stimulates the Irish; that it is not the ordinary effects of an oppressive government that produces rebellion, but injury that extends to the domestic hearth, injury that strikes at the rights of conscience, injury that makes even the wise man mad. The end is not yet.

All is quiet in Holland and Belgium; and all is awaiting the melioration which time and wisdom must bring.

This year has seen the close of the Mexican War, in which our army gained fame, and our nation gained territory. And now the great question is as to the uses of that territory, and the character of the institutions that are to be granted to these new acquisitions soon to become sovereignties. We do not mean to take any share in what may be considered the party politics of the country; but we may allude *historically* to measures as well as to events, and therefore we are at liberty to say, that the question now pressed upon the people of the United States by the acquisition of new territory, is that of the extension of the institution of slavery. Shall the new *territories* be allowed by Congress to authorize slavery within their borders? and on that question there is much feeling, and before it can be settled there must of necessity be more, inasmuch as it has now become one of the elements of party movements—not merely a question in the presidential canvass, but absolutely one on which a party stands, and on which it nominated a president, nominated not merely a nominal candidate, but one who, having held the office once, had acquired distinction, and having manifested interest in all public measures since, had maintained that distinction, and was a *real* candidate. The sooner this question is settled the *better*; and the better it is settled, the more for the peace and the dignity of the nation.

To this question, which has in some respect, also, assumed one of local distinction, we will not further refer; it is one that will agitate until settled, and being settled, will no more disturb.

It is not our intention to place before our readers an array of political facts, nor to make out a chronological table for the year now drawing to a close. It would be better at once to refer the reader to the easily accessible columns of the daily papers, which have really been crowded with statements of convulsed states, and revolutionized governments. It has not been a question with them as to commercial changes, the fluctuations of a market, or the variation of stocks; but they have had to record the fate of kingdoms, and the flight or concession of kings

and emperors. And we write necessarily so much in advance of printing, that our quarter of the globe might change its rulers between our pen and the type of our compositor.

We have been content to notice some of the most exciting movements in Europe, without pretending to write their termination. We see in some kingdoms the freshness of new institutions, and in others the renewal of contests which had been deemed closed forever; where power has had its heels upon the neck of the people for centuries, there are tokens of *turning*; and from all this we learn that there is a spirit in the mind of man, and that, in spite of all attempts to crush that spirit, or to darken it, the inspiration of the Most High is giving it understanding, and it is asserting its high prerogative, doing justice to its lofty teachings.

How will all these things abroad affect us here? What will be the influence upon the United States of these revolutionary movements in Europe?

The effect is now being felt; it is only to calculate the increasing power to understand the augmentation of results. Rapidly and more rapidly will the number of inhabitants be increased; the amount of wealth will be more than proportionably great, because not only will not immigration be limited to the poor, but those of the rich who *cannot* come, will send hither their hoarded means, for safety; so that while the abundance of our fields shall make us "the exhaustless granary of the world," the permanence of our institutions shall make us the depository of European wealth.

It may be asked whether our own country may not be exposed to the very convulsions which make European nations so unstable. We answer, no; agitation may occur here, and momentary excitement lead to fear of local violence, but he who strikes here, strikes at himself. The very nature of our institutions are such as to make it the interest of all to sustain them, and the very causes which operate to the disturbance of society in other countries, can have no existence here, or if they exist, they have nothing to act upon, that evil effects may result.

In Europe, a majority of the people are *deprived* of their rights, are made to yield to the dictation of a small minority, and sustain others whom they do not like, with their own industry. They must submit to laws which they do not approve, or submit to the charge of treason for their attempts to resist, that they may change their laws. In this country, whenever a majority is satisfied that certain measures are inconsistent with their own good, they may instruct their law-makers to change the enactments, or they can change the law-makers. This is the *theory* and this the actual *practice* of our government.

The people of Europe find the means of living unequally divided. There is less of a surplus, as it regards the *whole*, than for a *part*; and while the few abound in all that is desirable, nay, with the superfluities of life, the many lack the necessities of wholesome existence. And this is the result of their institutions—a result which no convulsion, no revolution can at once change—so many centuries

have passed over the abuses, that not only are they prescriptive, but there does not seem in the people any knowledge to apply the power they may attain, to any *immediate* remedy of the evil.

With the United States there is no system to change—no institution to be remodeled; of course, every year works some change in the operation of the system, and makes more and more beneficial the institutions of the country. The new views of man's importance and of human rights, which work out revolutions in Europe, only make our citizens cling close and closer to the institutions of their own country. While blood is poured out like water in Paris to change the rulers of the people, the rulers of this country are changed with a quiet that would denote almost indifference. Men talk of an exciting contest for the presidential chair; but analyze that contest, and it is found to be only a newspaper discussion of the merits of certain existing or proposed acts of Congress, having nothing to do with the organic laws of the land, or with the form of government; the contest or discussion was closed on the 7th day of November last, a man scarcely remember the earnestness of the newspaper paragraphs, or the stump speeches.

Broad and expanded are the views of a true Republic; there can be no narrowness in the institution—it is for all men, and for all times; and never since the first gathering of people into a political body was there such a foundation for national greatness and diffused individual happiness, as is laid in this country. Wealth, true wealth, the means of general comfort, abounds. A variety of climate ensures the produce of almost every section of the world, and the right to cultivate a portion, gives to all the means of enjoyment; there can never be in this country (without

a special visitation of Providence,) real want or any considerable number.

We have over twenty millions of inhabitants raise more than a thousand million bushels of grain and one hundred million bushels of potatoes. These means to be multiplied indefinitely, and in your mind, what has America to fear?

It is not our purpose to make a eulogy upon our country, or to anticipate the great results from full operation of our system of government with its immense natural advantages which we possess. We may remark, that with the progress of freedom in this country has been the diffusion of morals and piety; and with the enjoyment of political advantage, have been the enlargement of our pleasures and delights, and the augmentation of domestic happiness. Woman has found her rank in the scale of existence and enjoys that eminence in refined estimation with the delicacy of her feelings, the purity of her sentiment, and the intensity of her affections demonstrated. And every where her influence is felt, in the moralization of the public mind, as in the limited circle of the home fire-side. Nay, it is from the fire-side the circle of her influence expands, and she is respected abroad as she is loved at home. This is one of the results of the free institutions of this country and while it is seen now as a result, it will be hereafter as one of the powerfully operating causes of constantly increasing human freedom and domestic happiness.

How beautiful the thought, that she who is the light of our hearts and our homes is becoming the blessing of our country; and that not less domestic delight is political freedom to be derived from the sanctifying influences of woman's gentleness and woman's purity.

ANGELS ON EARTH.

BY BLANCHE BENAÏDE.

It sometimes chanced, in this world of woe,
That lovely flowers in gloomy forests grow,
Which freely lend their sweetness to impart
A sense of pleasure to the stranger's heart.
They come to cheer and bless, like showers of rain
That fall in mercy on the parched plain,
And bloom in beauty, fair as though the light
That shines from heaven had never been from sight.
These flowers are emblems of the angels fair
That oft appear, man's lot to bless and share.
He dwells within a dreary forest wild,
No cheering sun has ever on him smiled,
His way is hedged with thorns, his soul is sad—
He spies an angel in love's vestment clad;
Kind words are spoken, and his grief has flown,

His heart is cheered—for he is not alone;
An angel ministers to him and points above,
Bidding him cast his care on endless love.
He lifts his eyes to heaven, and there behold,
The azure sky, touched with a tinge of gold,
Giving him promise of a brighter day,
A life more calm, more clear his onward way.
And angels, too, appear when Death comes nigh
To wipe the bitter tear from Sorrow's eye—
They whisper of that bright and blessed shore
Where pain and suffering will be no more.
Oh, there are angels near us all the while,
That guard our homes and sweetly on us smile!
They minister to all—sometimes unseen—
And change life's desert to a living green.

MRS. TIPTOP.

OR THE NEW MINISTER.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. JAMES iii. 8.

Few villages in the Union could exceed Green Valley in local beauty and advantages; embosomed in hills, embellished with trees, and watered by a willow-shaded stream that meandered through its centre. Situated, too, within twenty miles of the great emporium, and skirted by a railway leading to it, the cultivators of a soil, that ever fulfilled more abundantly the hopes of the husbandman, could ask nothing more favorable to the ready disposal of their crops. The inhabitants of Green Valley were mostly farmers, who, besides "owing no man any thing," had each a comfortable dwelling and ample outhouses of his own, nothing better than his neighbors, but equaling theirs in the well-to-do look of the fences, the garden and door-yard. That the village was originally settled by Quakers, and half peopled by this drab-coated sect at the date of our story, no stranger needed to inquire, after passing through its straight-cut roads, or breathing its air of purity and quietude. Long had its simple-minded, true-hearted people lived in the daily enjoyment of mutual kindness and love; till contentment seemed written not only on the broad brims of the farmers, but on the bridles of their docile beasts, and on their very implements of husbandry. In the course of time, other religious denominations were established in Green Valley; but as the descendants of Penn continued to "work in quietness and eat their own bread," strangers intermeddled not with them; while the savor of their peaceful spirits seemed so diffused among other sects, that all "agreed to disagree" with one another, and for years unbroken harmony was the result. But we have only to do with the Congregational church of Green Valley, and will forthwith introduce the reader to the shepherd of this little flock. Mr. Worthiman was a plain man of God—middle-aged, of respectable scholastic attainments, and one who, for his sound judgment and exemplary "walk and conversation," had ever a "good report of them that were without." The law of kindness dwelt in his heart and on his lips, and in all the offices of exemplar, teacher and comforter of his charge none was more worthy than he. The church at its earliest organization, without a dissenting voice, invited Mr. Worthiman to become its pastor—his prayer dedicated the house of worship, and each succeeding Sabbath for a series of years found him at his post, breaking the Bread of Life to a grateful, confiding people. Nor were his pastoral duties less regularly fulfilled: One afternoon of every week

was devoted by himself and his wife (whose living example was "such as becometh woman possessing godliness,") to visiting in rotation the families of his congregation; and so well timed was this custom, that the farmers' wives could calculate each her honored turn to a day; so that the substantial hospitalities of a generous board were added to the warm welcomes of heart and hand.

Besides the neat parsonage reared for the minister and his increasing family, he was, through the generosity of his parishioners, the owner of an old-fashioned chaise, and a horse gentle and well-ordered as his master. These were always in requisition on visiting afternoons; and a right comfortable sight it was to see the minister and his wife jogging along over the smooth roads, blessing all they passed with the smile of true benignity, and receiving the heart's blessing of all in return; while the good dame to whose dwelling their course was directed, having all things in readiness for the pastoral visitation, stationed one of her cleanly-attired children at the window, to watch for the first appearance of the reverend chaise wending up the lane to the farm-house, at which signal, with beaming eyes, the child hastened to open the gate, dreaming in the simplicity of her rosyhood, of no greater honor than to usher in the respected pair. On these occasions the farmer usually left the field, and donned his Sunday suit, the good wife appeared in her best cap and snowy kerchief, and the maid came from the dairy, with tidy apron, to claim her seat in the snug parlor, thence, like they might sit under the lips that dropped wisdom for all. Then, when they gathered around the lengthened table, the pastor's blessing was music in their ears, and supper being over, his elongated prayer, comprehending the wants of each, and all, closed the privileges of the pastor's visit. Mr. Worthiman was equally satisfactory in his visits at the bedside of the sick—in his consolations to the dying, and his sympathy in the house of mourning. The aged leaned on him for support—the middle-aged walked hand in hand with his counsels, and the young looked up to him for guidance; while no austerity on his part forbade the merriment of their sports: so far from this, it was his custom at weddings, after a salutation to the bride, and a commendation of the bride's loaf, to take early leave, lest his presence should restrain the music and dancing that usually sum up a country bridal entertainment.

Such was the pastoral position of Mr. Worthiman,

and such the unmolested happiness of Green Valley! But, alas! the serpent that looked with envious eyes on the paradise of our first parents, was about to creep stealthily among the vine-clad cottages of the peaceful villagers. And as in Eden his poison first insinuated itself through the mind of woman, so from woman was it to be communicated to these homes of contentment and love.

Among the few merchants of all-wares that had come in to supply the growing population of Green Valley, was a young man of more amiability than vigor of mind, who, having lived a single but quiet and peaceable life some years in the village, brought unexpectedly, from a town near-by, a wife to divide or double his blessedness. Kate Tiptop was cousin to the young man, and did not change her name in marrying him. She was the only daughter of parents who lived just long enough to spoil by indulgence a child whose native faculties of mind were more than ordinarily vigorous and acute; such as, under a disciplinary course of education, united with healthful moral training, would have ripened her into the noblest development of woman; but her first idea took the form of self, instead of truth, and growing perception brought only increasing self-consciousness. In short, she had early imbibed the belief that the world in which she moved was made for her accommodation; and her inherent passion—love of power—became more and more apparent as she increased in years. Had she been beautiful in person, this might have shown itself in more vain, but less injurious forms; as it was, she desired to sway hearts, not to receive their flattering unction in return, but to strengthen and confirm her own sense of ability to do it. Love of *action* alone induced her to engage in the practical duties of domestic life, and she married more for the sake of being the head of a family, than from any motives of affection. To accomplish this desire, she well knew that her husband must be her inferior in mental strength; while the additional inducement that fixed her choice on her cousin was, that in uniting herself with him, she would not even have to yield her name. Mrs. Tiptop soon became a *pattern-card* to all housewives—always having her work *done*, and *well* done; and never lacking time nor tongue to entertain visitors, nor health, leisure, or purpose to visit among the neighbors herself. She was one of those women whose husbands are supernumeraries at home, while their wives are mouth-pieces for them abroad.

Her *go-aheaditiveness* was a new revelation to the plodding villagers; it not only made her household cares a mere song, but enabled her to preside over her husband's business affairs with a dexterity of calculation that soon rendered his own position but a sinecure. In short, Mrs. Tiptop was a trump-card at home, and every where, always winning the game of domestic differences, and turning the chances of all neighborly or church variances, which began to spring up simultaneously with her introduction there.

In person Mrs. Tiptop was tall, of slender frame, and thin, almost to emaciation, giving no indications

of physical or mental strength, save that it was "in the eyes"—black, penetrating, "wise as the serpent," and possessing the optical versatility of snakes, all sides in a twinkling; yet when its latent force were single-eyed to a purpose, that end was achieved as unquestionably as when acknowledged by many witnesses.

No sooner did that eye peer through the brick-work at Mr. Worthiman, on Mrs. Tiptop's introduction to the village church, than her purpose was formed and executed as truly as when carried out through the intricate passages leading to its accomplishment.

She had determined to be *felt* in the village, and Mr. Worthiman's godly power over his unsophisticated people was then and there destined to rise from its long settled foundations. Before the next communion season Mrs. Tiptop had sent in her certificate, and was placed on the list of church-members. Here was a footing on which she could stand to use the instruments that would be needed in a premeditated revolution. The initiation of a communicant into a country church is generally succeeded by a call from its officers on the new member. Nothing could be more gracious than Mrs. Tiptop's reception of this church police, who paid her a complimentary visit during the week subsequent to her admission; but in this instance, on Deacon Heedful alone fell the *charms* of her serpentine tongue. Quick as thought in discernment, she penetrated once through the deacon's tractable physiognomy to his more flexible mind; and while the good man was inwardly congratulating his church on the acquisition of so worthy a member, she was fastening upon him the toils in which he was hereafter to do her bidding, as willingly as the dray-horse works in his harness. Deacon Heedful belonged to that minority of human beings who know nothing of double-meanings or double-dealings; pure in himself, he was the embodiment of that "charity that thinketh no evil" of others; but, unfortunately, of *steepest* heart than head. Perhaps an innate sense of his *crowning* weakness made him lend a more ready ear to the suggestions of other minds; at any rate, Mrs. Tiptop soon had him under her easy control through that psychological law by which superior intellect ever governs its inferior. This accomplished, it were unnecessary to carry the reader through the winding ways which led her, with the deacon, to that point where she could spread out before him the spiritual position of Mr. Worthiman and his church, and convince him that they were "far behind the times." Now this was "a secret" that she had not even communicated to her husband, and in which she could not be mistaken, having come from a town where all was "stirring" in the cause of religion—where the preachers were "wide-awake," and devil-level homilies, like Mr. Worthiman's, were not tolerated; for her part, she should soon *linguish* under such enervating sermons as his; and here her face being profusely watered by tears, began to take root in the heart of Deacon Heedful, who gave her a sympathetic squeeze of the hand on parting with her

one evening, and turned, poor man! to the sleepless pillow where she had planted a thorn. He, however, determined to deliberate some days before communicating his fears, even to his brother officers in the church, and never to do it, unless reflection sanctioned Mrs. Tiptop's hints.

But seeds of discontent sown in one mind, are by some Mesmeric sympathy conveyed into another, and another, till a rapid, wide-spread growth is the unlooked for consequence; yet Mrs. Tiptop waited for another visit from the deacon, before breaking the subject to any one else, even to "dear Mr. Tiptop;" so she was not to blame for the disaffection that was springing up around her.

Deacon Heedful arrived even sooner than she had anticipated—and most unexpected to her was his account of the spreading influence that had so mysteriously come to light. The deacon's doubts were now matured into a strong sense of duty, and, to the complete satisfaction of Mrs. Tiptop, he had decided to take a stand in the matter.

The only proposition she made was that the leading clergyman of her native town should be invited to exchange one Sabbath with Mr. Worthiman. This he promised should be effected, and took his leave for the purpose. As the parsonage was in his way home, he called to pay his respects to his minister, whom he found confined to the house by an indisposition that would prevent his preaching the following Sabbath; so he requested the deacon to read a sermon, as usual under such circumstances. This was opportune for proposing to call in the aid of a neighboring minister, which Mr. Worthiman acceding to, the matter was soon arranged, and word given out through the village that Mr. Newlight would fill the pulpit the coming Sabbath.

Providence, or some invisible agent, seemed on the side of Mrs. Tiptop, under the inspiration of which she went from house to house, promising the parishioners a treat new to them from Mr. Worthiman's pulpit.

The Sabbath was an anxious one to her, and an eventful one in the Congregational church of Green Valley; the spirit-stirring tones of Mr. Newlight's voice—his forceful manner, and novel forms of presenting old truths, had such an electric effect upon his audience that Mrs. Tiptop's eyes drank their fill of satisfaction, and gratified ambition began to revel in her brain. Nothing was talked of the succeeding day but Mr. Newlight's great sermon; and wishes were openly expressed, mostly by the younger members of the congregation, that Mr. Worthiman was more like him. Dissatisfaction spread like an infectious disease, and before the year expired, a meeting had been called to confer on the subject—the church was divided against itself, and the iron had entered the soul of poor Mr. Worthiman. But the oldest and best of his people, those who had been the pillars of the church, were not to be so easily moved out of place, and the result was, that the disaffected members—including at least one half—immigrated in a body, under the lead of Deacon Heedful and Mrs. Tiptop; were formed into another church, built a

modern house of worship, and called a new-school minister to fill its pulpit.

Mr. Lion was a man of strong sense, strong principle, and strong will. His wife was an English lady of family and attainments, who, under the influence of a fervid attachment, had left a high-born circle of friends in her native land, to share the lot of an humble American clergyman, when too young to have attained that maturity of good-breeding which accommodates itself, without apparent effort, to the accidents and diversities of society. Having few attributes of mind, and no tastes in common with the secluded inhabitants of Green Valley, but possessing a kind heart and an amiable temper, she endeavored to conform, so far as native refinement would permit, to the habits and wishes of her husband's pastoral charge.

For the first six months succeeding Mr. Lion's installation the triumph of the immigrants seemed complete. Deacon Heedful was reappointed to the office he held under Mr. Worthiman's ministration, and Mrs. Tiptop assumed her undisputed place of honor next to the minister's wife—introduced a maternal association, and a female prayer-meeting among the women of the congregation, in the exercises of which she invariably took the lead, and made herself so prominently useful, that Deacon Heedful often prayed that she might live to be "a mother in Israel." Even the spirit of discord for a time appeared to be exorcised from their midst, while admiration of the new minister and his lovely wife was the absorbing passion of the day.

But the evil spirit that had built the church was not long to be denied his right to a place in it, and before many months began to show himself in various forms and guises. First, there arose an indistinct murmur that Mr. Lion did not visit his people familiarly and often enough; nor did he make pastoral tea-visits with his wife, as was Mr. Worthiman's custom. Then a whisper was heard that Mrs. Lion seemed to consider herself of "better flesh and blood" than others; that even Mrs. Tiptop was n't a confidential friend of hers; but they guessed her piety was no better than theirs, by the fashionable way which she dressed. Then, the new minister and his wife cared more for each other than they did for their parishioners, as they frequently walked out together without stopping to call on any of them. Thus, in various quarters, discontent began to show itself, and somehow or other could always be traced back to Mrs. Tiptop, who evidently felt chagrined at not being invited to share the secrets of Mrs. Lion's household.

But now an unlooked for arrival at the new minister's gave fresh impulse and direction to the evil genius of Green Valley. The new-comer was a sister of Mrs. Lion's, just from England, who, it was understood, would be a future inmate of the family. Miss May proved to have the disadvantages, in the eyes of the village belles, of beauty, accomplishments, and independence of mind and purse. Brought up, and having just completed her education in the city of London, she was now a bird

let loose in the free air of the country, whither she had been drawn by affection for her sister, and a desire, not unmingled with romance, to see the land of liberty, and exult in the freedom of its rural scenes. And exult she *did*—now in the woods and fields gathering wild-flowers, and now, mounted on her English pony, galloping over the hills and away—the villagers said, “none knew where”—the stared-at of all starers, if not “the admired of all admirers.” Though Miss May was sweet enough to savor all the village with amiability, and musical enough to harmonize the whole, the venom of the serpent made her sweetness gall to the senses of her brother’s envious flock, and her music was discord in their ears.

One morning, as Miss May was riding rapidly over a bridge, her poney stumbled on a loose plank and threw her over his head so violently, that she was taken up senseless by a miller who lived on the stream, and conveyed into his humble abode, where the good man committed her to the care of his wife, while he went for the doctor. Now the village physician, who was a middle-aged, married man, had a bachelor brother connected with him, who was the envy of the village beaux for his gentlemanly air and good looks, *he* it was who, in this instance, hastened to answer the urgent call of the miller. Dr. Mannerly, on his arrival, found Miss May recovering from her unconsciousness, and quite alarmed at seeing herself in such strange circumstances; but his gentleness, joined with the homely manifestations of kindness and concern on the part of the miller and his wife, soon composed her mind, and after the doctor had taken some blood from her beautiful arm, she was enabled to rise and receive his assurance that she had sustained no very serious injury by the fall. Being, however, too much bruised to mount her poney again, she accepted the doctor’s polite offer to take her home in his buggy.

Before night Miss May’s adventure was the gossip of the village; especially her ride homeward with the doctor, who was observed to look uncommonly interested, and to be engaged in earnest conversation with his fair companion; nor did it escape the vigilant eyes of Mrs. Tiptop that the doctor’s buggy stood at the minister’s gate every day for a week thereafter, and longer each successive time than *she* thought necessary for a professional call. And then,

when Miss May appeared again on her poney, Dr. Mannerly was by her side, on his own high-mettled horse, (the doctor never rode a *tame* animal, nor perpetrated a tame remark;) this happened, too, again, and again, so that it was soon a settled matter that Miss May and the doctor would be a match.

In the course of a few months, an unusual stir was apparent at the new minister’s; the blinds were thrown open in the east parlor, and people were seen bustling through the hall as if in preparation for some important event. As Mr. Lion never received “nation visits,” as the custom is with village-ministers, the bustle meant nothing less than Miss May’s wedding—and for once, the gossip had some foundation in truth.

Late in the afternoon a handsome carriage drove up to the house, from which alighted a foreign-looking gentleman, of some twenty-five years, who was pronounced to be an English acquaintance of Mr. Lion’s who had been invited to the wedding. And a wedding, true enough, it was, for Dr. Mannerly came hurrying along toward the minister’s shot dark, equipped from top to toe, and wearing the white vest that decided him to be the happy man. And now the uninvited multitude envied the very lights that made brilliant “the east room,” and no language could express their mortification, when the honest chaise of Mr. Worthiman dropped him and wife at the new minister’s door.

But a greater surprise awaited them the following morning, when the carriage that brought the Englishman to the village, was seen rolling rapidly away, and in it, seated by the stranger, was the heroine of all their surmises.

The doctor visited his patients as usual on this day, and the village newspaper announced his marriage, at Green Valley, of Sir Edward Sarsley of London, England, to Miss Rosina May, of the same metropolis.

Mrs. Tiptop and her followers were dumfounded! But the evil genius, paralyzed for its time, revived ere long again with fresh vigor, and became so vexatious to Mr. and Mrs. Lion, that dismissal was asked for and obtained from the Second Congregational Church of Green Valley, which, at the last accounts, was about calling a new MINISTER.

THE GARDENER.

BY GEORGE S. BURLINGH.

From dewy day-dawn to its dewy close,
Between the lark’s song and the whippo-will’s,
With life as fresh and musical as fills
Their varied round, in quiet joyance goes
The faithful gardener, spying out the foes
Of queenly Beauty, whom, for all the ills
They wrought her reign, his hand in pity kills,

That pure-eyed Peace may in her realm repose.
He bears cool water to the drooping flowers,
And gently crops o’erflashed exuberance;
Trains the young vines to crown imperial bowers,
And guardeth well fair buds from foul mischance;
Let others find what prize befits their powers,
His deeds put smiles on Nature’s countenance.

ONE OF THE "SOUTHERN TIER OF COUNTIES."

BY ALFRED D. STREET.

A REALM of forest, hill and lake I sing,
Nestling in wild and unknown loveliness
Beneath the "Empire State's" protecting wing;
But be not too inquisitive and press
Its name—my motto must be, reader! "Stat
Nominis umbra"—I'll not tell that's flat.

But this much I will say; it bears the name
Of a brave warrior, who, in times of old,
Burst through the forests like a flood of flame,
And on the savage foe deep vengeance told.
And well that warrior kept unstained the wreath
Reaped by his sword in fields of blood and death.

And to be more explicit—on the west
The Chibohocki* laves its mountain sides;
East the grim Shawangunk uprears its crest,
And monarch-like this forest-land divides
From that whose name superfluous 't were to utter
If mention 's made of golden "Goshen butter."

Within this realm Dame Nature's mantle wide
Has scarcely yet been rent by human toil;
Here tower the hill-tops in their forest pride,
There smile the sylvan valleys, though the soil
Is such, in truth, no wonder people chose
To leave Dame Nature to her wild repose.

Yet pleasant are the sights and sounds when Summer
Wakens the forest depths to light and life;
The woodpecker, a red-plumed, noisy drummer,
Times to the thrasher's clearly flourished life;
The partridge strikes its bass upon its log,
And with his deep bassoon chimes in the frog.

The stream reflects the leaf, the trunk, the root,
The sunlight drops its gold upon the moss,
Whose delicate fringes sink beneath the foot
Of the quick squirrel as it glides across;
And, glancing like a vision to the eye,
Through the tall trees the deer shoots, dream-like, by.

Fancy your wearied foot has clambered now
The Delaware's steep hill, and then glance back.
The splendid sight will put you in a glow!
There winds the river in its snake-like track,
Whilst rural beauty laughs upon your view—
Meadows of green, and fields of golden hue,

And then White Lake, expanding far away!
Oh, its pure waters gleam before me now!
It sheds upon my world-worn heart a ray
Bright as the crystal beauty of its brow.
Loveliest of lakes! this pulse must cease to beat
Ere I forget thee, beautiful and sweet!

M., too, (the village,) is a lovely place,
Clustered midst grain-fields rich and orchards green,
With the grand woods around—in blended grace
Nature and Art at every point are seen.
Brimmed is it with good fellows, and those pearls
Of man's prosaic being—witching girls.

Yet there are places in this rising county
Where Nature seems determined not to grow;
Where travelers merit an especial bounty
For perseverance, where the starving crow
Would pass, disdaining to arrest his flight;
(But these things in strict confidence I write.)

* The Indian (Delaware) name for the Delaware River.

28*

The earth is sprinkled with a scanty growth
Of ragged, scrubby pine, and here and there
A lofty hemlock, looking as if loath
To show its surly head—while grim and bare
The ghosts of former trees their mossy locks
Shake, but all else is one great bed of rocks.

Yet there is beauty even there when green
And sunbright—there the ground-pine twines its
fringe,
And the low whortleberries give the scene
(So thick their downy gems) a purple tinge,
And mossy paths are branching all about,
But if you meet a rattlesnake, look out!

Hour after hour, the stranger passing through
This member of the "southern tier" will see
Naught but the stretching forests, grand, 't is true,
But then life's naught without variety,
Though if he seeks with care to find that charm,
He 'chance may stumble on some stumpy farm,

And then the road called "Turnpike," "verbum sap!"
Now climbing o'er some mountain's rugged brow,
Now plunging headlong in some hollow's lap,
Still, "vice versa," laboring on you go,
How high soe'er the hill, it has its brother,
You're scarce down one before you go up t' other.

The people, too, who live—I mean, who stay
In their green Alpine homes, (I like a touch
Of the sublime,) presents a queer array
Of three most interesting species—Dutch,
Yankee and mongrel—and this triple mixture
Form when they meet a very curious picture.

They call one "smart" who's keen at overreaching;
"Tonguey" the babbler of the loudest din,
They'll travel miles on Sunday to a "preaching,"
And seek next day to "take their neighbor in,"
And the word "deacon," in this charming region,
Covers, like charity, of sins a legion.

And there's another race, "half flesh, half fish,"
That live where rolls the Delaware its flood,
Ready to fight or drink as others wish,
Not as they care; whose speech is loud and rude,
Half oath half boast, and think that all things lumber
When "Philadelfy" markets fall in "lumber."

Their toil is pastime when the river leaps
On, like a war-horse foaming in his wrath,
With thundering hoof and flashing mane, and sweeps
The forest fragments on its roaring path,
What time the Spring-rains its mild current thraeth,
And make what vulgarly is called a "fresh."

Then from deep eddy and from winding creek
His mammoth platform the bold raftsmen steers,
And, as his giant oar he pushes quick,
With song and jest his wearying labor cheers,
Whilst confident in skill he fearless drifts
By swamping islands and o'er staving rifts.

From rafts we glance to saw-mills—oft you meet
Their pine-slab roofs and board-piles by some brook,
And, with the splashing wheel and watery sheet
Flinging its curtain o'er the dam, they look,
(When tired of gazing at the endless woods,
Though saw-mills, pleasant in their solitudes.

THE EXHAUSTED TOPIC.

BY CAROLINE C—.

WHAT shall I write about? A sensible question enough for me to address to you, good reader, were I a worn-out school-girl, with a mind quite like an "exhausted receiver" on the one subject, frightful, dismal, and hated at all times to *her*. But, thanks be to Time, I am *no* school-girl—and it is rather a foolish question, this same one I have proposed, considering that for sixty long seconds my mind has been fully determined as to *what* I will write about this morning.

I have been looking over a file of old magazines, which are now scattered about me in most beautiful confusion, for the sole purpose of discovering in the steps of *how many* "illustrious predecessors" I am to follow, when I expatiate on that, which, by the last tale in the last new magazine, seems to be still a marvelous object in creation, namely, "*The Coquette*."

And oh the poems, and tales, and essays, by the Mrs.'s and Misses—the Mr.'s and Esqr.'s, let alone the Dr.'s and Rev.'s, who have not disdained to pour forth their thoughts like water on this exhausted (?) topic! I will spare you, through mere Christian charity, dear reader, from listening to their enumeration.

By this time, if you are any thing of a magazine or newspaper reader, you must *necessarily* have arrived at some conclusion as to this tribe of humans. Well, what do you think of coquettes *in general*, my friend—what do you think of those with whom you have had to do with *in particular*? According to Johnson, a coquette is "a gay, airy girl, who by various *arts* endeavors to gain admirers." Natural enough, all that, I should say.

When women are blessed (?) by a kind Providence with beauty, does it not follow rapidly on the heels of the truth, that they are meant and made to be admired, and loved, and wooed by the gender masculine? And when the admiration and homage of men's hearts are offered at the shrine of beauty—and the favored fair one tastes the cup of adulation man *forces* to her lips, say, ye wise ones! is there any thing so very *unnatural* in the fact that her human heart cries "more?" Why, even that poor, miserable daughter of the horse-leech was not content with saying "give!" once, it must needs be "give—give!"

Now, in all fairness, I put the question to you—what warrior, after a brilliant achievement in *one* battle—after one glorious conquest over his foes, was content ever after to dwell in a quiet obscurity, and suffer his name to be at last almost forgotten by men, because of his very inaction? Tell me, was that shining light so often lit and re-lit on the Mount of Warning for the benefit of the sojourners in

the vallies of the world—I mean Napoleon Bonaparte? Was Cortes? Was Alexander?

What *author*, after writing *one* book that took the reading world by storm, ever after that blessed day laid down his pen and said, "I have done." Did any of those glorious beings who, with their destiffened fingers *can* write for us no more? Are the writers of *our* day satisfied with *one* brilliant and successful effort in the field of literary labor? Be witness, oh, Bulwer, and Dickens, and Cooper, and James, to the absurdity of *such* an idea! Wait—I would be truthful—even as I write there comes before me a bright remembrance of *one* glorious bard, living voiceless *now*—our own well-beloved Halleck; be even *he* may awake, and speak yet—and so make way with *the* exception to my rule.

And what does the warrior battle for? Tell me in this wise, wide-awake century it is all for *country* and the good of *man*! We are a wise people, *we*! Such humbugging is too ancient. Say out plainly: is for glory, for distinction, for place in the *large* room, and we will honor your for your honest work! And what does the author labor and strive for, through dreary days and sleepless nights? Is it for the enlightenment of mankind—the improvement of *his* fellows? Who will say that *this* is not oftenest, *what* indeed it is thought of at all, the *secondary* consideration? Ay, yes! there are such things as poor misguided scribblers dipping their pens in their life blood, wherewith to leave a mark on the pages of time, "to be seen of men!" There *is* such a thing as a "lord of creation," *pinning* for distinction, and braving every distress, and even death, for—*Fame*! Yes, we have records of sons of Genius who have died because men recognized not the light *they* set before them. I mind me, and I "weep for Adam: he is dead."

I tell you, among men it is rare to find *one* who, after he has tasted the honey of applause and world-admiration, but will taste, and continue to taste, until he has cloyed himself, and almost (I do not *say* quite) sickened the patient bystanders.

Is there, then, any thing wonderful in the fact that woman loves admiration? With such noble examples before her, why should she not? I know it has been hinted broadly that it is heartless, and selfish, and sinful, in a woman, merely for her personal gratification, to make wrecks of the hearts of men (!) and that coquetting is set down among masculines in the catalogue of sins as one of the blackest dye. But, if man, in his wonderful wisdom, can suffer himself to be so fooled, pray whose fault or sin is it? If he rests his happiness on the smiles of *one* woman, which is a rarer thing than ye think, oh, maidens! whom shall he blame, if the smile does not always

await him? Whose fault is it if he does not *continue* to please, when the eyes of the fair one are awakened to his numberless "short comings?" And some day when a more favored one of nature draws near with his homage, why should the old lover listen in amaze to cold words and colder sentiments? Trust me, if men would only apply to this subject of our consideration one iota of the coolness and calmness of unprejudiced thought which distinguishes many of their other musings, they might some day come to a just conclusion.

But enough of this; I have given a *preface*—and I know a case in point—more satisfactory than all *my* arguments I think it will prove; and I imagine it will clear me from all suspicion, or charge, if you should prefer it against me, of entertaining wrong opinions on this important subject.

From a far longer time since than I can well remember, till within two years past, the Cleveland family were our next door neighbors. Florence, the eldest daughter, was a very dear friend of mine, and I would not make her the heroine of this story to day, were it not for the following fact. Two years ago the whole family emigrated to Wisconsin; and now that they are gone so very far "out of the world," I think no blame should be attached to me for giving her "experience" to the good public. Sure am I, that buried as she is in the backwoods, she will never know that I have seized upon her as a "subject" whereabout to expatiate. But if you should chance to meet Florence in your wanderings, reader, do not, I pray you, wound her feelings, by touching on this topic.

Every body said Flory was a coquette—and adopting as a settled point the sentiment that "what every body says *must* be true," I suppose she was; that is, she was "a gay, airy girl, who was fond of admiration;" and I will not deny that she may have exerted herself the least bit in the world to obtain it. But I do repel most indignantly the idea that *she* was artful and designing, or that she ever regularly *set a trap* to ensnare any human heart.

Florence, when she parted from us, was of middle height, very fair, and her cheeks wore the bloom of early roses; her hair was of a light, glossy brown—and, oh, those beautiful ringlets! I can vouch for the truth of it, *they* never emerged from curl-papers—(and by the way, how refreshing and pleasant now-a-days it is to see any thing *natural*, even a paltry curl!) Then her eyes, "deeply, divinely blue," sometimes filled with a sober, tranquil, *holy* light, and again dancing, beaming, and running over with joy and happiness.

Though Flory was the admiration of all eyes, and "the beaux" seemed really to have no appreciation of the presence of we poor insignificants when she was by, yet to not many of *us* did the "green-eyed monster" ever whisper one bad, ungracious thought of her.

We all loved her—and a sadder set never waited in our dépôt the arrival of the eastern train, than gathered there the day Mr. Cleveland and family were to leave for a home in the "far West."

There were some, indeed, who invariably honored Florence with the title of "coquette!" and pursed up their lips very sanctimoniously whenever they heard of her new conquests; particularly may this remark apply to old Widow Forbes, who rejoiced in the possession of four grown-up daughters—"fixtures" most decidedly they were in her household—for these four above-mentioned, were not in any way remarkable for their personal attractions; and two of them had well-nigh passed the third stage of woman's unmarried life! But by far the greater part of the villagers rejoiced in the presence of Florence Cleveland as they would in a sunbeam on a dull day; she was always so cheerful, so generous and obliging.

None of those sunny curls of hers were visible the day Florence set out on her journey; perhaps you think that was because ladies do not usually travel with such appendages in view, and that they were snugly packed away in the back part of her traveling hat. But had Flory's head been uncovered then, I fear me it would have borne terrible witness of the desecrating hands which had been busy about it; for the fairy-like ringlets which had so long adorned the beautiful head, full beautiful enough without *them*, were slumbering on the hearts of us, her miserable, weeping cronies; and I know not how many gentlemen's purses were freighted with like treasure.

What a silent, stupid company we were gathered there that day. It was a bright morning—there was not a cloud to be seen in all the sky; and Susy, the old fortune-teller, said it was a day that augured well for their future prosperity; but that did not help *us* any. Every body seemed to think we were to lose one of the choicest lights of our village—and so, indeed, we were.

At last the odious dépôt-bell rung—soon after the "fire-demon" heaved in sight, followed by its long train of crowded cars. In ten minutes the leaving-taking was all over, our friends were seated—their "worldly goods" were stowed away—another ring of the bell, that never sounded half so remorselessly before, and away they went, over the road—across the bridge—past the burial-ground—and on—on—on!

To my bosom I pressed a package Florence had given to me that morning of her departure, which she bade me not open till she was fairly gone. I need not tell you how I hastened home when I had seen her depart—how, with just one look at their old garden, which ran back of my father's house, through whose paths we had wandered so often together—how with one thought of how lonely I was and always should be, now that *she* was gone, I hied away to my room, that I might be alone with my sorrow. But every thing seemed determined to speak out to me of *her*; there, by the window, was *her* "old arm-chair;" she had given it to me as a keepsake; and many, many a time had the broad, leather-covered seat supported us both—so, of course, the very sight of that gave me such a blue-fit that I threw myself into its open "arms," and indulged in the most luxurious fit of weeping, the length whereof might be counted by hours, not by minutes. But

when I had fairly "cried it out," (you know all things must have an end,) I went to bed with the most dreadful headache conceivable, and opened with more of regret than curiosity, the last "testament" of dear Flory.

It was in the shape of a long, long letter, filling many pages of paper; but I shall not indulge you, reader, with a glance even, at all the contents—satisfy yourself with these few extracts, and oblige yours, &c.

"Writing is not my *forte*, Carry, you know that very well," the epistle began, "but I had for a long time determined to explain myself to you; and when father finally succeeded in convincing mother that the West is *such* a wonderful country, and that it is the best and only place for them to safely settle *our* troop of boys, then I made up my mind to *write* you what I had intended to speak. Don't think me vain, but I'm going to be my own heroine in these pages; I'm going to give you the key wherewith to unfold parts of my life, which you, with others, may now think quite unexplainable.

"When I am gone, and the partial regret some will feel at first, is worn away, and they begin with all earnestness to give me what *they* think my 'due,' and honor me once more with the flattering titles they have given me before this, then do you, my friend, take up the gauntlet in my defence. If I should happen to die of those horrible 'fevers,' into whose hands we are about to commit ourselves, 'Aunt Sally,' *may* say it is a just 'dispensation of Providence' that has removed me; and that old Juliet Baker *might* take it into her head to write my veritable history, under the title of 'The Coquette,' and so be published in one of the magazines as a warning for all who shall come after me—an immortality to which I assure you I do not aspire. Or Tom Harding might be tempted to discourse more eloquently than ever on my respective demerits—drawing some of his sage conclusions therefrom. So, dear, if such things *should* happen, remember to stand up valiantly for 'woman's rights,' and *me*! As I have mentioned Tom Harding's name, I may as well, in these 'confessions,' have done with him as speedily as possible. I know very well what all the gossips said when it was rumored that I had 'cut him dead,' after encouraging the poor fellow, who was really 'too good for me!' But, as it happened in *this* case, they were all wrong—as doth unfortunately sometimes happen even with gossipers. Tom, since time immemorial, (you will bear me out in the truth of this statement,) has been one of the most *active beaux* in our village; attaching himself, with all his *canine* characteristics, to every lady who was favored with the least pretensions to beauty, and making himself vastly useful in the way of getting up all sorts of 'parties of pleasure' in summer, and in the winter also. It was very needful, was it not, that we should be always on good terms with *him*, which, as a body, we managed very well to do. As he had been *in love with*, and offered himself to at least a dozen girls of our acquaintance, I don't yet know why he should have thought that *I* would take up with him at last. Now

was it not presumption, Carry? To be sure, he came to our house night after night, and sat often with us in church on Sundays—and it *was* rumored we were engaged; but that, I fancy, did not make the case clear one.

Ladies may be attentive and agreeable, even on the verge of intimacy with one another, and yet not be suspected of *designs matrimoniales*; but boys and girls, who have from early childhood grown up with the most fraternal feelings, as soon as childhood has passed, must be expected to give up what was a very delightful kind of friendship, indeed; is that wise?

"The fact is, I never for a moment thought of marrying Tom Harding; but I *did* think him a great deal better youth than he proved to be. When he foolishly proposed *the* subject to me, I dismissed it again quietly as might be, convincing him, as I hope that the thing was forever impossible. And I kept his secret well. No one till to-day can say that I was ever guilty of parading this offer, and its refusal before my friends; and I scarcely think you will consider me as parading it *now*; or, indeed, of entering on this recital merely to gratify a foolish personal vanity. Tom, himself, by his ungentlemanly conduct, exposed all that ever was exposed; and his impudent, silly behavior toward me has had the final result of making me heartily despise him; and I sincerely hope no damsel that *I* love will ever accept offers, which some dozens may yet have the honor—or—which is it? be *doomed* to hear!

"Harry Kirkland was, indeed, a fine fellow—at least I thought so once, for I was engaged to him within a time I well remember. Talented, too—was he not? But, oh, what an unreasonable mortal he was.

"When I engaged myself to Harry, I did love him truly, or what I *thought* was him, but you will at wonder that my love cooled before such evidence of tyranny, *incipient* it could hardly be called, as he exhibited, truly in a petty manner, but giving me good, overpowering evidence of what I might expect when the *chains* of Hymen should be fast around us.

He went to his Club, and the Lyceum, and became a member of the Odd Fellows Society, so soon as there was one organized in the village—indeed, on all points acted his own pleasure, even as to the number of cigars he would smoke per day. And I, like a reasonable woman, thinking all this part and parcel of his own business, never for a moment *thought* of interfering. But no sooner had I, in a kind of dumb way, (foolishly enough, I confess now,) answered his pathetic appeals, by acknowledging that I loved him, than he at once, without questioning his right and title, proceeded to take the reins of government into his own hands. And then it was incessantly, 'Florence, why do you allow that coxcomb to visit you?' or, 'why did you go to the party last night when I was away?' or, 'how can you endure that conceited fool?' or, 'do, dear, arrange your hair in some other style—curls are so common!' or, at another time, when I had adorned myself with special thoughts of him, and his particular taste, the

ungracious salutation would be, 'It is *so* strange you will wear flounces—I cannot endure them, and they are so unbecoming for you!'

"Well, I *did* give James Thompson, 'the coxcomb,' as Harry called him, leave to understand I was not 'at home' to him; and I stayed away from all places of amusement to which Harry *would not*, or could not go, (which former I came at last to know was most frequently the case.) And I did treat Charles Wood more coolly than my conscience approved, for nature gave to him a good, kind heart, if she did not make him a genius. And I left off flounces, which my tasty little 'dress-maker' thought '*such a pity*;' and I braided my hair, which all the time cried out against the stiff bands I put on the curly locks; in short, for six months I made a fool of myself, by giving way to all my exacting lover's whims. It makes me shudder when I think of what had been my fate had I married him—I should have died a very martyr long before this day.

"I knew that on most subjects Harry's opinion was worth having—his judgment sound; so I resolved to try what might be done on *this* point, which certainly concerned our happiness so much. By degrees I went back to my old habits, saying never a word to him of the test I was intending to put to him. Perhaps *you* would have proceeded differently—you might have reasoned with him, and urged him not to distress himself about affairs far too trifling for him to interfere with—about which no woman likes the interference, even of a favored lover.

"But such a course was not the one for me—and in the end, a person pursuing a far different method of reasoning might, probably would, have arrived at the same climax that I did. Wherever among my old friends I chose to go, I went without consulting the pleasure of his highness, who had led me about as a child in leading-strings quite long enough. What books I liked, I read; concerning my judgment on this point, perhaps, (not altogether unwarrantably either,) quite as good as his own. I dressed in what fashion I pleased—and wore my hair in the style nature intended. At one determined stroke I broke the thread-like chains which, from their very fineness, had been more galling to me than links of iron. I could read by Harry's look of astonishment what his thoughts were, as he saw these changes in me—and it was with some anxiety, I do confess, that I awaited the result; for all this time I loved him well, though my attachment was not so selfish in its nature as was his love toward me.

One day I sent Harry a note, with a purse which I had knitted for him, and requested that he would accompany me in the evening, when there was to be a horseback-party on the lake-shore. In about half an hour much was I astonished by the return of the messenger, with an answer to my note, and my *rejected gift*. He declined the ride also, saying that he had a severe headache—(well might his head ache when it contained a brain capable of suggesting *such a note*.) After some few preliminaries, Harry proceeded to tell me that my gifts were altogether unacceptable so long as my heart continued not right

toward him; that I had grieved him beyond all power of expression by the heartlessness I had exhibited *in my disregard of all his wishes and opinions*; this strange note ended by begging that I would not join the riding-party that night; that he would visit me in the evening, and receive from me then any explanations I might be ready to make.

"In ten minutes more the messenger was on his way back to Harry Kirkland's office, with a neat package, which contained the young man's notes, miniature, gifts, &c., with an assurance, which I wrote with a most steady hand, that my evening ride would, doubtless, prove more agreeable than a *tête-à-tête* with him, and that, as I had no explanations or apologies to offer, he need not be under the inconvenience of seeking me again at home, or elsewhere. I will not speak of the manner in which I passed that afternoon, after I had returned Harry's *second* note, *unanswered*, and *unopened*; nor what thoughts were busy in my mind, nor what feelings were busy in my heart. But I will tell you this, at tea-time, when father came home, *he* did not reject his daughter's kiss, or the purse either; and now it is snugly resting in the bottom of his pocket, well-filled, as I hope it ever will be.

"That moonlight ride—you remember it; perhaps you remember, also, that there was no gayer mortal among you than a certain Florence Cleveland. She might not have slept *quite* soundly that night, when she was alone in her little chamber, but it was not *very* long that Harry Kirkland's image disturbed her dreams. Harry was proud as I; doubtless he thought himself the abused one, (and *that*, you know, is wonderfully efficacious in curing heart-wounds,) and I can readily believe that many times since he has blessed the day that saved him from *coquetting* Florence Cleveland. But—you know already how suddenly Harry moved to New York that autumn, and also how you wondered we did not correspond.

"And what of George Stephenson? Ha! ha! I always laugh when I think of him—*do you, dear?* What did *we* think of him, *mon ami*, till we discovered one day, much to our amaze, that he was engaged to us both.

"Never shall I forget that tableau we presented—being our own spectators—when, with your head resting on my knee in the old summer-house, you, with trembling lips, told me of that delightful youth! and of your future prospects; and how, when you approached the interesting climax, I joined in with you and told *my* story, too; and how, instead of our becoming sworn foes from that hour, two more loving and light-hearted beings seldom took pen in hand, than we, when we wrote that joint letter, and saved George from the fate of bigamists! Well, there was *never* a more captivating youth than he—at least we must *say* so, to save ourselves from the obloquy of falling in love with such a *scamp*! Who'd have thought it? those very stories of his early life, and sorrows which drew such earnest tears from *my* eyes. I suppose you, too, have wept upon his shoulder as he told them. Ah, me!

"Then there was the poet, Earnest Ward. I

tolerated *him* because his father was a college friend of my paternal, who wished us always to show him kindness, and make the orphan feel himself not quite so friendless. But you cannot believe that *I* loved *him*. Poor fellow! he is dead now. He never seemed destined to a long life to me; the fact is, he did not possess *energy* enough to keep him alive. And he was eternally railing against Fate and his poverty, which no man who wishes to gain favor in my eyes must indulge in. His talents *were not* of that order which commands the ear of the public—and yet he seemed to think so, and in that thought centered all his hope. There was nothing practical about Ernest. He belonged to that miserable class of beings, (how many of them we see about us,) who are aptly described as having lost *their way* in the great roads of life, having early groped blindly past the stations they were designed to fill. Ernest had a good deal of fancy and ingenuity—more than should have been lavished on newspaper enigmas, and verses descriptive of the color of my hair and eyes; he might have made a capital manufacturer, or designer of toys. He was made, I am convinced, for some such purpose, and might have excelled in some such *art*; but least of all, you will acknowledge, was Ernest Ward fitted to be *my* husband. And well for us was it, that if he did not know it, *I did*.

"And, last of all of whom I will speak, there was Edward Graham; and thus I fancy I hear him described by some (whom I *will* say I am not sorry to have left behind me,) 'a fine fellow! but driven to desperation and to sea by that worthless flirt, Florence Cleveland!' Now I will give you an opportunity, *ma chere*, to laugh in your sleeve, if you will, for beyond the shadow of a doubt, I am engaged to this same Edward Graham, who departed in such desperation; and what's more, I mean to marry him, too.

"And how shall I explain conduct that will appear so strange as this to you? You know Ned Graham *almost* as well as I do; and as we both have known him from childhood, it would be idle in me to speak of his fine, noble, generous character, and of his *sensibleness*, by far a rarer component of the human character than many people seem to imagine. Our engagement was, I confess, an altogether unanticipated thing to me, though there was always a lingering thought in my mind that Ned approached a *little* nearer my standard of manly perfection than any suitor I ever had. You and I have often together admired the outward man, so I will not now speak of those great black eyes of his, which seem to pierce you through and through, as though they *would* know your secret thoughts, (which, as far as they regarded him, *could* be only thoughts of admiration and respect.) And that manly form, so sweet and noble, that was never yet bent by the weight of a mean or sordid thought—that *could not* stoop to any thing low or ignoble. Now, when I tell you that Ned has hired himself to a sea-captain, whom his father has known from boyhood, for three years, that his wages (excepting only a moiety) have been paid at Ned's request into his father's hands to aid the old man, who is now in difficulties, when I tell you this,

you will concur with me in thinking *my* Edward Graham the most noble and generous youth in the world.

"Only a week before his departure we made our arrangements; for before that time Ned had never spoken to me of love—and I never heard of his broaching the subject to any one else, did you? In three years he is coming back again. By that time *we* shall have become settled, and have learned to love our new home. What farmers we shall be! Then Ned will join us in Wisconsin—and who says we shall not be a happy family there? And that Flory Cleveland will not prove herself quite traceable and human, although people have dared and presumed to call her a 'desperate flirt'?"

"So, my dearest, I have given you a true history of my *coquetting* (?) life, with the exception of those tragedies you are acquainted with already. Frank Blake died, it is true, but never for a moment have I reproached myself with *his* death. He was 'found drowned,' so the verdict of the coroner's jury ran; but have none others been ever 'found drowned' than men who were in love? I am not jesting, or speaking lightly now. Heaven knows the subject is far too fearful to jest about! Could they who have seemed to delight in calling me little better than a murderess, but know what bitter, bitter hours I have passed writhing under their 'scorpion tongues,' they would, I think, be satisfied. I tell you again, my friend, Frank never treated me more kindly, or considerately, or *justly* than he did that day when I told him I *could not* love him as he deserved to be loved, though I must ever bear toward him the utmost respect and the kindest feelings. And when Tom Harding made that incident a theme for newspaper gossip, I wonder Heaven had not blasted the right hand that dared to write such things!

"You know how afterward I went to Frank's home—to his widowed mother. She, too, turned in horror from me when I told her who I was, and why I had come so far from my home in search of her. Go to her *now*, my friend, and she will tell you that she attaches to me *no* blame. Even the agonized, heart-broken mother believed me, when I told her all that had transpired between her son and me. She *knows*, as you know, and as I know, that I never won the affections of her son intentionally, for the purpose of adding one more name to my list of conquests.

"And of that other, whose name I will not write—he who died in the convict's cell—my friend, *had* I ought to do with that man's crimes? The brutish madness with which he heard my refusal of his suit—his dreadful downward course afterward; oh, can unreturned *love* be the instigator of such crimes? Had he not been a reckless youth ever; disliked of all the village boys, whose friendship, even his wealth and good family could not buy for him? If I would not wed a villain such as he, where rests the blame? Oh, surely *not with me*! I did not make that festering, sinful heart of his, nor did I lure him on to hope that I would *ever* wed him. If love is *heaven*, what were life with him!

"I cannot write more—*non sum qualis eram!* yet the sun shines brightly on me still as in my childhood, and the future is full of hope. If I have cleared myself of the imputation of the folly and heartlessness some have laid to my charge, it is well; I cannot think that my proceedings have been *very* dreadful, or sinful; they did not frighten honest-hearted, noble Ned Graham.

"And after this, when you see a woman whose conduct to you is quite unexplainable, and full of mystery, listen, dear friend, and bid those around you listen a little more earnestly, to the voice of *human love and Christian charity*; and trust me, the number of women *who have the power* to act long in direct opposition to all the better impulses of woman's nature, is *surprisingly small*.

"If your trust continues in me still unshaken, as in the days gone by, come ere long to Wisconsin, and I will insure you a husband of the 'free soil,' who shall bear as little resemblance to our faithless George, as my Ned does—and a home in the wilderness, this glorious wilderness.

"God bless you, love—good bye! ———."

I have not yet obeyed the call of my friend to the "far west," now her happy home. Do you think it advisable that I should place myself in the hands of such a—; but first let me ask you,

Do you think Florence Cleveland was a coquette?

And—is this once prolific topic yet exhausted?

I cannot conclude this discourse, "my hearers," without repeating to you a song, which appeared some years ago in "Graham." It is by Miss Barrett. Has it ever yet been "set to music?" if not, I would advise some composer to neglect no longer so beautiful an effusion. And when the *deed is done*, let every lady learn the song, and every gentleman stand by and listen to it humbly. Here it is.

THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes!" I answered you last night—
"No!" this morning, sir, I say;
Colors seen by candlelight,
Cannot look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me" sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes" or fit for "no."

Thus the sin is on us both;
Was the dance a time to woo?
Woos light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high—
Bravely, as in fronting death,
With a virtuous gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards—
Point her to the starry skies—
Guard her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore,
And her "yes" once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.

THE RECORD OF DECEMBER.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

WRITE—with the finger of the angel-born,
Upon the tablet of the human soul,
That old December, wearied and outworn,
Drags on his failing footsteps to the goal.
Write—that the Christmas bells ring on till morn
Peace and eternal pardon to the whole,
And I, before I drop my farewell tear,
Must lay December's closing record here.

Write—for I weary; Age with failing thought
Forgets the triumph of his younger days—
Forgets the changes that himself has wrought—
Forgets the lip that tuned to woman's praise—
Forgets in summer how his fingers brought
Fresh flowers in olden time for manhood's ways,
Forgets all pleasure save an old man's word,
To think of bygone sorrows and record.

Write—ere he passes—even now they come
With wailing harps and wreaths of withered flowers,
To bind his brows and bear him to his home
Amid the multitude of buried hours—
A moment's respite ere his senses numb
And the death throe seals up his mental powers;
He shall not die, e'en in his age and dearth,
Without a legacy of good to earth.

His course has been with manhood, and his name
Has changed with human years—we yet recall
How bounding onward at the first he came,
And trembled wearily unto his fall—
How in his noon of life his strength was flame,
Spurning the very hand that gave him all,
How day by day and month by month he changed,
Till Time on old December is avenged.

The air he breathes is but ingratitude
From each unto the other—from the air
Unto the Giver of Eternal Good,
And from man to the years unceasing care.
Spirit to spirit on the moving flood,
And demon unto demon in his lair,
Jarring with discord, scarcely yet set free
From the kind measure of God's harmony.

And so he gave unto the sons of men
Last winter, snow, and ice, and driving sleet,
And the cold winds, each from his northern den,
Strewed wrecks of forest branches at our feet.
Old trees all naked shivered in the glen,
And houseless wretches shivered in the street—
It was the time when poor and cold mankind
Should know the welcome of a generous mind.

Few read the lesson—there was passing by
Of squalid poverty by gilded pride,
Wealth from the needy turned away his eye,
Rich doors to richer guests were opened wide—
Pity sought out a fancy scene to sigh
And gave not burial to the poor who died—
Beside the gourmand with his food oppress,
Mothers hugged starving infants to the breast.

Oh, not for this came winter, not for this
Rolled out the storm clouds from the northern zone,
There was a hope that gay luxurious bliss
Would not be happy in itself alone:
There was a hope that wealth might stoop to kiss
Lips paler with cold sorrow than its own—
There was a hope that severed things might blend,
And man, the selfish, soften to the friend.

The old man was but young, but thankless hearts
They say are "sharper than the adder's tooth,"
And ere the Spring came, by inhuman arts
The marble forehead was no longer smooth;
Cold blasts of scorn repaid him his deserts,
Bitter forebodings grew too often sooth,
At twenty years, they say, who knew him then,
He had grown sadder than old withered men

Spring lay upon the garden—from his hand
Showered the blossoms and the springing buds,
The songsters sang tales of a summer land,
And a new music lived upon the floods:
And o'er the scene there waved a magic wand,
And watched the spirit of the fields and woods,
Laying in golden promise on the earth
Beauties that mocked him in their very birth.

The buds of spring grew withered in his grasp,
The thorns lay hid beneath the rose's leaf,
Leaving a poison deeper than the asp,
Long as the memory of corroding grief.
Rude hands tore off the petals, to unclasp
Too soon the fullness of a lot so brief—
There was ingratitude in bud and flower,
And rude unkindness in man's thankless power.

And all the summer long the rays he gave,
To cheer the weary sons of sweat and toil,
Flashed back with blistering brightness from the wave,
And burned like molten lava from the soil.
And vainly oft the giver came to crave
A shelter from the burning heat the while,
Beneath the bending vines the welcome fled,
And yellow harvest seldom crowned his head.

They knew not, as he pressed the table seat,
That he alone had spread the groaning board,
They cared not that the master came to eat
Where one small blessing glittered from his hoard;
They knew not, cared not, how the angel's feet
Have trodden in the steps of good restored—
The furrows deepened on the old man's brow,
And sadly humankind had sped the plough.

Autumn grew brown upon the teeming zone,
Lo! here at last he should forget his pain
Amid the mellow fruits around them thrown,
With garners brimful of the golden grain,

Men should look smiling to the giver's throne,
And gentle peace sit on the loaded wain—
There was a discord when the year began,
That jarred the wider as the circle ran.

The wheat-sheaf grew into the curse of life,
And from the stalk the burning pain distilled—
The orchard mast with the dark bane was rife,
Pouring out poison as the master willed.
The purple wine-grape reddened into strife,
And in its shadow man by man was killed—
Poison, dark poison, rankled in the cup,
Pressed to his lips foredoomed to drink it up.

So should the blessing of the fields and woods
Be moulded into curses? think it not!
Cold and unfeeling man's ingratitude,
Who to the season gave back such a lot,
To drink the cup gemmed with a poison flood,
And bitter with the felon's loathsome blot;
Oh deeply on our bosoms rests the stain
That never years shall wash away again.

The wail of autumn winds was on the air,
That played with forest trunks as little things;
The demons of the storm, each from his lair,
Shot forth and hissed upon the tempest wings;
Rent from the old man's head the scanty hair,
Sung on the north wind as the cordage sings:
Little they spared him in their giant course,
The whirling winds that owed him all their force.

Again 't is winter, to the sons of men
Come forth the snow and wind and driving sleet
Again the storm-cloud lowers o'er the glen,
Again the branches shiver at our feet.
Faint and uncovered, over moor and fen,
The weary man has come his doom to meet,
The storms of winter beat upon his head,
The record of his failing time is read.

Chill to his heart strikes in the northern blast,
Ending the season as the year began;
December hastens to his final rest,
Friendless by the dark cruelty of man.
E'en now, while to his death-couch he is prest,
A wail rings round his head so pale and wan,
And withered flowers are ready for his bier,
That mock the dying with his past career.

His course has been with manhood, and his end
Is fitting for a type of humankind,
Around whose heavy head the laggard friend
The veil of useless pity comes to bind.
The dirge of his departure shall ascend
From those who scarce recalled his life to mind
The tide of life above his grave rolls on,
And few remember he is dead and gone.

December passes, in the opening sky
Of the new year's first morning breaks a star,
The record he has left us here shall lie
Beside us when his form is borne afar.
Bending above his last farewell, I sigh
That he has left us, ingrate as we are,
And turning to the New Year, I behold
A new-born spirit throned upon the old.





THE MAST OF THE U.S.S. ALBATROSS

rolled away behind her, as if lifted like a curtain, and the sun burst forth in all his glory. Never shall I forget the sight! The after part of the gallant ship was buried in the crest of the wave, which, beating over her quarter, flew into the maintop itself. Her fore part had outrun the billow, and hung for a second suspended over the abyss. Then, like a falcon stooping from its height, she swooped down into the gulf, the wild waters roaring after her, like wolves in pursuit of their prey.

She was somewhat to leeward of me, but nevertheless I shouted with all my might, again and again.

It was in vain. Her crew clinging to the rigging, were all engaged each in his own preservation, and no more noticed the half-buried figure calling to them, than they observed the sea-bird that, like an *avant courier*, swept the billow before them. I shouted, I shrieked, I waved my arm frantically over my head. But all to no purpose. I heard the fierce bubbling of the waters as the mighty ship tore through them close at hand; I caught a glimpse of the pale and terrified faces of her crew, gleaming out in the angry light of the setting sun: and then the vision passed, a Titanic wave upheaved between us, and I was alone.

Alone on the illimitable ocean! Alone while night was drawing on! Alone with no chance of escape remaining! Far, far to leeward, just visible occasionally over the distant surges, I saw my own vessel; but, except this, the horizon was now without a speck.

I burst into tears. The tension of my nerves had been unnatural; they now gave way: and, as I saw nothing but death before me, I wept like a child. Yet still it was the thought of my mother that affected me, not any consideration of self. My whole past life rushed in review before me. I saw myself at my mother's knee looking and wondering as she taught me to pray. I was a boy going to school, now chasing a butterfly, now watching the angler from the village bridge, but ever loitering on my way. I saw my little sister die, and after her, one by one, in that season of terrible epidemic, my four brothers. I followed my father to the grave, the last victim of that pestilence: I wept with my surviving parent: I promised always to stay by her: I was her all in all. And then, with the flight of years, came other pictures. I was older and more adventurous, but, I fear, not wiser nor better. A strange longing for the sea had seized me. I had secretly joined a ship sailing to the Mediterranean, and was now on my return. But, alas! I was never to see that happy home again. The avenging bolt of God had overtaken me. No mother would ever weep above my ashes, no kind hand would deck the sod with flowers. My doom was to be tossed to and fro, midway down the depths of ocean, until the trumpet of the archangel should sound.

The night began to close in. Darker and darker the shades of evening fell around the waste of waters, and the wind, as it went by, seemed moaning my requiem. Occasionally the lightning threw a ghastly radiance across the water. I was cold, weary, and half stupefied. My senses began to desert me. No

longer able to buffet against fate as I had done, I took in each moment larger draughts of the briny element. In fact I was drowning. Things actual and things visionary—the present and the past—began to commingle in my brain in a wild phantasmagoria. Faces of childhood, the sweet faces of my dead brothers and sisters, looked at me from the sky above; while hideous ones, the countenances seen in fever-dreams, grinned out from the spray around. Confused noises, too, were in my ears. There was music as if from celestial spheres; then notes as if demons laughed in the gale. Gradually all things, seen or heard, became more and more indistinct; a dead blank swam before me, leaving only the sensation of blackness: and then followed utter forgetfulness, the stupor of the dead—or rather that trance between life and death, when the body is exhausted but the vital spark not yet fled—that one dread pause between this world and the next.

I have no recollection of any thing further, until I was partially roused from my insensibility by a hand being laid on me. The next instant I was dragged violently through the water, and thrown on my chest across some sharp substance, which I concluded was the gunwale of a boat. I fell with such force as to eject from me, as from a force-pump, the water I had swallowed. The excessive pain roused me to more complete consciousness. I languidly opened my eyes. I thought I recognized familiar faces: the doubt was settled immediately by a well known voice.

"Easy there, Jack—poor fellow! he is almost gone—now, my hearties!"

The words were spoken in the kind tone of the mate. I knew now that I had been picked up by our ship's boat. She was lying head-on to the waves, to prevent her being swamped while she took me up. Obeying the directions of the mate, the men with a second effort lifted me completely out of the water, and laid me in the stern-sheets of the boat.

"How do you feel?" asked the mate. "God help us, we were looking for you in the wrong direction, till, all at once, I remembered you ought to be to windward, and so at last made you out, a mere speck on the horizon. We had a hard pull to reach you too! At first I thought we should be swamped. But here you are safe. And now, lads, give way lustily."

The crew, at these words, put double strength into their oars, and away we sped toward the ship. What a sensation of comfort and security came over me as I felt the planks under me, and heard the waters, which, cheated of their prey, followed roaring in our wake.

I looked up toward the mate, who, steering with one hand, was covering me with his jacket with the other. He was doing it, too, as tenderly as a mother wraps her babe. Oh! how full my heart was. I tried to raise myself on my elbow and speak.

"Nay! shipmate," he said, placing his hand on my shoulder gently, as if to press me down, "not a word. You need rest: you were three hours in the water."

In truth, this little exertion had made me dizzy. I heard his words as in a dream, and sunk back, while

all things seemed to whirl around me. I closed my eyes, and presently, in a whisper, the mate said—

"He sleeps. I do n't think he could have stood it five minutes longer. Who would have told his mother?"

From this time until I woke in my berth, I lay in a state of profound insensibility. They have since told me that on reaching the ship they thought me gone; but that by chafing my limbs, and employing stringent restoratives they recovered me. I soon

after sunk into a refreshing sleep, and when I w in the morning was perfectly well, though weak

It was quite dark, it appears, when we reached ship, so that if my discovery had come a few min later, it is exceedingly doubtful whether or n could have been saved.

Years have passed since then, and I have rehe my deliverance a hundred times, yet I always der to recall those terrible hours when OVERBO IN THE GULF.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

My native isle! my native isle!

Forever round thy sunny steep
The low waves curl with sparkling foam
And solemn murmurs deep;
While o'er the surging waters blue
The ceaseless breezes throng,
And in the grand old woods awake
An everlasting song.

The sordid strife and petty cares
That crowd the city's street,
The rush, the race, the storm of Life
Upon thee never meet;
But quiet and contented hearts
Their daily tasks fulfill,
And meet with simple hope and trust
The coming good or ill.

The spireless church stands plain and brown
The winding road beside;
The green graves rise in silence near,
With moss-grown tablets wide;
And early on the Sabbath morn,
Along the flowery sod,
Unfettered souls, with humble prayer,
Go up to worship God.

And dearer far than sculptured fane
Is that gray church to me,
For in its shade my mother sleeps,
Beneath the willow-tree;
And often when my heart is raised,
By sermon and by song,
Her friendly smile appears to me
From the seraphic throng.

The sunset glow, the moon-lit stream
Part of my being are;
The fairy flowers that bloom and die,
The skies so clear and far.
The stars that circle Night's dark brow,
The winds and waters free,
Each with a lesson all its own
Are monitors to me.

The systems in their endless march
Eternal truth proclaim;
The flowers God's love from day to day
In gentlest accents name;
The skies for burdened hearts and faint
A code of Faith prepare;
What tempest ever left the heaven
Without a blue spot there?

My native isle! my native isle!
In sunnier climes I've strayed,
But better love thy pebbled beach
And lonely forest glade,
Where low winds stir with fragrant breath
The purple violet's head,
And the star-grass in the early spring
Peeps from the sear leaf's bed.

I would no more of tears and strife
Might on thee ever meet,
But when against the tide of years
This heart has ceased to beat,
Where the green weeping willows bend
I fain would go to rest,
Where waters lave, and winds may sweep
Above my peaceful breast.

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE GREAT MOVEMENTS IN EUROPE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

To marshal you, oh army of the Poor!
The spirits of the Past have back returned—
They who once toiled for you, though crushed and spurned;
Toiled, that while Truth and Freedom evermore
Might guard the olive of the lowliest door:
He, the Great human Type, for whom men yearned,
And longed in prophecy, for you, who mourned:

And they, the martyrs, red at every pore:
The blood-sown Truth of all these mighty dead
Ye have ingarnered, and the fruit appears
Nursed unto giant growth to the full days—
Now, Lebanon is shaken—Isles outspread
Amid the seas are stirred—they who sowed in tears
In gladness now the harvest peasant reaps.

ROCHESTER'S RETURN.

OR THE KING OUTWITTED.

BY JOSEPH A. NUNES.

CHAPTER I.

"We shall see," gentlemen, said King Charles, as he strode with a hasty step across the apartment, "whether my lord of Rochester's presence is as essential to the court and to the amusement of the king, as his vanity induces him to suppose."

"The expression was a thoughtless one," observed the young Count de Grammont, who was present, "and doubtless not intended for your majesty's ears."

"Yet it was made, De Grammont," replied the king, "and, by the soul of St. Paul! he shall be responsible for it. Rochester presumes too much on our clemency, which he has so often experienced, but which he shall have no reason to slight again."

"Be merciful, my liege, for the sake of his wit," said the Duke of Buckingham, with an ill-concealed smile at the king's petulance.

"Better he had none, George," replied the king, "for he knows not how to use it. Odds-fish! he as essential to Charles as Charles to him! We have more wits at court, my lords, than Rochester. There's yourself, Buckingham, and De Grammont, there, and Killegrew, Sedly, and a dozen others who can make a pigmy of this Goliath!"

"But your majesty will limit the period of his disgrace?" asked De Grammont, who was sincerely friendly toward the obnoxious earl.

"We will put this limit to it, and none other," replied Charles. "When Rochester's wit is seductive enough to induce his king, personally, to wait upon him three several times, or to command his presence at court, then he may return, and not before; but come, gentleman, we have other things to attend to this morning without wasting time upon an ingrate."

CHAPTER II.

The wittiest man at the wittiest court in Europe—that of Charles the Second of England—was undoubtedly John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; and innumerable are the anecdotes that have been related of him in connection with his friend and sovereign, Charles. Rochester's wit, however, sometimes resulted in inconvenience to himself, and was occasionally the means of having him banished from the court. This circumstance generally occurred at least once a year, and sometimes oftener, as in seeking amusement for himself and friends, he held nothing sacred. Persons and things alike shared his satire and his wit, and even majesty was not always exempt from the shafts he lavished so freely on all sides.

The dialogue detailed in the last chapter was the result of one of those indiscretions. He had presented Charles to the court in so very ridiculous a

light, that the monarch became highly incensed, and banished him from his presence. Rochester, at the time, happened to be engaged in an intrigue with one of the maids of honor to the Duchess of York, which made this interruption to his avocations the more unpleasant than it otherwise would have been. He bore it, however, with his usual humor, and left the court, declaring that his disgrace could not be of long duration, as he was quite as indispensable to Charles as Charles was necessary to him, and that within two months he would be recalled.

This inconsiderate boast had, as we have seen, been as inconsiderately repeated to the king, and resulted in the monarch's declaration that Rochester should not return to court until his wit had induced him, Charles, either to wait upon him three several times, or to command his presence.

The Count de Grammont took an early opportunity of communicating this resolution to his friend, and though he was himself sanguine in his hopes, and fertile in his invention, he was not a little surprised at the indifferent, not to say facetious, manner of its reception by Rochester.

"I accept his majesty's challenge," exclaimed the wit, laughing; "and by Miss Hobart's wrinkles, and the fair Temple's smiles, I swear, I am now disposed to say that within a single moon our sacred, sapient king shall command the presence of his most melancholy subject; ay, and wait upon him, too."

"Be not too confident, *mon chere ami*," said De Grammont, "for this time, for a wonder, our Charles is serious, and he must work deeply and sharply who outwits him."

"But he shall be outwitted, O, most unbelieving of infidels!" cried Rochester, "if thou wilt only prove true to me."

"Thou hast me as sure as thy blade," replied the count.

"Then within a month," said the earl, "the smiles of Rochester shall once more illuminate the court; and those who sigh in sadness now shall confess that the sun shone not during his absence. Do you but second my projects, and obey my behests, and Charles shall admit that he is no match for Rochester."

"But whither go you now to banishment?" asked De Grammont, as Rochester rose to leave him.

"You shall hear from me anon," replied the earl; "I go to make an actress of my lady's maid, and to study snares for the king."

CHAPTER III.

Rochester left London for a day or two to conceal the traces of his whereabouts; but disguising himself

completely, and assuming the habit of a simple citizen, he soon returned, and selected an ostensible residence, where he intended, for the time, to appear in the character he had adopted.

Chance, in this vagary, had given to Rochester, as a host, a gentleman and a soldier, who had once been an equal and a companion.

A cavalier officer, and one of the most devoted to his king, Colonel Boynton, had fought in almost every battle against the troops of the parliament, and distinguished himself sufficiently in several to attract the royal notice, and to elicit the commendation of his king. With the loss of the royal cause, Colonel Boynton retired, wounded both in person and in fortune, to private life, where, in the society of his wife and infant daughter, he strove to forget the downfall of the unfortunate though guilty Charles, and the ruin of his family.

The triumph of the parliamentary cause still further affected Boynton's fortunes; yet, when some years after he knew that the sons of his royal master were fugitives in a foreign land, and in pecuniary distress, he did not hesitate to impoverish himself in order to minister to their necessities; trusting to Providence and his own exertions for his immediate wants, and to the re-establishment of the monarchy and the royal gratitude for his future fortune.

Colonel Boynton had lived to see the son of the First Charles ascend the throne; but his just expectations, with regard to his own fortune, had not been realized. Too proud to present himself to the royal notice to claim the reward of his services, and the return of his advances, when he thought that gratitude required he should be sought out, he languished, with his daughter, who had now grown up to be a beautiful maiden, neglected and unnoticed in a condition not many degrees removed from absolute want; struggling for the means of existence, and cherishing each hour increased feelings of bitterness against the king and the court.

It was with Colonel Boynton that Rochester now took up his abode, nor was it long before he recognized the heroic soldier of former times; and wild, reckless and dissipated as Rochester was, he could not help deeply sympathizing with the condition of Boynton, and determining to assist in having justice done to him. But from the Colonel himself he met with an impediment he had not expected; for when, in his assumed character, (Rochester did not disclose himself,) he suggested the king's ignorance of his existence and urged him to present himself to the monarch's notice, the old soldier unhesitatingly and indignantly refused, alleging proudly, that it was not for him personally to quicken the king's memory, adding, that if his services could be so easily forgotten, he was satisfied they should forever remain in oblivion.

Notwithstanding this unexpected obstinacy the earl resolved to serve the veteran and his motherless child, and he conceived a plot at the same time, by which he purposed making the colonel's history subservient to his design of outwitting the Merry Monarch.

CHAPTER IV.

A fortnight had hardly elapsed since the retirement of Rochester from court, when the reputation of a German doctor—said to be a wonderful astrologist—began to be generally noised about. He had located himself, on his arrival, in an obscure corner of the city of London, and his practice was at first confined to valets, waiting-maids, and such like persons; but so astounding and veracious had been his disclosures to these, that his fame rapidly reached the upper circles, and aroused the curiosity of the lords and ladies of the court. No sooner had he obtained this run of custom than he became a忙 man, with every prospect of a speedy fortune before him; for the displays of his art, with which he had petrified his more humble patrons, carried no less astonishment amongst the more fashionable ones, who at first affected to disbelieve in it, and who originally sought only to while away the tedium of an idle hour by laughing at the grossness of his impositions. But he had overwhelmed them with consternation by his knowledge, and his information of the intrigues with which they were all more or less connected; he covered them with confusion for themselves, at the same time that they could not withhold their admiration of his skill. He was quickly esteemed a wonderful man, to whom all hidden things were open, and who could decipher the pages of the past and future as readily as he could read the events which were transpiring around him.

Now to pretend that any supernatural powers had been displayed by the learned astrologer, Doctor Herman Von Lieber, (for that was the name under which this tenth wonder suffered himself to be known,) would, perhaps, be going too far; though it was certain that he possessed a knowledge of persons, and of the history of individuals who sought him, that was really startling; and if we consider that the development of personal matters of scandal, which we thought confined to our own breasts, is more apt to astound us than effects which are positively inexplicable and beyond the reach of human knowledge, we will not be surprised at the celebrity which our astrologer suddenly acquired.

All the court was in commotion at his disclosures, and the royal curiosity had been excited.

Late one afternoon the Chevalier de Grammont proposed to the king the idea of disguising themselves and paying a visit to the astrologer, who had created so great a sensation; and the monarch, who was anxious that the time until evening—when he, with the chevalier, had a new adventure to inspire them—should pass rapidly away, consented readily to the suggestion.

At the residence of the astrologer they found all the arrangements of the most singular character. They were met at the door by a couple of Ethiopians, fantastically dressed, who conducted them, without question, through a suit of dim-looking apartments to one which would have been quite dark, had its gloom not been relieved by a few small antique lamps, whose light barely sufficed to disclose the necromantic arrangements of

the room and the untranslatable hieroglyphics around.

After bidding them be seated, one of the blacks approached a strange-looking table, and rang a small silver bell, then lighting another lamp, which in burning dispersed an aroma through the room, he, with his companion, left our adventurers to themselves.

"Odds-fish, De Grammont," exclaimed the king, as the door closed, "the sorcerer knows enough of human nature to commence his tricks by astonishing the outward senses, thereby rendering the conquest of the intellectual man the more simple."

"This looks necromancy, certainly," replied De Grammont, "but let us see further before we confess ourselves bewitched, even by so great an adept."

At this moment a door at the further end of the apartment opened, and a tall, stately, venerable looking man entered. His dress was almost grotesque, but there was a certain dignity about it which redeemed it from being entirely so. It was surmounted by a magnificent robe trimmed with sables and decorated with a variety of unknown orders. Upon his head he wore a richly wrought velvet cap, from beneath which his long silvery hair escaped and reached quite down to his shoulders.

"Men seek me," said the astrologer, (for it was him) "but for two purposes: either to have the past rehearsed to them, or to lift the veil of time and unravel the mysteries of the future. For which of these do you come?"

"Most learned doctor," said Charles, smiling at his companion, "we come for both purposes; but more especially are we here to test that wisdom, the reputation of which has reached the four corners of the earth and filled the most profound with wonder."

"You sneer, my son," observed the doctor, gravely, "but nevertheless your wishes shall be gratified, for even a skeptic may be made a believer. Shall I expound the past to you?"

"First enlighten my incredulous companion as to his fate," replied Charles, "and then I will judge how far you can speak of mine."

"Give me the hour of your birth," said the doctor, turning to De Grammont, "and I will consult the stars in reference to your fortune."

De Grammont did as he was desired, and the astrologer left the apartment. In a few moments he returned.

"You are not what you seem!" he said, seating himself, and addressing De Grammont.

"Pray heaven you prove me no worse," replied De Grammont, laughing; "I am a thriving merchant, though I would fain be a lord or a duke."

"The merchandise you deal in," said the astrologer, "is to be found in the mart of fashion, where frailty, unrebuked, boldly lifts its head by the side of innocence, making the latter undistinguishable. Thou hast naught to do with those wares that make a nation's commerce."

De Grammont laughed as he asked him of his parentage and past fortune.

"You are nobly derived," replied the astrologer: "you have been the companion of kings."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Charles, "thy art discloses naught. Thou wilt surely make me an emperor if my friend is already the companion of kings."

After a few more questions, which were as shrewdly answered by the adept, it became the disguised monarch's turn to learn his fate.

"Yours has been a checkered life," the doctor said, when he had, as before, consulted the stars. "The planets show that you have been beset by as many and as great vicissitudes even as the monarch now seated upon England's throne, and that thou hast profited as little by them."

Charles exchanged a smile with De Grammont, as he said—

"I thought you had a throne reserved for me, though I fear me 'tis in the moon it must be fixed. Prove but your words, however, and thou shalt be my chief favorite."

"That," replied the astrologer, "is too precarious a place for me. They say that Rochester is banished from King Charles's court, and what hope could I have of pleasing if he could be dispensed with? Nevertheless, I'll prove my words."

"Tell me, then, of the present," said Charles.

"I'll tell you of a war, and a concluded treaty of peace, that the world knows not yet of."

"With what nation, most sapient sir?" asked the monarch, laughing.

"With a woman!" replied the doctor. "There is one, who this morning was styled a countess, and, as such, waged war against you; the preliminaries of peace have been signed, and she is now the Duchess of Cleveland, for which concession she has consented to abjure the society of St. Albans' nephew, Jermyn, and to meddle no more with his Majesty's passion for the pretty Stewart!"

"Thou dealest with the devil!" exclaimed the monarch, startled into an awkward admission.

"*I deal with the stars,*" replied the doctor, gravely, "*and they are unerring guides.*"

"Let them speak of the future, then, and perchance I may think so."

"There is a bird a monarch seeks to cage, though the trembler knows him not. This night he hies to her bower in a strange habit, and hopes to win her thence; but let him take heed that more eyes look not on him than the young bird's; she may escape, and he be unmasked."

"Odds my life! my friend, I think thou knowest me," cried Charles, laughing, as he drew a purse from his belt.

"The stars proclaim thee England's king," replied the astrologer, as he bent his knee to the monarch.

Charles satisfied himself by asking a few more questions, then threw the doctor his purse, and, bidding him come to the palace to receive another, he departed.

The doctor reseated himself, and taking off his cap and venerable wig he disclosed the now easily recognized features of the Earl of Rochester.

Rochester indulged in a hearty fit of laughter, as he

muttered to himself,—“Already you have been outwitted once, friend Charles, thanks to De Grammont's aid, and shall be thrice, or Rochester will confess himself a fool, and unworthy to be recalled.”

CHAPTER V.

When Rochester casually stopped, an hour after the king's visit, at the humble residence of Colonel Boynton, he was surprised to find much confusion there. Two rough-looking strangers seemed to have taken possession of the apartment usually occupied by the veteran. The unfortunate old man stood passive, cold, and immoveable, while his pretty daughter Margaret hung round his neck, weeping bitterly, and pleading alternately with him and with the strangers, who—the instruments of a flinty-hearted creditor—seemed quite unmoved by her touching sorrow.

“What is this, my good friend?” asked Rochester, taking the colonel by the hand.

“’Tis nothing,” he replied, with a quivering lip, as he turned his gaze upon his daughter; “I have been deficient in punctuality to an impatient creditor, and he thinks the discipline of a prison may quicken my memory and resources.”

“Out upon him, the hard-hearted knave!” exclaimed Rochester, “he should have his ears slit to teach him better manners.”

“Oh, sir, speak to them!” cried Margaret, pointing to the officers; “they refuse to let me bear my poor father company.”

Rochester took the commitment from one of the men, and glancing at the amount of the debt, proceeded at once to liquidate it from the king's purse.

“Hold, sir!” said Boynton, interposing. “I thank you from my soul for your intentions, but I cannot consent to receive charity from mortal man.”

“I had no thought of charity, my excellent friend,” said Rochester; “’tis only to exchange places with your creditor that I intend, and shall, at your earliest convenience, expect payment at your hands.—Think,” he added in a lower tone, “of this fair girl, and leave not her youth and inexperience exposed to the temptations and corruptions by which she would be surrounded in your absence.”

This argument was too powerful to be resisted. The gallant old colonel shook his friend's offered hand, as he suffered him to pay the debt, and dismiss the myrmidons of the law.

“I say it is no obligation,” Rochester observed, in reply to the veteran's reiterated acknowledgments; “fortune has smiles in store for you yet, nor will they be withheld much longer. I must leave you now, though,” he said, smiling at a passing idea, “for I have this night to superintend the planetary influences, in order to prevent the prognostications of the stars from failing.”

The colonel looked after him as he departed, but without comprehending a word of his astrological remarks.

CHAPTER VI.

In a house remote from the one in which King Charles experienced his last adventure with the pretended astrologer, he sat again, disguised in the address uniform of a naval officer, with his arm encircling the neat waist of a remarkably pretty girl.

She affected to allow this liberty reluctantly, yet there was that in her large black eyes and mischievous loving countenance which contradicted the attempted coyness she at first evinced.

“So, they call thee Margaret?” said the king, as he leaned his face against her curls.

“Yes, Master Stuart.”

“And thou art poor, Margaret?”

“Alas! yes,” she replied, “my father was once a royalist officer, and rich; but the civil wars and his sacrifices for his king left him penniless and friendless.”

“It has been the fate of many besides him,” the monarch observed. “Those same wars were, at one time, the ruin of my own family. But thou, Margaret, shalt be poor no longer. Thou shalt leave this home of penury with me, and I will make thee rich.”

“Nay, sir,” she said, as he attempted to kiss her. “be not so tender with your kindness. I fear already thy sympathy and its motive.”

“Fear nothing from me, pretty one,” said Charles, clasping her closely to him.

“Why are we here alone?” she asked, seeming to realize, and be startled at the idea, for the first time; “where is the friend who introduced you—where is Master Granby?”

“He will be here anon, pretty Margaret,” replied the king, “his own affairs have called him hence for a time. Heed him not, though, my sweet trembler, my Peri of perfection, my Hourii of Paradise! thou art safe with me, and with me thou shalt bid adieu to regions where love will smile upon thee, and gold will pour in perpetual showers in thy lap.”

The monarch became so inexpressibly tender that the maiden, in her own defence, was compelled to scream. After a moment's lapse an approaching step upon the stairs warned the precipitate lover to defer the prosecution of his suit to a more auspicious occasion. He hastened to the door, but, to his astonishment, found it fastened, and on trying the window, that, too, had been externally cared for.

“De Grammont has betrayed me!” he exclaimed, as he drew a concealed pistol from his belt and prepared to confront the coming danger.

His apprehensions, were, however, groundless, for the only person who entered the room was a tall, athletic-looking old woman, in her night dress, wearing a remarkably heavy pair of shoes. She placed her candle upon the table and walked deliberately up to where the young girl was sitting. Seeing her she started back in astonishment.

“Are you here, Margaret?” she exclaimed; “he shrew me, I thought thee asleep two good hours ago, instead of throwing thy company away upon a young man, and a stranger. Away with you, mistress, to

your bed! You are unworthy to be called your father's daughter."

"Nay, good dame, be not so hard with pretty Margaret," said Charles, as he saw the young girl leaving the room with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Out upon thee, sirrah, for a knave!" retorted the old woman; "I'll see directly who thou art, sir jack-a-napes. To thy chamber, Miss, and thank Heaven for thy father's misfortune, which prevented his being here this night."

When the girl had gone, she took up the light, and approaching the king, scrutinized him closely from head to foot.

"Well, mother," he said, as he suffered her to proceed with the examination, "find you aught here to fear?"

She was gazing at the moment at his face, and she started back as she spoke.

"Much, much to fear!" she replied, "for I see here the features of a king! When we find the wolf in the sheepfold we may slay him, but who dare approach the 'lion'!"

The king was filled with amazement at being recognised; but without suffering his surprise to be evident, he endeavored to ridicule the assertion.

"True, dame," he remarked, "they call me the king of good fellows; but as for a lion, the comparison is somewhat strained; it would be more apt with a longer-eared animal, for suffering myself to be trapped thus sillily."

The old woman seized his hand, and after pointing to the royal signet, dropped it.

"Charles Stuart, King of England, thou canst not deceive me!"

"Faith," said the king, laughing, "methinks this is another astrologer in petticoats!"

"And is it to his king," exclaimed the old woman, reproachfully, "that the unfortunate Colonel Boynton is indebted for a base attempt upon his daughter's honor, at the very moment when he himself is the tenant of a prison for having, by his loyalty, impoverished himself! Is this the reward for the blood he has shed, and the honorable wounds he has received in fighting your battles, and for hastening to offer you his last penny in a foreign land, even when his own family was persecuted and destitute at home!"

"Colonel Boynton!" cried Charles, as the old woman concluded; "surely not the brave Boynton who served so nobly at Edge Hill, Naseby, and Worcester, and who came to relieve his royal master's wants when he was a wanderer and an outcast among strangers? This cannot be his child, nor can he be living. They told me years since, when I caused inquiry to be made for him, that he was dead."

"He knew not that his king had ever sought for him," the old woman said; "he thought his services and his sacrifices in the past had been willfully forgotten, and his proud spirit scorned to thrust unpleasant recollections upon you."

"Poor Boynton! poor Boynton!" exclaimed Charles, "this has, indeed, been ingratitude to one of the most deserving and faithful of my subjects."

Said you, my good woman, that he is now in a prison, and for debt?"

"Ay, my good lord."

"There, there!" said Charles, hastily handing her a weighty purse, "see that he is relieved at once—this night, if it be possible—and bid him in the morning wait upon his king, whose greatest regret is that he has not met with him sooner."

"Will your majesty *write* your request for him to come to the palace? he may be somewhat sceptical of your royal solicitude."

"Assuredly," replied the king, as he took up a pen from the table and drew a sheet of paper toward him; "and do you also bear him company."

"Add, then, if your majesty pleases, that you desire the *bearer* also to appear."

The king looked at her an instant, then did as she suggested.

"And now, dame," said he, "relieve me from my durance, and allow me to depart."

She hastily unfastened the door, and the king passed out. "Be sure," said he, as he lingered a moment at the threshold, "that you bring my pretty Margaret with you; her fortunes, too, must be advanced at court."

The old woman, after carefully fastening the door, threw herself into a chair, and gave vent to a hearty burst of laughter.

"There, Nancy, you can come down," exclaimed the familiar voice of Rochester, as the figure of the quondam Margaret appeared again upon the stairs. "Thou art a good girl, and I will make thee a capital actress yet. Old Rowley has again been outwitted!"

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning three strangers—two old men and a young girl—were admitted to the palace of Whitehall, on showing the king's order to that effect, but only one of the men was immediately conducted to the king's presence.

The Count de Grammont, (who had made his peace for his seeming desertion of the previous evening,) Lord Arlington, and Sir Charles Sedly, were with the king when Colonel Boynton was announced.

The old man knelt at the monarch's feet, and taking his hand, kissed it fervently.

"Rise, my gallant old friend, rise!" said Charles, assisting him as he spoke; "it gives us joy to see one so faithful, and so long neglected, once more near our person. Our greatest grief is that so tried a servant, and so brave an officer as Colonel Boynton should have been in adversity and we not know even of his existence; but you shall be cared for, my old friend, and the future shall prove to you that Charles knows how to be grateful to those who have served him when he most needed services."

"Your majesty is over bountiful to one who wronged you by supposing you capable of injustice. For this I crave your royal pardon, and also for another and more heinous offence."

"Thou hast it," replied the king, "even if the offence be treason against yourself."

"It is the offence of having imposed upon my sovereign," exclaimed a voice that made the king start, while Rochester, ridding himself of his disguise, knelt before him.

"By my life, it is Rochester!" cried the king, starting back from the prostrate earl, while every one present, except De Grammont, was filled with amazement at the sudden transformation of Colonel Boynton.

Charles was at first disposed to laugh, but recollecting his outraged dignity, he restrained himself, and addressed his banished courtier in terms of considerable severity.

"This presumption, my Lord Rochester," said he, "ill becomes you; nor can the insult to your king be easily atoned for."

"Pardon me, my liege—" Rochester commenced.

"By what authority," said the king, interrupting him, "have you ventured to intrude yourself upon our presence, contrary to our express commands?"

"Simply by this, my gracious liege," replied the earl, handing the paper he had received the previous evening, and pointing to the word *bearer*.

"That, sir, was given to another, and a worthier person than the Earl of Rochester."

"I might, your majesty," said Rochester, lowering his voice, and approaching nearer to the king, "defend myself from the insinuation, but I am prevented by a powerful reason, for, when we find the wolf in the sheepfold, we may slay him, but who dare approach the lion."

Charles was astonished at hearing the old woman's words repeated, but the fear of his own exposure somewhat mollified his anger.

"So, then, thou wert thyself in masquerade?" he said; "and with whom hast thou dealt to put this cheat upon me?"

"I deal with the stars," replied the earl, as nearly as possible the tone of the astrologer. "and they are unerring guides."

"Odd-fish, my lord," exclaimed Charles, laughing heartily, "and were you the necromancer too?"

"And Colonel Boynton, too, my liege; and all the purpose of inducing your majesty to keep your royal word, which said, 'When Rochester's wife is seductive enough to induce his king, personally, to wait upon him three several times, or to communicate his presence at court, then he may return.'"

"I think, my lords, I have been fairly caught," said the king, smiling, and speaking to those around him, "and to keep my word inviolate, must permit Rochester's return."

"To prove that I am not ungrateful for your majesty's goodness," observed the earl, "I am prepared to produce the objects of your solicitude—Colonel Boynton and his fair daughter—they wait your royal pleasure."

On the introduction of the venerable colonel and the pretty Margaret, the king whispered to Rochester, "Surely, my lord, this is not the girl I saw last night?"

"No, your majesty," replied the earl, "she was a pupil of my own."

Charles, in a few words, satisfied Colonel Boynton that the neglect of his faithful services had been owing entirely to misapprehension. He gave him once a position which secured him against future reverses; nor was it long before his interesting daughter found a husband worthy of her choice.

Rochester's Protean exploits afforded amusement to the court for some time. Charles bore the raillery heard around him philosophically, and good humoredly admitted that he had been completely outwitted.

LOVE THY MOTHER, LITTLE ONE.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly;
Clasp thy little arms around her,
For a holy tie hath bound her—
Bound her close to thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly!

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her earnestly;
Gaze into her eyes, and see there—
All that thou couldst hope to be there—
Warmest love for thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her earnestly!

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her fervently;
By thy couch she kneeleth nightly,
And, with hands enclasped tightly,
Prayeth, love, for thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her fervently!

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly;
Clasp thy little arms around her,
For a holy tie hath bound her—
Bound her close to thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly!

THE EARLY CALLED.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. FRANCES B. M. BROTHERTON.

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest wo
She bore her lofty part;
But, oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony
Thou—only thou shouldst speak. MRS. HEMANS.

As their hearts—their way was one,
And cannot be divided. JOANNA BAILLIE.

A CHILD of seven summers reclined upon a couch. Suffering and disease had so enfeebled his naturally fragile frame, that his thin hand could scarcely sustain a bunch of roses, which his young sister Lillias had culled for him, from his own rose-tree; the tree that it had been his joy and pride to attend to, when in health. He had marked, delighted, the first green leaf that in the spring-time burst from its wintry repose, and very joyously he clapped his little hands when a streak of crimson peered out from the first bud. He dreamed not, amid his happiness, that the Angel of Death should steal around him before its bright hue faded, nor that others should bud and blossom—to wither upon his grave. Even thus it was.

Willie M— was a child of unusual feeling and sensibility, his young face often shadowing forth strange, sad feelings—feelings that seldom exist, save in the heart of maturer years. I have seen him gaze upward to the bright blue sky with delight, as though his childish ken could pierce the clouds, and commune with the intelligences of Heaven; and a flower—a murmuring rill—a boundless flow of water—silvery stars—and gentle winds—failed not to arouse enthusiastic emotions in his young heart, at which many marveled. "None knew him but to love him," and in his walks with "dear papa, sweet mamma, and darling Lillias," many an eye followed him with blessings. "Ah," said an aged one, whom he had cheered with sunny smiles and artless conversation, "few will be the years of Willie M—; he is one of God's angels lent to earth!" and her tears fell at the prophetic thought that even she would live to see his winsome wee face hid beneath the coffin's lid.

A group of young children stood around his bed, gazing with fearful wonder on the change that had been wrought in their loved playmate. He had begged of his mamma to send for them, that he might see them once more; and his large, spiritual eye had looked its welcome on each of that little band. Once he had hunted with them the early violet in the glade and dingle; once the echoes of his voice rang merrily out as they bounded over the greensward in chase of the bright, illusive butterfly—and his heart grew sad as he felt that he should be with them no

more. A little hand was laid caressingly upon his head—it was Cary Lincoln, and as he turned around to look upon her he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Why do you cry, Cary?" said he. "Because mamma says that you are going away to Heaven," she replied, "and I cannot bear to think of it—don't go, Willie, don't go!" and the tears streamed down her young face like rain. It was her first sorrow.

Willie spoke not, but a grieved, yet tender expression rested on his countenance, and his mamma, taking a hand of each within her own, told her that if she were good, if they all were good children, they should go to Willie—although he might not stay with them. She told them of the glorious home to which he was hastening—how happy he would be—never to suffer more—of the white robe—the starry crown and the tiny golden harp that should be his—and how he would be their guardian angel, through day and hush of night, and how joyfully he would welcome each one to his happy home.

That mother's heart was bursting, and yet her absorbing love for her child nerved her to this, and as she told of that clime where "the soul wears its mantle of glory," the little sufferer's eye grew so intensely bright that it seemed unearthly. Visions of Heaven seemed opened to his view, and with a face radiant with delight he clasped his hands, and said, "Dear mamma, let me go now." "We must wait, my child, till God sends his angels for you." "Yes," he murmured, "till the angels come," and sunk exhausted into a slumber. Slowly and quietly the children departed—and when next they looked upon him he was shrouded for the grave. In a few moments he awoke, and as he missed the little faces that had been around him, a sad look rested for a moment upon his face—but in an instant, as his eye rested on his young sister, he smiled feebly, and exclaimed—"They are all gone—yet my sweet Lillias is with me still."

That night the angels kept vigil around his couch, and ere morn arose upon the earth the unsullied spirit was wafted to its native Heaven. Never—never can that night of Death be effaced from the tablets of memory—marked as it was by such holy,

heavenly heroism on the part of that fond and devoted mother. Burning tears were on the father's cheek, and the young Lillias had sobbed herself into a feverish slumber, but until life was over *the mother* sat by the side of her child, breathing sweet, low whispers of the Better Land, so soon to be his home. She faltered not, and although her heart seemed consuming itself, she would still trace, with an eye of faith, new rays of comfort for the dying one. She could not bear to think that his childish heart should shrink from the grave—nor think of it—invested as it is so often—with dread and gloom. Thus she sustained him to the very portals of Heaven, until he needed earthly consolation no more, until the sheltering arms of Him received him, who hath said—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” As peacefully as a child sinks to rest on a mother's bosom, sunk he into Death's embrace.

The agony of the hour, when it is said of a beloved one, “he is dead,” has never—nor can it be justly portrayed. Then it is that Hope plumes her wing and soars afar—then it is the even, the clear eye of Faith seems dimmed. When the truth burst upon the mother's heart that her child was no more—when she felt that her grief had now no power to afflict the childish heart that had idolized her—then did the pent up torrents of agony rush forth, crushing every barrier, and threatening to overwhelm her soul in their mighty depth. Yet was she comforted—the glorious imaginings that she had so faithfully and forcibly portrayed to the dying one had fastened upon her soul—and when the first wild burst of grief was over, she turned from the coffin face to the upper world, as though she would say, “not here—but there.”

Once more a childish group gathered around Willie M—. His eye smiled no welcome, his hand returned no pressure, but as he lay enshrouded in the garments of the grave, methought he was even more lovely than when his face was glowing with life. A smile still wreathed the parted lips, as though the happy spirit had returned to the tenement of clay, breathing of the blessedness of its glorious home. Each imprinted a kiss on the placid brow, and as the icy chill of death met their lips, so full of life and

warmth, the reality of their loss was felt by L. Cary Lincoln lingered until she placed within the little hands a cluster of white rose-buds—“Flower pale flowers”—they were love's last gift.

Now came the hopeless anguish of the last look—the suspension of almost life, as the dear remains lowered to their resting-place—and, worse than the hollow, maddening sound of the falling earth upon the coffin, sealing the doom of the bereaved, making complete their misery. They laid him to rest in the bloom and shade of Mount Auburn, and his grave is a shrine around which those who loved him ever bringing ever with them the offering of gentle thoughts and pleasant memories of him who sleep below. Little hands deck it with garlands, and sweet Cary Lincoln has placed a tuft of early violets on the sacred spot—for, said she, “Willie loved violets so well.”

For months after his death, during the “long bright summer hours,” a child was seen almost daily to visit his grave, lingering when all had gone. It was Lillias—and I thought if the departed spirit were hovering near, how often it would echo those words, “*They are all gone, yet thou, my sweet Lillias, art with me still.*”

One year had elapsed, and a funeral train wound again through Mount Auburn, pausing at the grave of Willie. Lillias was no more. She ceased not to mourn for her brother, and during her last illness spoke of little, save that she should find him in heaven. Once more that angel-mother sat by a dying child, breathing words of holy hope and trust, and her eye grew bright, and her heart was won as she spoke of a joyful reunion in heaven.

“Mamma,” said the child, “we will keep a place for you and dear papa, and will you come soon?”

Years have since passed, but often at the holy twilight hour those gentle children are with me still: and when my rapt soul pierces the azure vault, I seem to see Willie in angel robes, and listen, entranced, to the tones of spirit-melody from his tiny golden harp—a form as radiant as his own is ever near him, and I fancy, as I mark the delighted look that ever greets a seraph strain from the beloved lip, that I hear in sweet tones, “*thou, my sweet Lillias, art with me still.*”

THE CHRISTIAN HERO'S EPITAPH.

SAY, doth the sculptor's ready tool engrave
A mournful stanza o'er a conqueror's grave?
Or bid the willow bend, or cypress twine?
Or doleful tokens to his fame combine?

Then trace no saddening sentence o'er the place
Where rests the victor in a heavenward race;
Meeter the laurel and the trumpet-strain
For one who fought a fadeless crown to gain!

Bring the memorials of a warrior true,
The “sword,” the “helmet,” and the “breast-plate” too;

Write on the marble that by *these* he won,
And bid the gazer do as he hath done!

Write of his faith; how humble, yet how bright,
Diffusing round a clear and heavenly light;
Write of his zeal; how quenchlessly it burned,
How many a wanderer to the skies it turned!

And, mourner, when thou comest with a tear,
Love's costless tribute to remembrance dear,
Bend there thy trembling knee upon the sod,
And lift thy homage to the conqueror's God!

THE LADY OF FERNHEATH.

BY MARY SPENCER PRASE.

CHAPTER I.

ISOLETH.

How shall I describe her? Who ever described the sun, or one of the glorious stars, or the white, witching moon; or who, even the least and simplest of the exquisitely, perfectly fashioned wild-flowers, that grow upon the humblest road-side? If these are indescribable, how much more so, in its highest perfection, is the most beautiful, most perfect of all God's beautiful, perfect creations—woman? Who ever depicted her one half as lovely and loving as she is? Who ever, amid all the wild, rapturous praise that has been so profusely lavished upon her, said one half that is her due for her truth and gentleness and beauty, her untiring devotion, her unwearying patience, her ever unselfish forgetfulness of self, her—, but what has been so many times vainly attempted, I cannot accomplish. How, then, shall I describe thee, beautiful Isoleth? Loveliest, lovingest, glowing, glorious Lady Isoleth! Bright Lady Isoleth!—wild as a hawk, and beautiful as Love. Thy every motion was grace, thine every look was truth. Bewitching little Isoleth! Her form was as lithe and flexible as a willow bough, and light and graceful as a young fawn's. Her queenly little head sat most proudly upon the daintiest, softest, whitest neck and bosom you ever saw. Two deep wells of light and love were her eyes, revealing every feeling of her beautiful soul. When she was sad, they looked out, half shut, through their long shining lashes, dewy, dark and tender; and when her mood grew merry, they danced in very joy. None yet agreed on their color. One would have sworn they were the softest, warmest brown—he saw them only when they were looking love, and he was—but of him anon. Another would have told you they were pure, clear blue—but he was the Lady Isoleth's confessor, with her when her thoughts dwelt upon things holy. By turns were they violet and gray, and all imaginable colors, in fact, except, indeed, green, or any other such unrighteous shade that eyes sometimes take upon themselves. Then her little, ripe, tempting mouth—ah! was it not just the mouth one loves to kiss? small, dimpled, with soft, rose-red lips; and tremulous ever—trembling with the love and gladness that filled her young heart. Most beautiful was the Lady Isoleth of Fernheath.

CHAPTER II.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

"My lady!" exclaimed a bustling, good-natured little old body, entering the room, which Wilhelm Gottfried, Baron of Arnhiem—the Lady Isoleth's uncle and guardian—ever pleased himself with calling

the Lady Isoleth's menagerie, because, forsooth, the little lady delighted herself with feeding and taming countless birds that had been brought from all the known quarters of the globe. "My lady," spoke she, "do you know that this is your ladyship's birthday, that you this day have arrived at an age which behooves you to put away childish things, and take upon yourself the cares that belong—"

"You wise, dear little nurse! don't put on so much of the awful; don't talk of care, you make me shiver at the bare idea.

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I:
In the cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back do I fly,
After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily!"

And thus merrily sung the little airy Ariel, dancing around the room, scarce touching the floor as she sung.

"Bless her light, little, happy heart! What a sin that love must come, and with love, the self-loving, proud husband, that will bend that bright will to his own; and then old age, and care, sure enough, and wrinkles—and then that light, fairy-bounding step will be slow and leaden, and that—alas! alas! that such perfect beauty—!"

"What is that you are muttering about, nurse dear? You must not let me see one sad look to-day, for am I not this day sixteen—bright, merry sixteen!"

"Yes, my dear lady, sixteen to-day—sixteen to-day;" and the little dame, recovered from her momentary sadness, gave her lady a mysterious, quizzical look, as she once more repeated, "sixteen to-day!"

"Well, dear nurse, what would you have me do, or what shall I leave off from doing, now that I have grown so exceedingly old?" asked Isoleth, smiling that precious smile of hers—ten thousand dimples danced around it—ten thousand loves nestled in each dimple.

"Sixteen to-day!" replied the queer little old body, with what she meant for a very significant look. "Your guardian, the noble Baron of Arnhiem, comes this day—"

"As he does every year to see me, dear nurse, staying several weeks, sometimes months, with me."

"He comes not alone this year, my sweet lady," added the little woman, looking still more significantly.

"I suppose we shall have my dear prim old maiden aunt of Hansfeldt, with her snuff and lap-dogs, or is it my dear, sweet, beautiful cousins Blumine and Alida? Tell me, nurse, if they are coming. You shake your head. I guess, then, my proud uncle and aunt of Allwrath, and my aristocratic cousins, their haughty sons and daughters?"

"None of them, sweet lady—that is, just yet."

"My beautiful, loving cousin, Alice of Bernstorf, who has been living these six years alone and lonely in her castle with only her younger son and daughters. Is she or any of hers coming here again? And when will my cousins of Bernstorf return from those hideous wars? I have not seen them for so many years I should not know them."

"Now, dear lady, you are approaching nearer the fire, as the children say in the play."

"You dear, queer little old nurse, don't look so mystical and mystified, my circle of acquaintance, by reason of my father's will, is not so very extensive but that the roll might soon be gone through with. Come, unfold thy important, mysterious budget—who is it?"

"Who should it be, dear lady, but your noble cousin, Ferdinand, Prince of Bernstorf! My lady, there is a clause in your father's will, that you were not to know until your sixteenth birth-day, revealing a compact between your noble father and your Cousin Ferdinand, the reigning Duke of Bernstorf, that gave you as bride to your cousin, Prince Ferdinand of Bernstorf. There, now, my lady, 't is out. The secret has half-choked me these twelve years."

"Very kind and considerate in my father; but his child does not choose to become the bride of any one just yet, least of all of one old enough to be her grandfather."

"Old!" exclaimed the dame, throwing back her hands in amazement, "Old! why, my dear lady, he is a mere boy; he will be but twenty-eight—"

"Twenty-eight! and I sixteen! why they would have me marry my grandfather." And the little lady threw back her head, and with it its world of soft brown curls, and laughed in very glee.

"He will be but twenty-eight, two—no, three days after this coming Christmas. But, dear lady, do leave these screaming, noisy jack-daws and mack-daws, and come and let me dress you in the beautiful new court-dress your guardian sent you this morning."

"You naughty nurse! to abuse my beautiful birds. I have only one jack-daw, and these are my pretty West Indian macaws, *not* mackdaws, wise nurse. And those are my bright-eyed canaries, and that is—but you will not remember their names, although I have told them to you so often."

"I see some are blue, and some bright red, and I know that little Jenny, who helps you take care of them, loves them as well as you do. But will you not come now and try on your splendid dress? I would have you look your best and prettiest when your cousin comes."

"I know I shall not like him, and if I do not, my guardian will not force me to marry him."

"But your father's will—"

"I will not think of that now, nor will I dress, dear nurse. I will go ride my pony, and gather some of those wild-flowers my guardian loves so well." And away flew the bright, happy little maiden; she herself, of all the glad, sweet wild-flowers that grew among the shades of Fernheath,

the gladdest, sweetest, merriest and wildest; and the one of all the rest her guardian uncle loved the best.

Little Dame Hildreth, while she flew about preparing for the reception of Baron Arnheim and the prince, could not help sadly bemoaning the strange perversity of her young lady, in preferring birds and wild-flowers and ponies to court-dresses and husbands.

The Lady Isoleth soon forgot that she had arrived at the advanced age of sixteen, and that she had to put away childish things, and all about her father's will, and the awful prince. She rode her pony through the wood down to the sea; then ran a race with him upon the beach—the pony playing allowing his mistress to win. She climbed the highest rocks in search of wild-flowers, and wove the sweet flowers into garlands; at length, recollecting how long she had been gone from home, she mounted her pony and galloped on toward the castle, her head wreathed with holly, and her arms full of flowers. As she entered the avenue there stood her impatient nurse awaiting her.

"My dear, darling young lady, what an age you have been away. We have all been watching—"

"Has he come?"

"Who, the prince?"

"My dear uncle—has he come?"

"Yes, my dearest lady. They both came, Prince Ferdinand and your guardian, soon after you left, and have been here for three long mortal hours waiting for you very anxiously. The prince looks very noble and handsome, and is dressed most magnificently. You must not be disappointed though, dearest lady, for he is somewhat changed."

"Changed! How changed, dear nurse? I have not seen him these six or seven years, ever since you remember the time, he and my cousin duke, his father, with so many others, went to fight those horrid Turks."

"He looks older, much older than he did—though, must be—yes, it must be on account—"

"Older! why you simple, queer little nurse, he is older. Why should he not look—I expect to see him look half as old as Methuselah at least. How shockingly old one must feel if they live to be twenty-eight."

"Yes, he *does* seem older than I expected to see him—though, to be sure, he has been, for the last seven years engaged in the wars; yes, that must be it. Nothing makes one grow old so fast as fighting. But, dear lady, come, now, and dress, there's a darling. You will have just about time enough before dinner. But where is your bonnet?"

"Up in the branch of a tree, nurse dear. It will make some bird a delightful nest next spring. I lost it getting this curious white flower. Look at it. It grew in an almost inaccessible spot upon the cliff by the sea."

"You are a dear little kid clambering among those ugly rocks. Let me take some of your flowers, your bundle is nearly as big as yourself. The saints preserve us! if there are not your uncle guardian

and the prince! And you in such a tattered plight. For the love of Heaven, dear lady, come in here among these bushes until—"

But the little dame had to finish her speech to the winds, for the impulsive Isoleth had sprung from her pony, and was clasped in her guardian uncle's embrace before her nurse was half through beseeching her to hide.

"Why, my dear child, have you turned gipsy? You are as ragged as one, and are as brown as a berry. But I can see through your long, thick curls that the last year has improved you most wonderfully. Let me introduce you to your cousin, Ferdinand of Bernstorff."

Isoleth looked up and beheld—gracious me! He was every day as old as her guardian, and positively had gray hairs. She was sure she saw white hairs among his black curls. She could give him only one glance, for his dark, handsome eyes were fastened searchingly upon her. Her eyes fell beneath his admiring gaze, and fell upon her torn muslin dress—the rocks and briars had paid no respect to it—rather *had* paid their best respects to it; and, without vouchsafing a word in reply to her uncle or handsome cousin, she sprung, light as a fawn, into her saddle, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

"What say you, Cousin of Bernstorff, to such a bride as that for the proposed alliance—a wild one, is it not?"

"I like her exceedingly. By the holy mass! but she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw. We will take her to court, she will bewitch us all, old and young. By my faith, but she is—"

"Yes, yes, she *is*," replied the baron, smiling at Ferdinand's earnestness. I thought she would surprise you. I cannot conceive of any thing one-half so beautiful as she."

"Beautiful! you surprise me! Bless my soul! she is radiant with beauty, and she is the greatest surprise I ever had in my life. We will electrify the whole court with surprise and delight at her wondrous grace and beauty, and—"

"All in good time, noble cousin. You recollect her father's will—that she should remain at Fernheath, neither going from here, nor receiving much company, save her own kinsfolk, until after her marriage with your noble—"

"Yes, yes, I have not forgotten the will. 'So was it nominated in the bond.' It delights me most exceedingly that she is so marvelously beautiful. St. Jerome! but I feel already that I love her as dearly as though she were my own—"

"Good gracious, cousin! You always had a spice of enthusiasm that is delightful and refreshing to me." And the baron laughed right heartily because he was delighted—and the laugh seemed to refresh him. "After all," continued he, as soon as the corners of his mouth had come within speaking distance of each other, "after all, she is but an untrained country girl; she—"

"Nature, and her own beautiful soul, have given her all the training she needs. Her wild, unconstrained life, has developed her as no court or city

life could. That I can see, seeing her as little as I have."

"You think just as I do, dear cousin. My brother's will was a wise one, that kept her thus from the deadening conventionalities of a court life."

"By my soul! how exceedingly lovely she is. She surpasses all my expectations. I recollect her as a little fairy thing of eight or ten. I have not seen her until now—"

"Since just before this last war, full seven years ago."

If Ferdinand of Bernstorff thought the little tattered gypsy Isoleth so inconceivably lovely, his eyes were half blinded with the radiant beauty of the young Countess of Fernheath, as she entered the dining-hall, clad in the shining court-robe her guardian had sent her. Her cousin's dark eyes were fastened upon her with a look of passionate admiration, that caused the bright blood to burn on her face and bosom. Nor did those handsome black eyes scarce leave her during the whole long dinner. As soon as she could release herself she hastened to her only confidante, Dame Hildreth.

She found the little dame kneeling upon the floor, busily engaged in unpacking boxes, while the floor was literally alive with silks, and satins, and laces, and woman's finery.

"See here, my lady—and here—and there! Look what your uncle guardian of Arnheim has provided for your approaching nuptials! And, dear lady, do but look here," and the eager, proud little dame opened a casket of beautiful pearls—necklace, girdle, coronet, brooch and armlets. This noble present comes from the father of your betrothed. It is to be followed by a still more beautiful set of diamonds."

"These pearls may deck my burial instead of my bridal, for I never will live to wed with *him* below."

"Why, my sweetest lady!" exclaimed nurse Hildreth, glancing up in surprise at her young mistress's flushed and excited face. "For the love of Heaven, do not talk in that way! What objection can you possibly have to such a noble, handsome, princely prince? He is the oldest son and heir to—"

"Oldest, indeed! He is old enough to be my father's father."

"Mercy on us! Lady Isoleth, you talk wild. I will wager my life he is only twenty-eight, three days after this coming Christmas. He has been in the wars, you know—and war is no gentle nurse. Exposure in the wars has caused him to appear somewhat older than he is. You know, dearest lady, that war—"

"But he is gray—"

"Exposure in the wars—"

"And wrinkled—"

"Exposure in the wars—"

"But there is that about him I never could love, were he as young as—I never can love him—I hate him, and I will not wed him."

"But, my dear, dear, dearest young lady, what *will* you do?" The thought never entering her head that the Lady Isoleth could do any thing but submit

to the will of others; for woman in those times was sought and given in marriage without often consulting her own inclination.

What will I do, dear nurse? Why I will fall on my knees at the feet of my beloved guardian and plead with him. He never refused me any thing; and I know he will grant—"

"But your father's will, dearest lady—"

"Shall be put aside, where his daughter's happiness is at stake."

"Would it may be as you wish, sweetest lady. But I fear. Still he is a right noble prince, and will make a right noble husband."

"Not for me."

CHAPTER III.

THE SURPRISE.

In the saddest of sad moods the Lady Isoleth betook herself to her favorite retreat among the rocks, and there within her own little vine-covered bower, was—not a bird, nor a squirrel, nor her tame deer—but a man! young and wondrously handsome; with a broad, pale, noble brow, and a host of jet-black curls shading it. There was something in his clear, dark eye, so still and serene as it gazed beyond this world, and something in the expression of his fine, manly face, so tender, so almost sad, that made her forget to be afraid of him. She approached him gently, and asked him in a soft voice,

"What are thy meditations, beautiful stranger?"

"I was dreaming of thee!" uttered he, awaking from his reverie, and fixing his dark, earnest eyes full upon the glowing form before him. His glance, so full of passion, so full of tenderness, so fervent, went to her heart and woke it up—that precious little heart that had been sleeping for sixteen long years.

"Of me! How can that be?" asked Isoleth, with a deep blush. "Dost thou know me? Dost thou—"

"One like thee, most beautiful being!"

"One like me—just like me? How strange! What is her name?"

"Whatever is thy name, loveliest, most lovely lady, is hers."

"My name is Isoleth," replied she, with a low voice, and a deep blush.

"Art thou the Lady Isoleth of Fernheath? Art thou? Stupid! that I did not see sooner that thou art! Yes, thou art! And I am happy, most happy, most inconceivably happy that thou art! Ah!" continued he, in a tone of the most rapturous delight, "that my dream and my bride should prove to be one and the same. I am most inexpressibly joyful!"—and the large tears fell from his eyes like summer rain—"most unutterably—and thou, wilt thou love me, and be mine, my glorious, sweetest, loveliest cousin—my most, most beautiful bride!"

"Thy cousin! thy bride! Alas! alas! thy cousin I may be, but thy bride—! They are going to marry me up there at the castle to an old, ugly, cross prince; he is there now, and you cannot know how much I hate him. I will die—"

"The devil they are! Forgive me, sweetest,

it is a foolish way we are of speaking in camps. But, loveliest, do not talk of dying, let the old and the ugly die, but thou—Ferdinand, tell me who this ugly, old, cross prince is, they shall not marry you to any such."

"Why he is not so very ugly—and I do not exactly know that he is cross; but then he is old, very old—yes, very old and very disagreeable—and I never can love him."

"Nor shalt thou—his name, most beautiful!"

"Ferdinand, Prince of Bernstorff."

"Ferdinand, prince of ten thousand devils! beseech of thee to forgive me once again, sweetest cousin; but thou dost petrify me. Ferdinand, Prince of — Ah! it must be—yes, yes, it must be so."

"What must be? Thou speakest in riddles, stranger cousin."

"And thou lovest him not, nor dost thou wed him?" asked the stranger, an almost mocking smile just curling his handsome mouth.

"No, no, never—never!"

"Nor shalt thou ever!" exclaimed he, his manner changing to one of serious earnestness. Nor shalt thou ever, dearest, most beautiful—for I will prevent it, I—"

"Thou? Alas! alas! I have been betrothed to him ever since I was an infant. How could my dear father—"

"Dearest cousin, trust to me—wilt thou not? And, dearest, sweetest cousin, love me, and be my beautiful wife. Nay, shake not thy loveliest head. Have I been too hasty in urging my love? I have known thee, and loved thee, for so many years; thou hast, thy beautiful spirit has ever, night and day, been near me, the light of my life; but I have frightened thee by my impetuosity—and thou canst never love me? But, no, thy beautiful eyes look tenderly upon me; and thou wouldst not let me hold this little soft, warm hand, and imprison it within mine, if thou didst hate me. I do not lightly ask that precious boon, thy love. Believe me, it is as I say," continued he, earnestly bending upon her his deep, dark, eloquent eyes—eyes that made her little heart thrill to its very core. "It is as I tell thee, thou hast been my dream by day and by night. See here," and he drew from his bosom a small miniature, and handed it to her—the exact image of—herself. "And now I will tell thee what I never before told mortal being. Just three years ago, after a fatiguing day's fight, I lay in my tent, awake; and thou didst come to me, just as thou now dost appear—a vision of light and purity and glorious loveliness. Whether it was a dream or not, or a trance, I know not; but never since has that radiant vision left me. Thou didst lay thy little soft, white hand upon my fevered brow, and I heard most distinctly, as thy sweet face bent over me, these words: 'Do not love other than me, for I alone, on earth, am destined for thee.' From my earliest boyhood have I loved to use the pencil; and on the next morning I tried, and succeeded in conveying to this bit of ivory the image of that most, most beautiful vision; and I have worn it upon my heart ever since, where I would the

loved, deeply, dearly loved and beautiful original might ever be. From then till now have I worn next to my heart that semblance of my nightly, daily dream; but never until now have I been blessed in seeing my dream, living, breathing before me."

How that young heart throbbed and bounded, almost suffocating its loving, lovely owner with the intensity of its joyous emotion, as the earnest tones of that low, passionate voice fell, word by word, into its inmost centre, as the glance of those deeply, deeply loving eyes awoke it to life and love. Her hand lay within his, and by little he drew her more and more closely and warmly to his heart, and by little her head gradually sunk upon his manly breast, her eyes looked up tenderly and trustingly into his and drank in his passionate gaze, as though it were her life. Time flew by them unheeded, each pouring out joy and life into the heart of the other. Their very being melting and mingling each into the other, until each felt that their two lives were one. Nor did he sully those pure, exquisite lips, with one earthly kiss. His soul kissed hers, and her own vibrated to his in trembling unison.

Such moments of intense soul-rapture do not often occur to many of us on earth, for perfect love seeks perfect fulfillment; and in the perfect fulfillment of love is too often the satiety that deadens its finest, most spiritual impulses.

The castle gong sounded, booming heavily through the trees. Isoleth started to her feet like a frightened doe.

"I must go," exclaimed she, "my guardian—"

"Stay one moment, sweetest, I have something to tell thee, that thou must hear."

"I have staid too long already," interrupted she, hastily, "my guardian will be sending out for me—it is already growing dark. Fare thee well;" and she gave him a farewell with her soft, brown eyes that never left his heart—so full of unconscious love was it.

"You will meet me here again to-morrow morning? Promise me at least so much, dearest beloved."

"Yes, yes," and with another glance from her soft, bright eyes, she glided out of his sight.

CHAPTER IV.

SUSPENSE.

"I am glad to see thee safely at home, my dear child. Where hast thou been? Thou knowest I hate to have thee rambling about the castle-grounds after night-fall. I have already sent out to seek thee, and was on the point of going in search of thee myself. But, dear child, if walking at any time will bring thee home with such a radiant, glowing color, I shall not quarrel with the cause or hour. Thou art looking as bright and as happy and beautiful as I hope always to see thee look."

"I was afraid, dear uncle," replied Isoleth, blushing still more deeply, and casting her conscious, love-full eyes to the ground, "I was afraid thou wouldst begin to be uneasy about me, and I hastened—I have no one, dearest uncle, when thou art away, to take such good care of me. I go wandering about among

my favorite haunts at my own good will and pleasure, night or day, as it happens."

"The time is coming, eh! sweet Isoleth, when thou wilt have to consult another will save thine own," said the baron, patting her fondly on her soft, white neck.

Ferdinand laughed, and looked very impressed and impressive, and gazed her out of countenance with assured, admiring eyes, as he answered for her,

"Yes, yes, we are waiting only for the goodly company that are to witness the approaching nuptials. Is it not so, fairest lady?"

"The hideous being!" thought Isoleth, without vouchsafing an audible reply. "Is this the one with whom I am to spend my days—but no, it shall not be."

She did the honors of the supper-table with a suffocating throat, with a proud rebellious heart, full of love for one she felt she ought not to love, and full of hate for another that she knew she ought to love. She was absent in spite of herself, and did all manner of queer things that people do, who, for a time, take leave of absence of themselves—answering yes, for no—and no, for yes—attempting to bite a piece out of her little porcelain cup-plate, instead of the cook's snowy cake; pouring her guardian's cup up with cream instead of coffee, and sweetening it with salt instead of sugar. Many other little pleasantries of like nature did she perform, very much to the amusement of her guardian and the hated Ferdinand. The latter made himself exceedingly merry at her expense, at the same time showing her every attention and gallantry that he, finished courtier, could devise. Isoleth felt at length completely worried and tired to death, as though she could not for one moment longer, endure the torture of her heart's conflicting emotion.

"You look pale and tired, my beloved child," said her guardian, tenderly taking her little cold, white hand within his. All your beautiful color is gone. I fear that after all your walk, or the excitement, has been too much for you. You had best retire for the night. Shall I ring for Dame Hildreth, or some of your maidens?"

"No, dear uncle, with your permission, I will seek those I wish," answered Isoleth, only too glad to escape from the hated presence into the calm stillness of her own room.

She found the good little dame awaiting her; and to her compassionate ear she poured forth the sorrow and joy of her young heart. The kind-hearted little woman sympathized cordially with her precious foster-child, wishing over and over again that some benevolent fairy would change the beautiful stranger cousin with the hateful old Prince Ferdinand—she had to acknowledge that he did look old—until after the happy wedding was over. "And then how blank and black the prince would look, and how astonished we all would be to find you had married the handsome young man instead of the grumpy old one."

"Now leave me, good nurse, I would be alone. I will entreat my dear uncle on the morrow to

release me from this dreaded alliance. He never yet refused a request of mine."

Isoeth quieted herself in the belief that her beloved guardian would certainly grant her petition as soon as she made it known to him. In child-like confidence, therefore, he sunk to her happy sleep, with a pair of dark, loving eyes hovering over her and mingling with her dreams. And never eyes gazed on more gentle sleep or lovely sleeper.

CHAPTER V.

THE APPEAL.

With a buoyant step and a sparkling eye the Lady Isoeth sought her guardian early the next morning. He was deeply immersed in papers and parchments, while huge, formidable-looking books were piled high around him. He nevertheless welcomed his sweet niece with a sudden clearing off of his thought-lined brow, and a fond affectionate smile.

"Forgive me, dearest uncle, if I have disturbed thy studies; but I would see thee alone, and I feared this might be the only opportunity, as the carriages containing our kinsfolk are even now expected; so nurse Hildreth informed me."

"What would my pet bird have that she seeks her uncle thus early?"

"A boon that you must grant, dearest uncle, for upon it depends my heart's happiness now and forever."

"Name it, my darling Isy—what wouldst thou have, little enthusiast?"

"Release from one I never can love. Oh! my dearest uncle," continued she, fondly twining her soft, white arms around his neck, and lovingly kissing his time-worn brow, "do, for Heaven's sweet love, tell me at once that need not wed him, for I never can love him—never never!"

"Bless her little heart, what is the child raving about? Whom dost thou mean dear baby, by him?"

"Who should mean, dearest uncle, but my cousin, this Prince Ferdinand. I need not be his wife. I—"

"Thy cousin Prince Ferdinand!"

"I hate him—I abhor him—I utterly detest him! I never can love him! I never will be his wife! I never—"

"Hold, hold! not so fast; why thou romantic little recluse! thou hast lived alone too much by half. Thy little head is brim full of fancies. Thy tongue is running wild. Thou *hatest* him! Why what wouldst thou have better? Is he not all a woman could desire? Is he not young and—"

"Young!"

"And handsome, and—"

"Handsome!"

"And is he not a prince? And is he not heir to a powerful, wealthy ducal throne? And will he not take thee to court—the gay, beautiful court; and wilt thou not reign there a queen—a queen of beauty and joy and light—and ere long queen of the throne?"

"All that does not dazzle me, dearest uncle—for what are thrones and splendor where love is not?

Oh! dear, dearest uncle, do not press this ~~hate~~ match upon me. Do not doom me to eternal sorrow. Do not—"

"Hoity, toity! Why thou dost talk just as they do in those silly romances. I wager thy head is full of them. Thou hast had bad teachers, child, permit thee to fill thy poor little brain with ~~sex~~ trash instead of useful knowledge. Or is it," said he, fixing his gray eyes searchingly upon her, "is it that thou hast met some sighing Adonis in the woods? Ha! thou dost blush—have a care, child. There, thou needest not tremble, I will not seek to know thy secret, if secret thou hast. This much, however, know for a certainty, that Prince Ferdinand is destined to be thy—"

"Dearest uncle!" exclaimed the little lady, her beautiful eyes filling with tears, "thou shalt know all—all I have to tell, if thou wilt but deliver me from this—"

"Have done with this folly, Lady Isoeth," said his cold gray eyes sternly regarded her. "It was thy dead father's will that thou shouldst marry my cousin, Prince Ferdinand of Bernstorf; and thy father's will must and shall be obeyed."

"Folly!" Lady Isoeth must and shall! He never before now spoke one unkind word to her. And the weeping Isoeth went with a breaking heart and shut herself in her own room, alone, and locking herself in, she gave unrestrained vent to her passionate grief.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST APPEAL.

"I will seek him—yes, he will not refuse my prayer. I will tell him I hate him. He will be only too glad to release me when he knows the depth of hatred I bear him. I will go this moment, for ~~gone~~ will all my gay cousins be here, and then will begin horrid betrothal ceremony—but I will not think of that—"

"Ha! my shy, beautiful cousin, Lady Isoeth." Ferdinand was in the library amusing himself with books and prints. "See here, beautiful cousin, I have found a book of rare merit, and beautifully illuminated. I suppose, though," continued he with a quizzical look "that all the books here and their manifold contents are familiar to thy bright eyes—is it not so?"

"Not exactly *all*," replied Isoeth, smiling in spite of her sorrow as she glanced at the endless rows of huge leather-bound tomes, that had not even had the cobwebs dusted from them for a century at least.

"Wilt thou not deign to look over this precious book with me, most beautiful lady? Thy sharp wit may help my slow faculties to comprehend its quaint poetry, and thy glorious eyes will love its finely executed prints."

"I came not to disturb thy meditations," replied she, shrinking from his approaching steps. I came to crave a boon from thee."

"It is granted thee, fairest lady, even before thou dost utter it. But what is it, the most beautiful, most

lovely of her beautiful, lovely sex would ask? Be it even unto the half of my kingdom—"

"It is not the half of thy kingdom, but the whole of it, together with thy kingdom's lord, that I would be freed from."

"Thou art pleased to be facetious, most charming Lady Isoleth. Pray explain thyself, that my dull understanding may comprehend thy meaning."

"Ferdinand, Prince of Bernstorf—"

"Yes—"

"Is one that I never, never can love—one that I had rather should see me in the grave ere he shall call me wife."

"Ha! well, loveliest cousin, that is plain, and easy to be understood even by the slowest comprehension. Thou hatest him, dost thou?"

"Most cordially."

"My son thanks thee, fair cousin—and I also, in his name."

"Thy son!"

"Ay, and here he is to thank thee himself. How now, scapegrace! Thou art tardy in paying thy respects to this beautiful, noble lady. Thou shouldst have been here days ago. Even now thy fair cousin was on the point of refusing thee. I tell thee, lad, thou 'lt never find a fairer. Courting was not done in this slipshod way when I was a boy."

All this while Isoleth was gazing in mute astonishment upon—yes, she was not mistaken—he was the very one—the very most beautiful being to whom she had given, only the night before, her precious little heart. And those dark, earnest eyes were passionately regarding her, drinking in rapturously her glowing beauty, until her eyes, abashed, sought the floor, unable to bear the light of those intensely loving ones.

"Then thou'rt the Duke of Bernstorf, my father's cousin?" suddenly asked she, of Ferdinand the elder.

"Who else, fairest cousin? Ha! thou didst then think—" a sudden light seemed to break through the chambers of his brain. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed he, "Thou thoughtest that I was the one. I could not wish a fairer, more beautiful bride than thou; but—ha! ha! ha! I have one goodly wife already, who is to be here this very day; and, between you and I, one is more than I can manage, although she is one of the best of her perfect, bewitching sex. Still—So, that was the reason thou wert so shy of me, sweet flower." And the father, Ferdinand, threw himself back in his chair, and gave way to the most uncontrollable bursts of laughter; while Ferdinand, the son, had taken the soft, lily-white hand of his lovely betrothed, and was talking to her in words from his heart's heart.

"I should have told thee all this last evening if thou couldst have waited but one instant longer. I was to have accompanied my father and thy guardian here; but I dreaded so much to see my affianced bride—not dreaming until last evening that my beloved and betrothed were one and the same—that my

beautiful dream was a more beautiful reality. If I had come and found the young Countess of Fernheath one that I could not have loved, I should certainly have moved earth and heaven but that I would have had the contract, made by our goodly sires, annulled—or I would have drowned or shot myself. Do n't shudder, sweetest, I shall do neither now, unless I am shot by the lightning of your bright eyes, and drowned in the bliss—but, dearest, I love you too dearly to speak nonsense to thee—even love nonsense. Strange, was it not, darling, that I should not have recognized you? It has been many a long year since I saw you a little rosy, romping, fairy thing of only a few bright summers. We have had troublous times since then; war and bloodshed that would—"

"Pardon me, most beautiful cousin, my long laughter hath been rude; but, indeed, thy mistake was most droll. There, sweet cousin, I have done! Thy blushes, however, are exceedingly becoming thy fair face. So thou and my goodly son hast met before—is it not so? And he is not the laggard in love I unjustly deemed him. And now I suppose the best thing for me to do is to take myself off to another world, and resign my kingdom and crown in this for one in the—however, we will arrange all that after the wedding. Let us, meantime, enjoy the present. Ah! here comes thy good uncle with a cloudy brow; something has gone wrong with him—we must have no gloom to-day. And here also comes thundering down the avenue all the goodly old carriages containing our expected kinsfolk."

And here also comes,

CHAPTER THE LAST,

Which I know will delight you, dearest reader, as it containeth the wedding; but most especially will it delight you because it is the last. The wedding was of course a splendid one, and better still, a joyous one. Little Dame Hildreth would let no one but herself fasten so much as a bridal ornament on her beautiful young foster-child. It would be hard saying which moved fastest on the important day, her hands or her tongue.

"Just to think!" exclaimed she, as she clasped those same pearls, that had once been cast aside in scorn, upon her darling—and pure and lovely they shone among her soft, brown curls, and on her snow-white arms and neck, and around her lithe and slender waist—"to think that I could have mistaken Ferdinand, the reigning Duke of Bernstorf, for Ferdinand, the Prince. Really, though, my lady, to look at them, one does not see much difference in their appearance—they are both so handsome and grand-looking. Oh, yes! you see a vast odds in their looks—that's natural! These old eyes, I suppose, are growing dim—but they are bright enough to see that thou art the dearest, loveliest, most beautiful bride that ever the sun shone upon."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

WRITTEN WHILE THE WAR WAS PENDING.

BY M. E. THROPP.

PRIDE of the South, thy glittering spires
Point to the arching sky,
While tower and palace proudly rear
Their stately forms on high;
Thy spacious squares spread far and wide
Along the valley green,
And bright above thy hundred fanes
An hundred crosses gleam.

Bland, spring-like breezes, brilliant skies,
Birds of gay song and plume,
Cool sparkling fountains, wide shaded walks,
Trees, of eternal bloom,
Bright glowing flowers, as fresh and pure
As infant's rosy mouth,
Rare, tempting fruits—all—are thine,
Sweet City of the South.

Around thee lime and citron bowers
In peaceful beauty rest,
While orange groves stretch far away
To blue Tezcuco's breast;
Beyond thee giant bulwarks stand,
Cordillera's mountain line,
And lift along thine azure sky
Their silver crests sublime.

Ah! thou hast beauty, Southern Queen,
And thou hadst wealth and power;
But wealth and beauty proved to thee
"A darkly glorious dower."
Iberia on her rocky heights
Beheld thee from afar,
And rolled o'er all thy subject clime
The lurid tide of war.

On thee the mighty torrent burst,
And with resistless sway
Bore from thy desperate, struggling sons
Their gods, their kings away.
Then followed weary, weary years,
Such as the conquered know,
When brave hearts bleed and faint ones break
Beneath their weight of woe.

Iberia's brood with iron sway
Kept down thy fallen ones,
And bonds and stripes were freely doled
To thy degraded sons;
Then spear and lance were left to rust
Along thy bannered walls,
Thine eagle drooped and strangers dwelt
In "Montezuma's halls."

Oppression's long dark night of pain
At length wore slowly on,
And, radiant 'mid receding gloom,
Hope heralded the dawn.

Day broke, and Freedom's glorious sun
Uprose o'er thine and thee,
While thy clear bells with silvery chime
Proclaimed a country FREE.

And mingling with their heavenly tones
Glad triumphs swelled the breeze,
For that bright sun dispelled the gloom
Of rolling centuries.
A flood of golden light streamed down
O'er valley mount and plain,
Thy joyous eagle plumed his wing
And soared aloft again.

Thy sons rejoiced o'er rights restored,
The joy of other years,
And gentler woman's truthful heart
Wept silent grateful tears;
And thou—bathed in thy new-born light—
Thou ancient island-gem,
Ah! to thy proud fond children's hearts
Thou wert an Eden then.

But thy stern oracles the while
Spoke ever deep and slow—
"Dark hours are yet reserved for thee,
Ill-fated Mexico!"
And after years proved all too soon,
Proved to thy bitter pain,
Thy soil's vast wealth, thy sons' best blood,
Had flowed, and flowed in vain.

How hast thou mourned the civil broils
That shook thy peaceful homes?
How hast thou mourned the broken faith
Of thy degenerate sons?
The faith thrice broken that incurred
Columbia's vengeful sword,
Till red o'er many a battle-plain
Thy blood like water poured.

Again the stranger's echoing tread
Sounds from thy ancient halls—
Again the flag of other lands
Waves o'er thy captured walls.
Thy peerless beauty, storied lore,
Thy buried heroes' fame,
Wealth, power—ah, what are they to thee
With thy dishonored name!

The foe that first beheld thy towers
Beyond the lake's green shore,
And they who fondly reared thee up,
The lordly ones of yore—
They did not dream a change like this
Could on thy pride be hurled,
Who erst amid thy mountains reigned
Queen of the new-found world.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. XI.



THE RUFFED GROUSE OR PHEASANT.

IN the Eastern States the true partridge is known by the name of quail, the appellation of partridge being there given to what in Pennsylvania is called the pheasant, and which in the Ornithologies bears the name of the Ruffed Grouse, (*Tetrao Umbellus*. WILSON.) It inhabits a very extensive range of country, being found at Hudson's Bay, in Kentucky and Indiana, Oregon and the Floridas. Its favorite places of resort are high mountains covered with the balsam, pine, hemlock and other evergreens, and as we descend from such heights to the lower country they become more rare; and in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida they are very scarce. The manners of the pheasant are solitary, they are seldom found in coveys of more than four or five together, and more usually in pairs, or singly. They are often shot in the mornings in the roads over the mountains bounding the Susquehanna; where they come for gravel. On foggy mornings very considerable numbers may be seen in these situations, moving along with great stateliness, their broad fan-like tail expanded to its fullest extent. The *drumming*

of the pheasant, a sound compared by Wilson to that produced by striking two full blown ox bladders together, but much louder; the strokes at first slow and distinct, but gradually increasing in rapidity till they run into each other, resembling the rumbling sound of very distant thunder dying away gradually on the ear. This drumming is the call of the male bird to his mate, and may be heard in a calm day nearly half a mile. Wilson thus describes the manner in which this singular noise is produced. The bird, standing on an old prostrate log, generally in a retired and sheltered situation, lowers his wings, erects his expanded tail, contracts his throat, elevates two tufts of feathers on the neck, and inflates his whole body something in the manner of the turkey-cock, strutting and wheeling about with great stateliness. After a few manœuvres of this kind he begins to strike with his stiffened wings in short and quick strokes, which become more and more rapid until they run into each other, as has been already described. This is most common in the morning and evening, though Wilson states that he has heard them drumming at all hours

of the day. By means of this the pheasant leads the gunner to the place of his retreat, though to those unacquainted with the sound there is great deception in the supposed distance, it generally appearing to be much nearer than it really is. Audubon mentions having often called them within shot by imitating the sound. This he accomplished by beating a large inflated bullock's bladder with a stick, keeping up as much as possible the same time as that in which the bird beats. At the sound produced by the bladder and the stick, the male grouse, inflamed with jealousy, has flown directly toward him, when, being prepared beforehand, he has easily shot it. When flushed, the pheasant flies with great vigor through the woods, beyond the reach of view, springing up at first within a few yards, with a loud whirring noise. Noticing this peculiarity of flight, Mr. Audubon states that when this bird rises from the ground at a time when pursued by an enemy, or tracked by a dog, it produces a loud whirring sound resembling that of the whole tribe, excepting the black-cock of Europe, which has less of it than any other species. The whirring sound is never heard when the grouse rises of its own accord, for the purpose of removing from one place to another; nor, in similar circumstances, is it commonly produced by our little partridge. "In fact," he continues, "I do not believe that it is emitted by any species of grouse, unless when surprised and forced to rise. I have often been lying on the ground in the woods or the fields, for hours at a time,

for the express purpose of observing the movements and habits of different birds, and have frequently seen a partridge or a grouse rise on wing within a few yards of the spot where I lay, unobserved by them, as gently and softly as any other bird, and without producing any whirring sound. Nor even when the grouse ascends to the top of a tree does it make any greater noise than other birds of the same size would do."

With a good dog, pheasants are easily found, and what is singular, they will look down upon him from the branches of a tree, where they sit, apparently stupefied, not attempting to fly, but allowing themselves to be shot one by one until all are killed. Should one of those on the higher branches, however, be shot first, the sight of his fall will cause an immediate flight. A figure 4 trap is used with success in taking them, especially when deep snow is on the ground. They were formerly numerous in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, but the advances of the agriculturist have led them to retreat to the interior, and but a very few can be now found within several miles. The pheasant is in the season in September and October, but in mid-winter those who shoot them should be careful to draw them as soon as possible, as the buds of laurel on which that season they sometimes feed, if left in the stomach of the dead bird, diffuse their poisonous qualities over its whole body, and render it dangerous food.



AMERICAN PARTRIDGE, OR QUAIL. (*Perdix Virginianus*. WILSON.)

This well known bird, though not very migratory in its habits, has extended its colonies from New England to Mexico. The spot where they have been raised, if they can at all support life, is their home; and there they will remain until the whole flock is destroyed by sportsmen. This fact sufficiently disproves the asserted identity of our partridge with the quail of the European continent, which is a bird of passage, leaving Europe for Asia at the approach of winter, and returning in very great numbers in the spring. Partridges assemble in small families, vary-

ing according to circumstances from three to thirty; and, except in the breeding season, they all live together in a happy and mutual alliance. The quails on the other hand are pugnacious to a proverb—"as quarrelsome as quails in a cage."

The partridges are nearly full grown by the beginning of September, and associated in the usual coveys of from twenty to thirty afford considerable sport to the gunner. The notes of the males at this time are frequent, clear and loud, and they may by skillful imitation of the call be deceived and induced

approach. Their food consists of grain seed, insects and berries of various kinds. The buckwheat fields suffer severely from their depredations in September and October, affording them at that time abundant food and secure shelter. At night they roost in the middle of a field, on high ground, sitting round in a circle with their heads outward. In this position they place themselves at the commencement of a fall of snow, when their mutual warmth is the better able to resist the effects of frost, and each forms a guard for the whole against the approach of danger.

They are not afraid of snow, for they sometimes fly to a drift for safety; it being only when a coating of frozen sleet resists their efforts to leave it that they experience bad effects from it. The loud whirring sound of their flight when flushed is well known. Its steady, horizontal flight renders it an easy prey to the sportsman, especially when he is assisted by a sagacious dog. The flesh of the partridge is peculiarly white, tender and delicate, in this respect unequaled by any other American game.



THE AMERICAN ROBIN. (*Turdus Migratorius*.)

This well known bird, and universal favorite, can require but a very few words at our hands. His unassuming familiarity of manners has caused him to be immortalized in the Songs for the Nursery, and others of Mother Goose's collections for the little ones. His nest is preserved from the rude hands of boyhood by a sort of instinctive veneration for his well known and long established character, and his cheerful, zealous singing not unfrequently causes

the older sportsman to take down the armed gun from his shoulder, and suffer the assiduous songster to enjoy his liberty and life.

The robin is particularly fond of gum-berries, and it is only necessary for the sportsman to take his stand near one of these trees when it is covered with fruit, and load and fire his gun. One flock after another will come to it without intermission during the whole day.

TO A ROSE-BUD.

THY leaves are not unfolded yet to the sweet light of love,
Thy bosom now is blushing like the sunset clouds above;
Thy beauteous form is perfect, thy hopes are fair and bright,
Thy dreams are sweet while sleeping in the gentle breeze of night;
And though I know a dew-drop tear hath in thy bosom been,
'T was only sent to nourish thee, and make thee pure within:
No canker-worm corrodes thy rest, and life is life to thee,
And as the past has ever been so may the future be.
May all thy dreams be realized, thy hopes be not in vain,
Thy life pass calm and sweetly on without a sigh of pain:
And when thy leaves shall droop and fall, as droop and fall they must,
Thy lovely form will then lie low, to mingle with the dust;
And to thy long last resting-place soft winds shall be thy bier,

While the fragrance of thy loving heart will ever linger near;

To me thy memory will come back when I am lone and sad,
And thoughts of thy pure, gentle life shall make my spirit glad.

Ah! lovely rose-bud, well I know that both of us must die,
And when death comes, may I, like you, leave earth without a sigh;

May I, like you, when youth shall fade, still yield the sweet perfume,

The incense of a worthy heart, which age can not consume:
Farewell, farewell, sweet rose-bud, were I but as pure as thee,

My soul would be contented, my spirit would be free,
Each wish would then be gratified, each longing have a home,

And joy and peace would fill my heart wherever I might roam.

Y. S.

ERIN WAKING.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

LIGHT streams through a rift in the cloud
That hangs over green Innisfail—
While voices of millions are shouting aloud
The satraps of Tyranny quail :
The collar of Shame hath been worn
Through ages of folly and wo—
Too long hath thy neck, O Hibernia ! borne
The yoke of a merciless foe,
Whose creatures, while Perfidy sharpened the dart,
Like vultures have crimsoned their beaks in thy heart.

Hot winds from the waste of Despair
On thy blood-bedewed shamrock have breathed,
But the leaves, growing verdant in Liberty's air,
Again round her brow shall be wreathed :
And chisel of Art on the stone
Shall name of that martyr engrave
Who prayed for a sepulchre, noteless and lone,
While foot of one heart-broken slave
Polluted the green of that beautiful shore,
By steel-harnessed champions trodden of yore.

Gone forth hath the gathering word,
And under Hesperian skies
Fond exiles the call of their mother have heard,
And homeward are turning their eyes :
They send o'er the murmuring brine
In answer a shout of applause,
And drops, that give warmth to their bosoms, like wine,
Are ready to shed in a cause
That cannot march on with a faltering stride
While Truth wears a buckler, and God is a guide.

Land of the valiant ! at last
The brow of thy future is bright ;
In return for a shadowed and comfortless past
Is dawning an era of light :
The Lion of Britain in vain

Is baring his teeth for the fray—
Thy children have sworn that dishonoring stain
Shall be wiped from thy forehead away :
The bones of thy martyrs have stirred in the tomb,
And glimmers the starlight of Hope through the gloom.

Invaders thy valor have rued—
To deeds that will eye be admired
Bear witness, Clontarf ! where the Dane was subdued
And Bryan, the dauntless, expired :
Thy sons on the scaffold have died,
The block hath been soaked with their gore,
And long ago banished thy splendor and pride ;
But idle it seems to deplore—
Unbending resolve to blot out thy disgrace,
In hearts of the brave, to regret should give place.

The Genius of Erin from earth,
Uprising, hath broken the bowl,
Whose tide to a black-crested viper gave birth,
That long dimmed the light of her soul ;
And millions of high-hearted men
Who thus can wild passion restrain,
Though driven for refuge to cavern and den,
Will arm for the conflict again—
And, venturing all on the hazardous cast,
Prove victors, though worn and outnumbered, at last.

Thou isle, on the breast of the sea
Like an emerald gracefully set,
Though feet shod with iron have trampled on thee,
A brightness belongs to thee yet :
In bondage thy magical lyre
Hath thrilled a wide world with its strains,
And thine eloquent sons have awakened a fire
That fast is dissolving thy chains : —
The Saxon is watching the issue in fear—
He knows that thy day of redemption draws near.

LINES

TO A SKETCH OF J. BAYARD TAYLOR, IN HIS ALPINE COSTUME.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE inspiration of thy smile,
Thou minstrel of the wayside song,
Yet lingers on thy face the while
I see thee climb the Alps along ;
As if thy harp's unwearied lay
Sustained thee on thy rugged way.

There dwells within thy poet-eyes
The spirit of the ancient bards—
A soul in which no shadow lies—
A glance forever heavenwards ;
As though the thoughts thy dreams unfurled
Hung, star-like, o'er a watching world.

Methinks the bard who saw at night,
Amid the glacier's snow and ice,
A youth ascend the spectral height,
Unfurling there " the strange device,"
Did, with a prophet's pen, foreshow
Thy form upon those mounts of snow.

And when the mists have valeward rolled,
Below thy pathway, hard and long,
Stern Death shall find thee, pale and cold,
Upon the highest peak of Some—
Still grasping, with a frozen hand,
The banner of that ALPINE LAND !



George Taylor
1840

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF KATE WALSINGHAM.

Oh, there is many a spot in this every-day world of ours as bright and beautiful as those of which we dream, or go miles away to visit and admire; but we must seek for them in the right spirit, ere the dimness will pass away from eyes blinded by the love of foreign novelties. Our own land, ay, even our own city—the crowded mart of commerce, and the vast haunt of poverty and crime, is rich in many a quiet nook, which, although it might arrest the attention if depicted on the gemmed page of the picturesque annual by some summer tourist, it is considered plebeian to notice as we pass them in our daily walks.

We have sat beneath the vines and blue skies of Italy, and heard from her moonlight balconies such strains as made us hold our breath to listen that we might not lose a note ere the perfumed breeze bore it lingeringly away: and in after years, in those English balconies we have described, wept, beneath the same moon, tears that had more of joy than grief in them, at some rude and simple strain which, sung by loved lips, made the charm of our careless and happy childhood. We have stood awe-stricken before the walls of the Colosseum, at Rome, and dreamt of it for evermore! But we have likewise paused opposite the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, investing it in the dim twilight with a thousand beauties that made it an object of interest. We can well remember lingering in the neighborhood, before the mimic church, or convent, as we had been taught to call it, of St. Catharine, with the moonshine gleaming through its arches, and the flickering lights appearing here and there in the diamond-paned windows, watching eagerly for the appearance of those white-robed nuns with which our childish fancy had peopled that quiet place—wondering that they never came. And amid all the architectural glory of foreign churches and cathedrals, since visited, have failed again to realize that simple love of, and faith in the beautiful, which then invested every scene with its peculiar charm. Where the mind makes its own picturesque, it never yet failed to find materials, and is often gifted with a strange power to charm others into seeing with its own loving eyes! So the poet immortalizes the humble home of his boyhood, and in after years men make pilgrimages to the time-worn stile, the

Rustic bridge—the willow tree;
Bathing its tresses in the quiet brook;
which his genius has redeemed from obscurity, and rendered hallowed spots for evermore.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh! tell me not of lofty fate,
Of glory's deathless name;
The bosom love leaves desolate
Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar—
Love's height it may not reach;
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore
Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poisoned draught,
The altar may be cold,
But yet the chalice will be quaffed—
The shrine sought as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away
To seek ambition's goal;
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,
May charm his weary soul;—

But woman knows one only dream—
That broken—all is o'er;
For on life's dark and sluggish stream
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

How strange it is to those who are in some sense up to the world, to see the way in which those pictures on wounds which we should have imagined that nature could have healed: wounds which we should have expected to see bleed afresh at the sight of the infliction, as it was said of old that those of the murdered did at the approach of the murderer. Sometimes we almost feel that nothing was real in that singular existence called life. Like the performers, who laugh and talk behind the scenes after the close of some dreadful tragedy; we see men who have ruined the fortunes and destroyed the happiness of others, women who have betrayed and betrayed, whose existence has been perhaps devoted to misery and to infamy by the first step they have taken the path of guilt, and whose hearts, if they did not grow hard; we see the victims and the destroyers who have loved and those who have hated, those who injured and those who have been injured, mix together the common thoroughfares of life, meet even in intimacy, with offered hands and ready smiles; not but "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy" not because "To those who forgive, shall much be given;" but because what is genuine and true, deep and what is strong, takes no root in that vile soil on which we tread, thrives not in that whited wall which we breathe in that fictitious region which we see and which we so emphatically and so presumptuously call the world.

BY MRS. LUELLA J. CARR.

CHARITY.

Speak kindly, oh! speak soothingly,
To him whose hopes are crushed,
Whose blessed trust in human love,
Was early, sadly lost;
For wearily—how wearily!
Drags life, if love depart;
Oh! let the balm of gentle words
Fall on the smitten heart.

Go gladly, with true sympathy,
Where want's pale victims pine,
And bid life's sweetest smiles again
Along their pathway shine.
Oh, heavily doth poverty
Man's nobler instincts bind;
Yet sever not that chain, to cast
A sadder on the mind.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

He was a fool, and not a philosopher, who said the uncertainty was the just condition of man's mind. I trust, in confidence, in firm conviction, and in faith, is not to be found repose and peace. Assurance is what man's heart and understanding both require, and the very fact of the mind not being capable of obtaining certainty upon many points, is a proof of weakness, not of strength.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—The year is closing on us—and the change suggests reflections, which, if rather melancholy, may nevertheless be profitable. We acknowledge that the divisions of time are rather arbitrary—and therefore may vary, as they do vary, in different parts of the world. But whenever we arrive at one of these important epochs, whatever that may be, and wherever it constitutes a point in the popular calendar, we have passed one period of our life, and have so much the less to spend.

If we feel the rapidity of time's march in our ordinary festivity, and regret the approaching dissolution of the pleasant assembly, by how much the more do we feel if we pause to think that we are approaching the time when all our associations in life must cease, and we be remembered—not known—and that remembrance day by day growing less and less distinct, as new objects occupy the public eye, or new associations are taken up by those we leave. Nor would we "jump the life to come," by neglecting to make our approximation to that an occasion for such a solicitude as would lead to a preparation.

But we would not have all those reflections gloomy. We would not cloud the close of the year, nor the evening of life with moroseness, as if all were vanity that we had enjoyed, and all were vexation of spirit that was left. Such a use of the season would be a poor return for all the good things which Providence has wrought in our behalf. We know at this season of the year that the mountain summits are covered with snow, and in some places the drooping sides are whitened with the treasures of the clouds, but even these things, chilling as they may appear, are good in their season, and the beauteous covering of the hill-tops may glisten with the reflected rays of the sun, and seem to enjoy the visitor that has descended upon them. All the trees that yield their leaves to the season have for weeks been bare, ready to receive the weight of snow which might fall upon them, and teaching man that preparation is necessary to meet the evils of life and sustain its burthens. Here and there a few evergreens retain their foliage, and appear doubly beautiful amid the waste that is around them.

But it is not alone for their beauty that these objects are worthy of consideration—they teach also. They are full of instruction. Every leaf that glistens with winter's frost, or is crushed dry and rustling beneath our feet, has its lesson—it is well that all do not retain their position—they would be less monitory, less worthy our thought. Nature, in her use of foliage, acts upon the plan which the sybil of old adopted—she writes her lessons upon the leaves—and yet so arranges the truths they should convey, that they become more and more apparent, more and more valuable, as the hand of destructive time diminishes their number.

Elsewhere we have given reflections upon those events by which kingdoms and empires have been shaken in the year now coming to a close. Let us come nearer the heart, and speak of some of those changes by which human affections and individual attachments have been disturbed. Not, however, to quote the instance exactly—that would be to drag up into life the hidden sorrow, and expose to observation the grief which is sanctified for the recesses of the heart, whither in moments of leisure the wounded retire and sit and brood in profitable reflection over the affliction which Providence has allowed. We dare not drag up to day and its exposure each grief that lies buried deep in the grave of the mourner's heart. How truly beautiful, however, is the reflection that the stone of the sepulchre may

be rolled away, and that in appropriate seasons the afflicted one makes a retreat from the business and the pleasures of life, and "goeth unto the grave to weep there." Sanctified—as beautiful—be the sorrow that hath not its exponent in the public assembly, that hath no signal by which its existence is to be denoted—no condition of countenance by which its extent is to be measured. Perhaps the sufferer had not yet obtained permission to call the object here—and thus is deprived of the privilege of admitted mourning—how deep is *that* grief—it has known only the hope of life which takes with it all of the sunlight that makes the rainbow; without one drop of the storm from which that bow is reflected. Perhaps the young wife sits solitary in the chamber which affection has blessed, and pines amid the thousand emblems of the taste or customs of the dead—perhaps her grief is her inspiration, and she gives to story or to song the promptings of her sorrow, which the world supposes is the gift of joyous inspiration.

Perhaps the mother is pausing in the midst of renewed anguish for the departure of her gifted, her only child, and sits enumerating all his perfections, the greatest of which, and that which sanctified all other virtues, and hid the very shadowings of error, was his deep, constant love for her. Oh, how the maternal heart, smitten by the heaviest of griefs, bathes itself in the fountain of filial love; and when, at last, the over-wrought frame yields to the undermining sorrow, the mourner comforts herself with the reflection of the afflicted monarch of Israel, "I shall go unto him, he shall not come again unto me." These reflections, with all of blighted hopes which parent, lover, friend and patriot have indulged, the falling leaves of autumn suggest; but the evergreen tells us of the survival of affections, of friends, of beauty, and, perhaps, of attainments, and teaches us that while we bend, and may bend in bitter anguish—anguish long indulged beneath the rod of affliction—it is good for us also to kiss the rod—for it has the power of budding anew in the hand of Him who wields it; and the same might which made it the instrument of His afflictive dealings can make it also the means of after joy and peace.

Perhaps, upon the leaves that we examine, the sybil, with rearward glance, has recorded some event for joyous reflection. Have we not been made participants of high gratifications—domestic, social, public associations of instructive and pleasant operation? Have not new affections warmed the heart, or old ones sent out new tendrils to cling with a stronger hold upon us? Perhaps we have had the acquisition of wealth without the augmentation of desires, so that we can make ourselves happy by judicious distribution. Perhaps, above all, and over all, we are better, by the passage of the year, better by newly acquired, and especially newly exercised virtues—virtues that bless others, and, through them, bless ourselves. If so, surely we have grounds for pleasant reflections on the close of the year, and may hope that we have not lived in vain.

The virtues of the human heart are like the water-springs of the earth, their worth is measured by what overflows; nay, as an accumulation even of the purest water must become stagnant, profitless and offensive without an outlet, so what we call the virtues of man become useless and even injurious, unless they extend to others, by overflowing the fountain breast. Virtue is communicable; and those who associate with the good, find an influx of affection and piety, as the woman of faith was cured by touching the hems of the garment, that covered the source and example

of all health and goodness. If we have sought to acquire good for ourselves, and to do good to others during the present year, reflections upon its approaching close need not be painful; it should be to us a source of high gratification, that, enjoying as we have enjoyed, and mourning as we have mourned, we are nearer the union of the good who have gone before us, and further from the ills that follow upon our footsteps; and as we close our year, or close our life, may we throw back from joyous, grateful hearts, a smile of virtuous pleasure, which shall enrich the stern clouds that have passed us with the bow of promise of pleasures that are to come. c.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR 1849.—The new volume of Graham's Magazine, to be commenced with the January number, will, beyond all doubt, be the most elegant volume that has ever been issued of this most popular of all the American monthlies. The ample experience and liberal expenditure of money by the publishers, the ability of its host of contributors, the editorial tact which will be brought into service, and the genius and skill of the artists engaged to embellish it, must more than sustain the high position it has heretofore held in public estimation. The magazine literature of this country is destined to a warmer appreciation in the public regard, as it becomes purged from the sickly sentimentality which degrades public taste, and when the first minds in the nation are found devoting solid thought to adorn and elevate it. A few years since, the highest aim of cotemporary competition seemed to be to fill a given number of pages with the silly effusions of a class of writers whose feeble powers and false taste were gradually undermining public regard, and bringing this branch of national literature into contempt and disgrace, but the higher aims of the publishers of the now leading periodicals, evinced in the engagement of the brightest intellect of the country, have raised American periodicals to a scale second to none in the world.

Blackwood and Frazer, in England, and The Knickerbocker and "Graham's Magazine," in America, now stand side by side, and by paying liberally for talent, command the very highest. It may be doubted, however, whether in this country the force of periodical writing has not been in some degree impaired, by a diversion of the public eye and taste in the smaller class of magazines with feeble aims, to engravings and pictures, many of which are but the refuse of the English Annuals, and the efforts of second rate artists in this country; and also how far those magazines which are marked by ability, and which, as magazines of ART as well as of LITERATURE, embracing in their object and scope, the improvement of a very laudable branch of art—that of engraving—as well as the adornment of the work, should be drawn aside into a competition in the number of their engravings, instead of the worth which should mark each one of them. It appears to us that this degrading of magazines into picture-books for children, by impoverishing the literary department to swell the number of wretched engravings in a department of art, so called, must impair the value and shorten the existence of any periodical thus conducted.

For ourselves, we have marked out a course in regard to the mere illustrations of this periodical, from which we shall not be diverted. We shall continue to furnish to our readers the most finished and elegant specimens of the American engraver's skill, keeping at the same time in view the value aside from the mere ornament of the engraving, thus catching the public desire in the portrait of a person who may have some claim upon posterity, even though the face may not be the most beautiful; and in sketches of such scenes as deserve to live in the pages of this magazine,

either from their own great beauty, from their grandeur or from association which gives them value to the American eye and mind.

THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA.—Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have presented to the public a delightful volume prepared by Caroline May. It embraces biographical sketches, and extracts from the productions of many of our own native female writers, and serves to render us familiar with those whose sweet strains have often charmed our hearts. The style of execution of the volume in question corresponds with the excellent character of its contents, and the authors, publishers and printers have executed their respective parts with great skill and effect.

BURNS, AS A POET AND AS A MAN.—The admirers of the gifted Scottish bard, will find an interesting and well-executed review of his character as a Poet and a Man, in a volume, prepared by B. Tyler, Esq., of the Maryland bar, and just issued by Baker and Schriver, of New York. We are indebted for a copy to Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston of this city, who are ever skillful in catering for the intellectual taste of their literary friends.

☞ We lay our present number before our readers with feelings of pride and pleasure, confident of the admission, on their part, that a richer or more varied treat has never been presented in the pages of any magazine. Our contributors have supplied us with admirable articles—our artists have acquitted themselves with great ability—our printers have acted well their part—and now, we trust, our patrons will complete our gratification, by being as much pleased with the number before them as we are in making the offering.

☞ We thank our editorial brethren throughout the country for the favorable manner in which they continue to notice our Magazine. They do us but justice when they say that all our efforts will be put in exercise to keep our Magazine in the enviable position we have so long occupied. Always in advance of every cotemporary, we shall show in the new volume upon which we are entering, what enterprise, zeal and energy can accomplish in the elevation of the standard of literature and the arts.

KATE WALSHINGHAM.—This is another of Miss Pickering's delightful novels, just issued from the press of T. B. PETERSON. The story is an interesting one, and the book abounds with brilliant and sparkling beauties.

LAYS AND BALLADS, by T. B. READ.—A volume from the pen of Mr. Read, one of the most accomplished of our contributors, has just been published by Mr. Appleton. The lateness of the hour at which a copy reached us prevents us from noticing it at present as we desire to do. We shall therefore make it the subject of a paragraph in a future number.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq.—A life-like portrait of our friend and co-laborer, J. B. TAYLOR, graces this number of the Magazine. We know our readers—our fair ones especially—will admire him; and we would remark, *à passant*, for their information, that well-looking as he unquestionably is, his merits in this particular are fully equalled by his good qualities of head and heart.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

- *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By John Stuart Mill. Boston: Little & Brown. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Mill is almost the model man of science of his age. To habits of deep and thorough investigation, and rigid, penetrating, exhaustive thought—pursuing a principle through all the details of its application, and never stopping half-way to pause or digress—he adds a calm but strong sympathy with the philanthropic movements of the age; and the tendency of all his writings is to advance the cause of truth, justice and benevolence. But he is a reformer in a peculiar sense, not practically understood by many who bear the name. A comprehensive and patient thinker, and discussing every question bearing on the interest, happiness and elevation of mankind with a conscientious as well as rigid logic, he indulges in no vituperation, uses none of the weapons of passion and malice, and irresistibly conveys the impression to the most prejudiced mind that it is truth he is seeking, not the gratification of vanity or antipathy. The consequence is that he is the only radical thinker in England who is read by all parties, and who influences all parties. With more industry, mental vigor and scientific precision than Mackintosh, he has a great deal of that beneficence of spirit, that judicial comprehension, and that strict impartiality of understanding, which enabled Mackintosh to reach minds separated from his by the walls of sect and faction. Mill is one of those rare men who make no distinction between moral and logical honesty; who would as much disdain to utter a sophism as to tell a lie; and who can discuss questions which array the passions of a nation on different sides, without adopting any of the opposite bigotries with which they are usually connected. As a matter of course the prejudiced and the bigoted themselves, in those hours of calmness when they really desire to know the truth and reason of the things they are quarreling about, go to a man like him with perfect confidence. Thus Mill, a philosophical English radical, is ever treated with that respect which clings to a profound and conscientious thinker, even by the most violent of his Tory opponents. One of the late numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*—a periodical accustomed to blackguard the men it cannot answer, and in which Mackintosh himself was ever treated with coarse invective or affected contempt—has a long article on Mill's present work on political economy, admitting its claim to be considered one of the greatest works of the century, even though it takes strong ground against many of the cherished absurdities of the Tory political creed.

The reputation of Mr. Mill was sufficiently established before his political economy was published. As the writer, over the signature of A., of several articles in the *Westminster Review*, such as those on Coleridge, Bentham, and the Privileged Classes, and the author of the profoundest and most complete treatise on Logic ever written, he needed no introduction to the public. "The Principles of Political Economy" is a book bearing on every page the decisive marks of his strong and accurate mind. It is a work after the model of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, in which principles are always associated with their applications, and economical questions considered in their relations to social philosophy, and the general well-being of man. As, since the time of Adam Smith, political economy and social philosophy have both made a perceptible advance, Mr. Mill's work purports to supply the deficiency of a complete system of political economy, including all the latest discoveries, and combining a strict scientific ex-

position of the abstract principles of the subject with their practical applications. The result is that he has produced the most complete and satisfactory work of the kind at present in existence, and, on the whole, the most important contribution to political economy since the time of Adam Smith.

We, of course, have no space to refer at any length to his treatment of the different branches of his subject; but the book has one characteristic which we hope will have the effect to make it generally read. The style is so clear, vigorous, simple and lucid, and the illustrations so apt and copious, that the work can be readily understood by those readers who are commonly repelled by the dry and abstract character of other treatises on the science. The author intended that his book should be popular as well as profound, and has exerted his full strength of mind in simplifying the more abstruse principles of his subject; and we trust that his labor will not have been spent in vain. Every legislator, merchant, manufacturer, and agriculturist, every man who is in any way connected with the creation or distribution of wealth, should read this book.

An Oration Delivered Before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, August 24, 1848. By Horace Bushnell. Cambridge: George Nichols.

Dr. Bushnell has within a year or two taken a prominent position among New England divines, and promises to rank high among the influencing minds of the day. To deep and scholarly culture, he unites a strong, independent, and singularly keen and ingenious intellect, and a beautiful and bountiful spirit of cheerfulness and charity. The present oration is a fine poem, expressing rather a mood of mind than a system of philosophy, but grouping together with fine art many facts of consciousness, and applying them to the phenomena of life. Every thing, in fact, is surveyed in the light of two ideas, Work and Play, and though the application is sometimes more fanciful than reasonable, the result is a series of beautiful representations, original in conception and finely felicitous in expression. There is room for considerable difference of opinion in the oration, but none will be inclined to doubt the author's ability or keenness. As a specimen of the style we extract a passage relating to war, which he calls an imposing and plausible counterfeit of play, or inspiration.

"Since," he says, "we cannot stay content in the dull uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he is to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions for war—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colors, meaning by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce color, the glitter of the steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot—under these the living acres of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave to-day, are rolled on to

battle. Thunder, fire, dust, blood, groans—what of these?—nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes."

Three Sisters and Three Fortunes; or Rose, Blanche and Violet. By G. H. Lewes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Lewes is an author very little known in this country. This is the first work of his which has been reprinted. But in England he has considerable reputation among the higher class of readers and men of taste for his brilliant powers of mind and extensive acquirements. His *Biographical History of Philosophy* we have never seen, but we have observed allusions to it in other publications, exalting it to a very high rank among thoughtful books. For some time, if we are not mistaken, he was the chief literary critic of the *Westminster Review*, and many of his articles were marked by strong and deep thinking, a little injured by vagaries of expression. In a novel by such a writer we should naturally expect more than a mere love story, more than a narrative of incidents and representation of passions; and he has not disappointed expectation. Indeed one can easily see that the book is based on a philosophical system, and that more is meant than directly meets the eye. The characters and events all illustrate some problems in metaphysics and ethics, and refer more to the understanding than the imagination. The story does not lack interest, nor the personages character, but both are overinformed with meditation. Fine as the novel undoubtedly is, the author has not given it the requisite artistical finish to produce an harmonious impression. Speculation on matters connected with literature, art and politics, essays on the passions and the will, appear in their naked character amid romantic incidents and imaginative representation. The author, in short, ought to have made his book altogether didactic or altogether dramatic, to fulfill the requisitions of either department. Had he fused all his abstract thought and practical speculation in the alembic of the imagination, and accordingly represented all in the concrete form of character and events, the result would have been a much better novel.

Euthanasia; or Happy Talk Toward the End of Life. By William Mountford, Author of *Martyria*, &c., &c. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this volume is one of the most profoundly meditative writers living. We are not aware that his productions have had an extended circulation out of New England, where they are very popular, and if they have not, we hardly know of a better service we could do our readers than to advise them to seek his companionship. *Martyria* and the present work are two books which no one can read without being benefitted—without having a deeper sense of the "dread soul within him," and without feeling a warmer love of his race. "*Euthanasia*" is one of those volumes which win their way into the heart with a soft unconscious persuasiveness, and abide there when they have once found an entrance. The author's spirit is rich, sweet, thoughtful, tender—seeking the beautiful and the good by a spontaneous instinct, and discerning them often, with the subtilty of purity in things which seem valueless to the common eye—and while it soars into the highest regions of spiritual contemplation, can still survey practical life with a wisdom and sagacity which almost seem incompatible with its loftiness. The truth is that the author possesses one of the rarest things ever seen in this world—a truly spiritual mind, in which there is

established no divorce between the practical and the spiritual, the common and the ideal. Spirituality with him is a life—no hearsay or imagination, but an experience. He consequently spiritualizes the human and humanizes the spiritual.

The work, in addition to its own stores of original thought, has many a golden sentence and rhyme from the meditative poets of Germany and England, which lend it increased richness and beauty.

Ellen Middleton; a Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Author of *Grantly Manor*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Grantly Manor is a novel of high and peculiar excellence, and has had a great run. Its readers threw themselves upon the present work as soon as it was published, their expectations whetted by the memory of the last. The result has been comparative disappointment. The truth is *Ellen Middleton* preceded *Grantly Manor*, and is altogether a less pleasing production. Considered, however, as the first work of the author, it is rich in promise and by no means insignificant in performance. The characters are strongly drawn and well discriminated, and the passions with which it deals are of that potent kind which test a novelist's strength and daring. The difficulty with the book is not its lack of power, but its lack of home interest. The characters and incidents are too much made up in the author's mind—enclosed, as it were, in a peculiar domain, and colored by one peculiar experience of life—to give that satisfaction which results from a delineation of actual life, or from vivid and beautiful ideal creations. There is too much agony, and anguish, and hyperbolical emotion, and splitting of the heart, and such like work in spiritual misery and ruin. The elegance, eloquence and sweetness of the author's style, and the high moral and religious character of her mind, appear, however, in *Ellen Middleton* as in *Grantly Manor*, and with the advantage of as good a story would produce as agreeable an impression.

History of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 10mo.

This is one of a series of popular histories which Mr. Abbott is preparing for his countrymen. The tone and object will considerably differ from the common historical works in circulation. Mr. Abbott considers that the situation and principles of American readers require views of historical events different from those they would obtain from foreigners. The present work is devoted to one of the most romantic and thrilling stories in historical literature—the *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*. It is elegantly and truthfully written, and the mechanical execution of the volume is exceedingly beautiful.

Macaulay's History of England.

The Harpers have received from the author, in sheets, the first and second volumes of "*The History of England*, from the Accession of James II., by T. B. Macaulay." For these they pay one hundred guineas a volume. The work itself will doubtless create as great a stir as any book published within the last twenty years. Every body is curious especially to discover the style which Macaulay has adopted—that of his *Essays* being too brisk, brilliant and epigrammatic for an historian. It will probably be something like that of the Preface to the "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," or that of his latest article on Lord Chatham.

